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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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WHAT THE NEW TARIFF IS EXPECTED TO DO

THE BOY'S KNIFE which had had six new blades and seven new handles and yet was the same knife after all was not unlike the Fordney-McCumber tariff, which was the same tariff bill even after it had been amended three thousand times and then changed around in the Conference Committee. Yet, while many of the vigorous expressions of public opinion given out by the press during the tariff debate are still valid, they do not all of them apply to the finished measure which is presented to a waiting electorate six weeks before the date of the Congressional elections. The chief objection urged against this "most amended of all tariffs" by Democrats, independent editors, and some Republican journals is that it will increase the cost of living. The friends of the bill, on the other hand, can see no necessity for any very great increase in prices under it, and do insist on the need of tariff protection for our producers at a time when the low exchange value of foreign currencies enables foreign manufacturers to compete most dangerously in the American markets. The issue was simplified at the last moment by the elimination of several points of controversy, such as the dye embargo and the free zone plan, and the practical abandonment of "American valuation." Criticism of the Fordney Bill as the creature of a conference committee and not of the legislators was, of course, put out of date by the House's refusal to accept the committee's insertion of a dye embargo and a potash tariff in the bill against the desires of both Houses. In general, the bill is accepted as a compromise between the House rates and the Senate rates, leaning the more toward the latter. A comparison between some of the new schedules and those of the last two regular tariffs appears on a following page, in connection with which it should be remembered that there is now in existence an "emergency tariff" with high duties upon agricultural products.

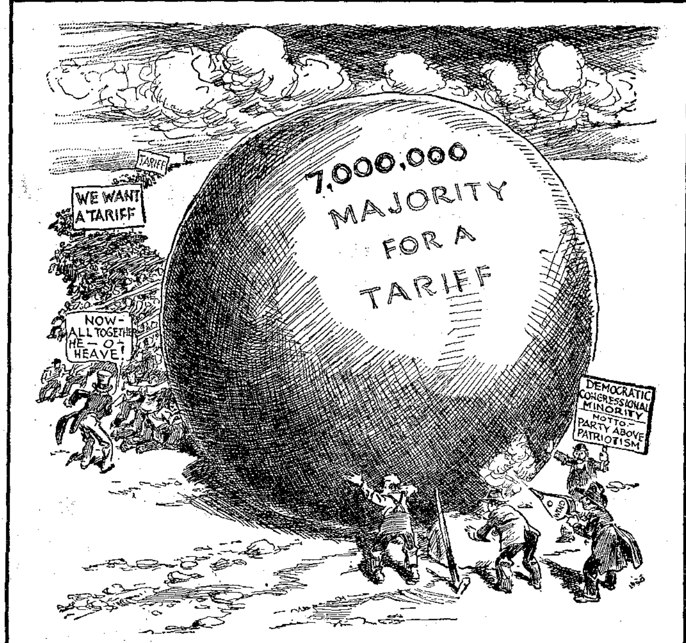
While not all of Congressman Fordney's ideas appear in the finished bill, the Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee feels that his great ambition "to help restore protection and help bring the country back to pre-war prosperity, so far as the tariff can accomplish that result," has been realized. The Michigan Congressman dismisses disdainfully the assertions that the new schedules will mean oppressively high prices for the consumer:

> "As usual the cry is being raised by our enemies that the law will increase the cost of living by means of a tariff tax. It is said that everything people consume is taxed. Women are made to believe that the new tariff will tax all domestic and home-made merchandise, such as stockings, gloves, corsets, dresses, etc. It is not even explained that the tariff will not be on domestic merchandise but on foreign imported merchandise. This 'higher-cost-of-living' stuff has been worked to death. There is nothing in it. If prices go up at all within the next two months or any time before election, it will be the result of the work of profiteers who want to deceive the people."

In the same dispatch to the New York *Evening Mail*, Mr. Edward Nelson Dingley quotes Senator McCumber as declaring that the new law is "sound and American" in "its principles and purposes" and "just to the farmers and manufacturers." This correspondent—whose name is reminiscent of old tariff battles—seems to agree with both the statesmen he quotes. He has no patience with the idea that increased duties necessarily mean increased prices:

> "In the first place, not in all cases is the duty added to the American price of a foreign article. Not infrequently domestic competition lowers prices.
>
> "In the second place, the price of a similar domestic article in the American market is not always measured by the price of the foreign article.
>
> "It is not known what the ratio of foreign merchandise imported and consumed bears to the domestic merchandise consumed. Probably it is impossible to tell.
>
> "The American people will pay higher prices under the Fordney-McCumber tariff only if dishonest merchants engage in a plot to plunder and deceive."

Such stedfast Republican dailies as the Hartford *Courant* and the Cincinnati *Times-Star* insist that the new tariff laws will ward off such a period of hard times as would have come after the enactment of the Underwood tariff had it not been for the outbreak of the Great War. Already, says the Connecticut editor, "our markets are being flooded with cheap products from Europe and without a protective tariff the flood would become a deluge." "Tariff Rates Not Exorbitant" runs a headline in President Harding's Marion *Star*. The new bill, it declares, "carries the lowest average ad valorem rate on all imports that has ever characterized a Republican law and, when depreciated foreign currencies are considered, spells protection with a mighty small 'p.'" To prove that the new duties will not necessarily mean a great rise in prices, the *Star* calls attention to figures brought up in Congress showing "the profits of importers on the landed price of foreign goods ranging from 157 to 2,370 per cent." Writing in the Newark *Sunday Call*, Mr. John J. McGowan argues that "except in isolated instances where the duty on one class of goods is out of proportion to other duties, tariffs will not change the relative value of goods to one another. That is, it will not raise real prices." Of course, it will add to inflation just as any tax would, he says. "We are going to have both tariff and income tax, but the more we have of a reasonable tariff the less we shall have of income tax, and since there must be inflation it matters little whether it is caused by a tariff or by some other tax." The Cleveland *Commercial* cites Congressman Longworth to back up its argument that if the existing emergency tariff law, with its high duties on wool and woolens has not appreciably increased the cost of clothing, the new schedules are not likely to. To the Kansas City *Journal* (Rep.) it seems "fatuous" to argue that "every dollar which shall be paid in duties will mean another dollar 'wrested from the consumer.'" In framing this bill, continues the *Journal*, "the Republican party has once more laid the foundations of enduring material prosperity" and "the Fordney-McCumber Act will undoubtedly go down in the economic history of the country as one of the wisest and most effective measures of its kind ever enacted by Congress." As another mid-western Republican paper, the Omaha *Bee*, asserts, "it will not close an American factory, it will not throw an American workman out of a job, and it will not compel an American farmer, cattle-grower, hog-raiser or flock-master to sell his output in the home market against the competition of the world." In California, whose products have been well taken care of in the Fordney-McCumber schedules, the Los Angeles *Times* (Rep.) characterizes the new law as "an honest attempt to adjust duties on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number." And in the Oakland *Tribune* (Rep.) we read:


TARIFF
WE WANT A TARIFF
7,000,000 MAJORITY FOR A TARIFF
NOW— ALL TOGETHER HE-O-HEAVE!
DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSIONAL MINORITY MOTTO— PARTY ABOVE PATRIOTISM

ROLL IT OVER 'EM!

—Reid in *The National Republican* (Washington, D. C.).

> "The Fordney-McCumber tariff bill gives assurance to industry and the farmer that an end is coming to a fight against those newer odds which confronted them when Europe, with its low exchange, started in to recoup its losses. There are few fields of endeavor, in the factory or on the farm, which have not been menaced by competition from a source where labor is cheap and from whence there is a growing effort to reap American dollars in exchange for depreciated currency."

After making a résumé of tariff legislation throughout the world, the Troy *Times* (Rep.) says that "other nations are shielding their home industries and at the same time seeking to have our doors opened more widely for admission of their products into the United States" and asks, "is there any sound argument in favor of lowering our tariff values when other nations are building walls that serve to exclude American goods?"

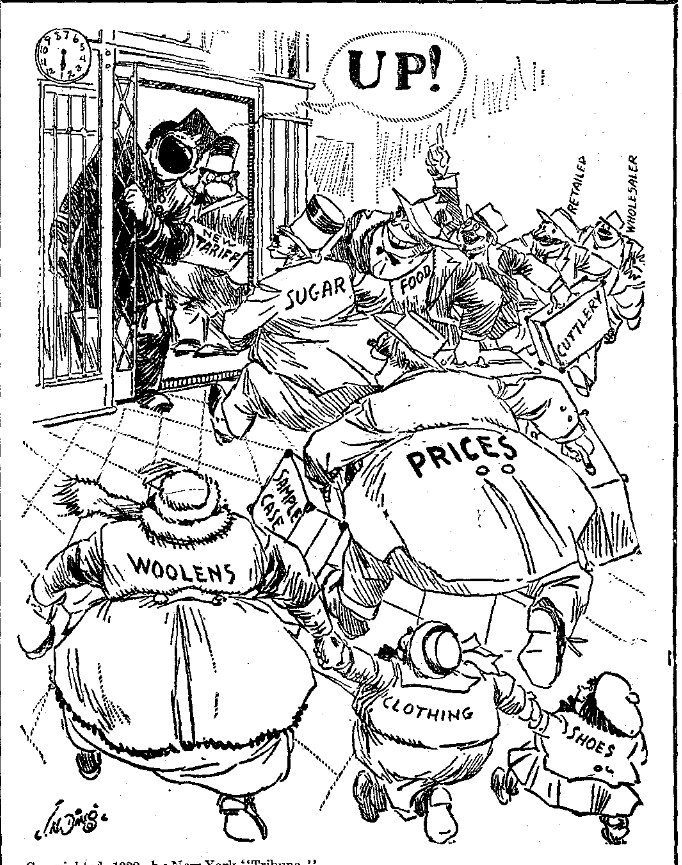
But while the new tariff law is thus vigorously defended in the Republican press, we are reminded by independent journals like the Syracuse *Herald* and Indianapolis *News* that some of the most important Republican dailies must be counted among the foes of the bill. Republican press opposition has been quoted in earlier tariff articles in THE LITERARY DIGEST, but we may notice that the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* now calls the legislation "a grave blunder, as dangerous politically as it is economically." The Philadelphia *Bulletin's* (Rep.) headline characterization of it is "The Tariff of High Prices." The Buffalo *Commercial* (Rep.) "does not hesitate to say that in its opinion this is a bad bill" which "will have the effect of unwarrantably increasing the cost of living." All down the line of the new schedules there is, we are told, "such an increase in import duties, the inference is unmistakable that this tariff bill was drawn not to protect industry, but to protect war profits." The Rochester *Post-Express* (Rep.) says:

> "The bill is not a protective tariff, but an iniquitous imposition of burdens upon the consuming American public, which includes all the people of our country. The rates in it are in general so high that they will increase measurably the cost of living during a period in which every possible means should be used to reduce our living costs."

To the Minneapolis *Journal* (Rep.) it seems "that Congress has gone too far in boosting the schedules." And in another Middle-Western city an independent journal, which is a recognized mouthpiece of progressive Republicanism, condemns the Fordney-McCumber bill in unmistakable language. To quote the Kansas City *Star:*

> "The tariff bill agreed to in conference is the perfect product of log-rolling protectionism gone mad. At a time when America especially needs the foreign market, the tariff-makers have done their best to prevent trade with the outside world. Under guise of affording protection from cut-throat competition they have given favored manufacturers duties that would have made the framers of the malodorous Payne-Aldrich Bill gasp. They have tried to pacify the farmer by giving him a meaningless high duty on wheat, which we export, while they have impaired his ability to sell his products in Europe and increased the price of every manufactured product he has to buy. Congress will hear from the farming West once the West discovers what has happened in the name of a bill to protect American labor."

In the considered judgment of such a representative of business opinion as the New York *Journal of Commerce*, the Fordney-McCumber tariff is "by far the worst of its kind that has been adopted since the Civil War."



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JUST BEEN WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

What the enactment of this tariff will mean is evident enough to the Newark *News* (Ind.), "in fact it is happening"—

"Prices are rising fast. Foreign wool prices abroad go down

HOW THE NEW PERMANENT TARIFF RATES COMPARE WITH THE OLD

Payne-Aldrich Republican Tariff, 1909	*Underwood Democratic Tariff, 1913*	*Fordney-McCumber Tariff*
Bacon, 4 cents ℔	Free	2 cents ℔
Salmon, 1 cent ℔	Free	2 cents ℔
Macaroni, 1½ cents ℔	1 cent	2 cents ℔
Rice, 2 cents ℔	1 cent	2 cents
Wheat, 25 cents bushel	Free	30 cents
Olives, 15 cents gallon	15 cents gal.	20 cents gal.
Cuban raw sugar, $1.35 ℔	1 cent	$1.76
Cheese, 6 cents	20%	5 cents
Raw wool, 33 cents ℔	Free	31 cents
Woolen suitings:		
33 c. ℔ +50% to 44 c. ℔ +55%	35%	24 c. ℔ +40% to 45 c. ℔ +50%
Wool, hose, gloves, mittens:		
33 c. ℔ +50% to 44 c. ℔ +55%	20 to 40%	36 c. ℔ +35% to 45 c. ℔ +50%
Cotton Thread, 20%	15%	20 to 35%
Cotton Sheets, 45%	25%	25%
Cotton Gloves, 40 to 50%	35%	25 to 75%
Cotton Hose, 55 to 70%	40 to 50%	30 to 50%
Cotton Cloth, 15 to 40%	7½ to 30%	30 to 45%
Linen Cloth, 30 to 50%	35%	50 to 55%
Sewing Silk, $1.50 ℔	15%	$1.50 ℔
Silk Cloth, $1.25 to $4.00 ℔	45%	55%
Pig Iron $2.50 ton	Free	75 cents ton
Steel Wire, 1 to 1¾ cents ℔	15%	¾ to 1½ cents
Hair Pins, 35%	20%	35%
Cash Registers, 40%	Free	25%
Scissors:		
1¼ c. each +15% to 75 c. doz. +25%	30%	3½ c. each +45% to 20 c. each +45%
Aluminum, 7 cents ℔	2 cents	5 cents ℔
Ginger Ale & other Soft Drinks:		
12 cents gallon	8 cents	15 cents gallon
Castor Oil, 15 cents gallon	12 cents gal.	6 cents ℔
Olive Oil, 50 cents gallon	30 cents gal.	7½ cents ℔
Cocoanut Oil, Free	Free	2 cents ℔
Salt, 11 cents per 100 ℔	Free	11 cents per 100 ℔
China, 55%	50%	60% ad valorem
Spectacles, 20 cents to 50%	35%	20 cents dozen to 40%
Wooden Furniture, 35%	15%	33⅓%
Brooms, 40%	15%	15%
Tooth Brushes, 40%	35%	45%
Dolls & Toys, 35%	35%	70%
Matches, 6 cents gross	3 cents	8 cents gross
Cameras, 45%	15%	20%
Umbrellas, 50%	35%	40%
Leather Gloves: men's not over 12 inches in length: $1.25 to $4.75 dozen pairs	$1 to $2.50 a dozen pairs	$5 dozen pairs
Women's & children's, not over same length, $1.25 to $4.75 per dozen pairs	$1 to $2.50 a dozen pairs	$4 dozen pairs

as Boston forecasts a rise in the domestics. Steel and iron already are up ten times, since January, as large a percentage as steel labor was granted the other day. Textile men get into contact and ask each other how much the public will stand.

"Back of the real improvement that has followed a return of public confidence, based upon getting back to work and needing the products of industry, sneaks the upward push of prices, not based so much upon the promise of recovery from the fears and dangers of the past as upon the assurance that the consumer must pay through the nose because the gates will be shut against competition."

Democratic papers like the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, Dayton *News*, Atlanta *Constitution*, and Springfield *Illinois State Register* all agree that the effect of the new tariff will be to increase the cost of living and to make Democratic votes this fall and two years hence. The Raleigh *News and Observer* (Dem.) is delighted with the New York *Herald's* designation of the new bill as "the damn-fool tariff," adding: "That is what the people will be calling it when they find that it imposes burdens of indirect taxation of $3,000,000,000 yearly upon them and opens no markets for their surplus farm and factory products." A number of Democratic papers quote from the Washington correspondence of the New York *World* the following estimates, said to be made by Treasury and Customs authorities of what certain of the new tariff schedules, as passed by the Senate, will cost the American public:

Wool manufactures	$655,000,000
Cotton "	583,000,000
Silk "	150,000,000
Clothing	600,000,000
Sugar	580,000,000
Cutlery and hardware	170,000,000
Chinaware	12,000,000

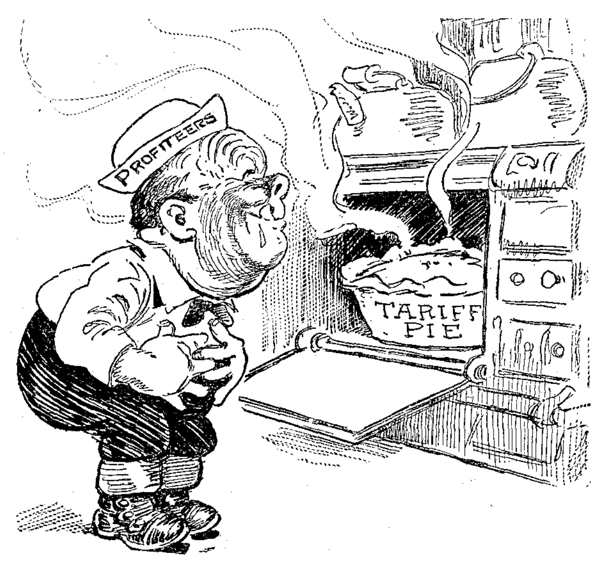
In analyzing the bill as reported from the conference committee before the House had rejected the dye embargo and potash tariff clauses, the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* points out that it much more resembles the Senate than the House bill. The rates, he says, are considered, upon the whole, to be above the Payne-Aldrich level. An outstanding feature of the bill is the flexible tariff provision giving the President power to raise and lower rates on recommendation of the tariff commission and even to change from foreign to "American" valuation. "The provisions in effect will transfer the power of tariff-making up to a certain point from Congress to the White House, and the Tariff Commission will thus become a highly important body." This observer points out that "with respect to the rates which affect consumers most closely, the conferees kept them at a high level."

"The agricultural tariff bloc practically drove the conferees into keeping most of the high agricultural rates of the Senate bill. Thus, wheat is kept at 30 cents a bushel, which is the Senate figure. Corn is kept at 15 cents, rye at 15 cents, oats at 15 cents and barley at 20 cents a bushel. These are the figures of the bill as it passed the Senate. The cattle, meats, fish and milk rates of the Senate bill, with little exception, are carried into the conference report.

"The Senate bill rate on sugar was 2.30 cents a pound with 1.84 cents on Cuban, as compared with 2 cents in the House bill and 1.60 cents on Cuban. The conferees shaded down the Senate rates a little, making the general rate 2.20 cents and the Cuban rate 1.76.

"The wool rate agreed on by the conferees is 31 cents a pound of clean content. The Senate bill rate was 33 and the House rates 25 and 26."

The Fordney-McCumber rates on certain articles of popular interest as well as the rates in the Underwood Bill of 1913, and the famous Payne-Aldrich tariff of 1909, as gleaned from newspaper summaries and Associated Press dispatches, are gathered together in the accompanying table.



"GOSH! WHAT AN APPETITE I'VE GOT!"

—Morris in the Fargo *Courier-News*.

MAINE'S MISSING VOTERS

THERE ARE FIFTY THOUSAND REPUBLICAN VOTES missing from the election held in Maine last week, as compared with 1920, and the Maine election has for over eighty years been regarded as the barometer of the national political feeling prior to the general November election. Just what became of those 51,002 votes—for President Harding had a majority of 77,394 in 1920 and the Republican senatorial candidate had a 26,392 majority this year—is the interesting problem that comes out of the vote in the "Pine Tree" State, and has set the political statisticians to figuring out its bearing upon Republican or Democratic success in the nation-wide vote next month.

Turning to the Republican papers of Maine for an explanation of "the falling off" of the Republican total vote, we find that the Republican Bath *Times* attributes it "largely to a feeling of confidence on the part of Republican voters that there was no need of a great effort in this election. It may be well to recall that two years ago many Democrats, tired and disgusted with Wilsonism, voted the Republican ticket, and this year they naturally returned to their own party, thereby helping to hold up the Democratic vote and to reduce the Republican plurality."

"We must look further than the surface," says the Republican Portland *Press-Herald*, "to account for the loss of so many Republican votes in a year when an appeal was being made to Republicans to come forth and display their allegiance to the party and their confidence in the Administration at Washington." And that journal continues:

> "The real cause of the Republican slump, as we see it, was the feeling of lukewarm interest in the Administration at Washington, and particularly with relation to the failure of President Harding to meet the coal and railroad strike situation as most of the Republicans expected him to meet it. Hundreds of Republicans stayed at home on election day and could not be prevailed upon to go to the polls, because they wished to convey in some way their disappointment that the Federal Government has failed to function at a critical time as they expected it to function.
>
> "While there are no figures to prove the assertion, observation and comment leads to the belief that had it not been for the activity of the women, and the great interest they took in the election, the Republican plurality would have been still further reduced. It was not the women who stayed at home, but the men. The women were not particularly concerned with whatever national issues might have been injected into the campaign, but were much interested in the State issues, particularly those relating to welfare and social work, the schools and similar problems in which Governor Baxter has displayed some concern. These women were powerfully influenced by State affairs, and did not look beyond them. If anything, the election in Maine should serve as a warning to the Republican party as to what is expected of its leaders in Washington. It certainly can not be construed as an absolute endorsement of the party policies as they have been exemplified at the Federal capital."

"The Democrats made effective use of the tariff as an issue in the Maine campaign," writes Louis Seibold from that State to the New York *Herald* (Rep.). "The hard-headed Maine farmer," he continues, "has been the backbone of the Republican party of his State for more than half a century, and he is beginning to reflect discontent with the conditions under which they strive for a living."

The Democrats pick out the 1920 election for their comparisons; the Republicans turn to the more favorable non-Presidential years. The *Herald* maintains:

> "Up to the election this year the average Republican plurality for Governor in the last forty years has been 18,055, so that a comparison of the vote of 1922 with that average rather than with the figures of 1920, when the Democratic vote was as its lowest ebb, does not spell a significant Republican slump."

"Not so hell-bent as in 1920, but still sufficiently hell-bent," says the New York *Tribune* (Rep.), "and it will allow the proponents of the Fordney-McCumber tariff bill to breathe more easily." And the New York *Times* (Dem.) concedes "there is no evidence that the Maine farmers got excited about the tariff any more than the bonus." "To vote for a Democrat," the New York *World* (Dem.) maintains, "is more than the average Maine Republican can bring himself to do, but he can register his displeasure with his party by staying away from the polls, and this is what more than 30,000 Maine Republicans did this year."

When woman's part in the election was being discust, the New York *Times* pointed out that Senator Hale and Governor-elect Baxter were both unmarried, "but each 'old bach' has been elected by a comfortable majority."

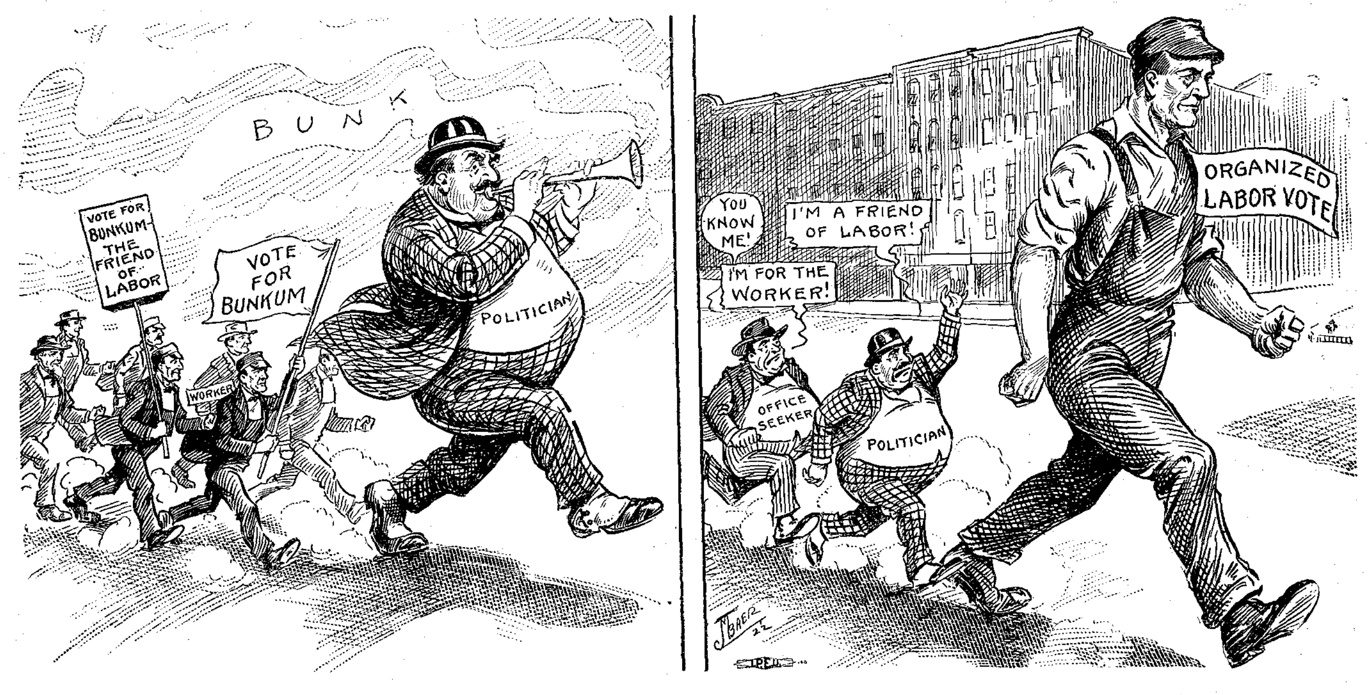
"A Maine election can be made to mean anything that anybody wishes it to mean, and this year is no exception," says the New York *World*. And it continues:

> "For the last forty years Maine has seldom shown a quick response to the issues that agitated the rest of the country. It has shown no signs of following the leadership of the Western States in which the Republicans have repudiated the Old Guard and tried to make over their party in the semblance of a progressive political organization. Regardless of any particular issue, the Maine election is a sign of political health. The unprecedented Republican majority of 1920, which came in consequence of the mental confusion and bewilderment that followed a world war, proved to be a political calamity. It did almost as much harm to the Republican party as to the country, and as a result of it the Government of the United States has been adrift for many months. The Harding Administration has never been quite sure what it was elected to do, and the more it has thought about it the more uncertain it has become. The country is now swinging backward to a closer division of the parties, and a closer division means a restoration of that sense of responsibility which is now so disastrously lacking in Washington. Predictions based on Maine elections are always likely to be precarious, but the Maine vote shows conclusively that normalcy is done for in the sense in which it was understood a year ago. Payment has been stopt on the blank check that the Republican party received in 1920."

"If there is any tremendous surge and unrest among the voters of the country the Northeast has apparently escaped it," believes the independent New York *Globe*. In this paper's opinion:

> "The question naturally rises whether any real unrest has existed. Votes of one sort or another have been taken now in all portions of the country where votes have a national significance. In Pennsylvania, North Dakota, Iowa, Indiana, and Wisconsin candidates who were not 'organization' men succeeded in winning the primaries. California and Missouri returned two 'irreconcilables' who can scarcely be counted as progressives. Unquestionably certain policies and acts of the Administration played a part in some of the 'liberal' victories. Brookhart and Frazier and La Follette spoke out against Newberryism and the Old Guard attitude in general. But in each case the personality of the successful 'progressive' candidate, and frequently the local conditions, counted strongly in the result. A natural recoil of the country from the abnormal state of mind of 1920 seems indicated. McCumber and New were defeated; Frazier—recently recalled from the governorship—won a senatorial nomination; La Follette's majority was exceptionally large. Still there is no hint in all this of a swing from Republicanism to Democracy, and even the intra-party struggles of the Republicans seem now of local rather than of national influence. The Maine and Massachusetts results supplement the record of Western States and make it clearer. There may be sensational results in November. Nothing that has happened thus far indicates more than a weeding out of a few machine Republicans for Republicans of more vigor and independence, and a somewhat closer battle between the two old parties, with the Republicans still dominant. This is so quiet a picture in contrast to the exciting record of mistakes made at Washington that it is difficult to accept, yet it seems a faithful reflection of the actual state of the public mind at present."

According to Mark Sullivan, Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.), the Maine election, as figured out by the supposed experts at Washington is "worth about fifty Congressmen to the Republican party" in the way of a majority in the next Congress.



CHANGE IN LEADERSHIP! —Baer in *Labor* (Washington, D. C.)

LA FOLLETTE FOR PRESIDENT?

THE VICTORY OF LA FOLLETTE in Wisconsin "is going to have national consequences of the first magnitude," predicts William Hard, an experienced observer, in the Milwaukee *Wisconsin News*, one of the Hearst papers which supported the Senator in the recent primary campaign. "La Follette is one of the men to whom both Republican and Democratic malcontents throughout the country are looking for advice and leadership," points out the independent Washington *Star*, "and the question now arises as to what effect the latest victory will have on the senior Senator from Wisconsin and his course in the coming two years." The victory, by the way, "was won by the greatest majority that any candidate has ever polled at a primary in Wisconsin," according to The Associated Press Milwaukee correspondent, "and it must be set down as the most significant of all the primary results to date," thinks the independent St. Louis *Star*, which believes "his overwhelming victory easily puts him in the leadership of the Progressive forces and makes him the logical candidate of the Progressives in revolt against the Republican organization." We are also reminded that at the meeting of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor, held in Atlantic City early in September, Matthew Woll, one of the Vice-Presidents, predicted that La Follette would "sweep the country" as a Presidential candidate. And while President Gompers did not commit himself to La Follette's candidacy, he spoke highly of the Wisconsin Senator as an American.

"That the Federation will attempt by an affiliation with the farmer vote to become an important factor in the Presidential campaign of 1924 is a foregone conclusion among the labor chiefs," wrote the Brooklyn *Eagle's* Atlantic City correspondent at the time. "They declare that their selection of a candidate for the Presidency will be 'a startling surprize to followers of the old parties.'" Perhaps the "surprize" will be La Follette, suggests one editor.

Under the heading, "La Folletteism and Organized Labor," William English Walling, a well-known Socialist writer, tells us in the New York *Evening Post* that La Follette is a recognized leader in organized labor's attempt to express itself more adequately in American politics. For instance:

"The only outside political figure to address the American Federation of Labor Convention at Cincinnati this June was La Follette. The only political leader to appear in the Labor Day issue of *The American Federationist* is La Follette. And he appears significantly with this message: 'The workers' weapon is the ballot. It is an effective and all-powerful weapon. Wielded with intelligence for a righteous cause, it can not fail to win.' La Follette has been saying this a long time; the new significance comes from prominence given it in the Gompers official organ.

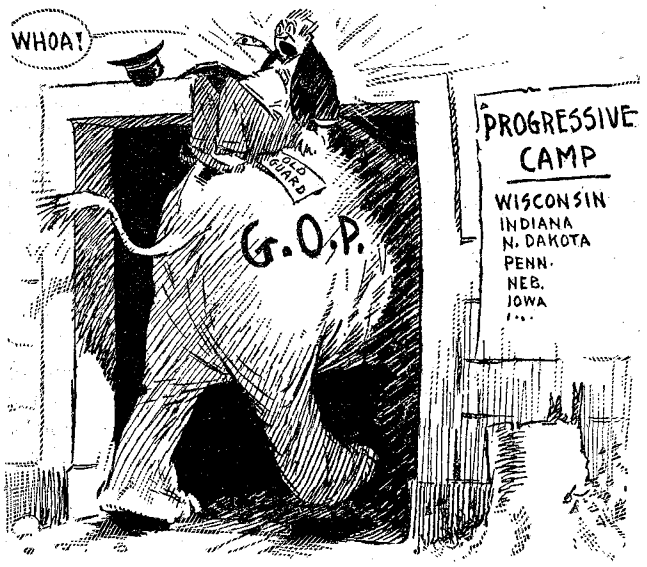
"In the United States Senate La Follette has often stood alone for organized labor. In some forty test votes, none of them on radical measures, he has only once failed; as might have been expected, he voted against the labor clauses of the Versailles Treaty."

The Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.), while of the opinion that Mr. La Follette's victory is of national interest, does not consider it of great national consequence. And the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind. Dem.), while it admits that Senator La Follette "may be contemplating the Presidential ring with his hat inside of it," takes comfort in the fact that "tho he is against a great many things, and could poll a large vote of miscellaneous 'antis,' he is not the type of man who has ever been elected President, or even been nominated by any party that had a ghost of a chance." The following picture of Wisconsin's "stormy petrel" is given by the independent New York *Evening Post:*

"La Follette has his weaknesses, but they are more often those of conviction than of opportunism. He is a disturbing element in many legislative equations and frequently narrow and unsound; nevertheless, he fights fairly for ideals long and tightly held. His long service carries the certainty that he genuinely represents his State. In almost any other State he would probably have been thrown over long ago, notwithstanding his personal magnetism, but Wisconsin possesses both a strong agrarian, anti-corporation sentiment and a heavy German vote, with marked Socialist leanings. These two horses La Follette has ridden successfully through many campaigns, a political feat of no mean caliber. As Governor he was a constructive force, but in the Senate he has been in a minority of one most of the time, devoting himself chiefly to criticism."

Since the qualities which won the primary victory for La Follette would figure largely in a Presidential contest, we have here an opportunity to test the attitude of the country's newspapers if we take the recent primary victory as a straw in the wind. Taking first the question of party harmony, all seem to agree that La Follette is a "thorn in the side of the Harding Administration," as the independent Democratic Baltimore *Sun* puts it. In fact, the primary fight is characterized in several Milwaukee dispatches as "a battle between Senator Lenroot (Rep.), of Wisconsin, representing the Administration, and La Follette." Moreover, "all the power of the Government was exerted to defeat him," avers J. G. Hayden, Washington correspondent of the independent Detroit *News*. Not more than half a dozen Wisconsin papers supported La Follette, it is said. His "war record" was raked over, "yet he never ducked it," declares the independent Republican Grand Rapids *Herald*. Therefore, as the Democratic Raleigh *News and Observer* sees it, "his success under all the circumstances is the most remarkable exhibition of personal power in American politics in the present decade."

Another Southern Democratic paper, the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, however, maintains that "the La Follette victory is chiefly a victory for the Socialists, the pacifists, the beer and wine advocates, and the sympathizers with Germany in the late war." "He got the 'wet' vote, the radical vote, and the pro-bonus vote," adds the independent Chicago *Post*. "He also capitalized for his own benefit the farmers' grievances and the Republican name, tho he certainly is not a Republican," asserts the Boston *Transcript* (Ind. Rep.). Many editors see in La Follette's victory, however, merely the fruits of thirty years of practical politics. "He is a first-class practical politician," notes the independent Democratic Richmond *News-Leader*. As we are told in the Republican Milwaukee *Sentinel*, which opposed La Follette in the primary campaign:



GETTING HEADSTRONG.

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

> "The Wisconsin campaign was complicated by various issues, all of which worked to the benefit of the senior Senator and against the sane progressive candidates named by the State conference. The issue of the war, the racial prejudices so freely played upon, the 'wet' and 'dry' question, the discontent of labor, industrial troubles, the feeling of the farmers that they have been required to bear more than their share of the burden of readjustment—all these contributed to his strength."

"If the La Follette victory is construed as a victory for the 'wets,' the 'drys' are largely to blame," thinks the independent Indianapolis *News*, "for the Anti-Saloon League, which supported his opponent, declared early in the fight that the Wisconsin campaign was to be the most important 'wet'-and-'dry' fight in the whole United States."

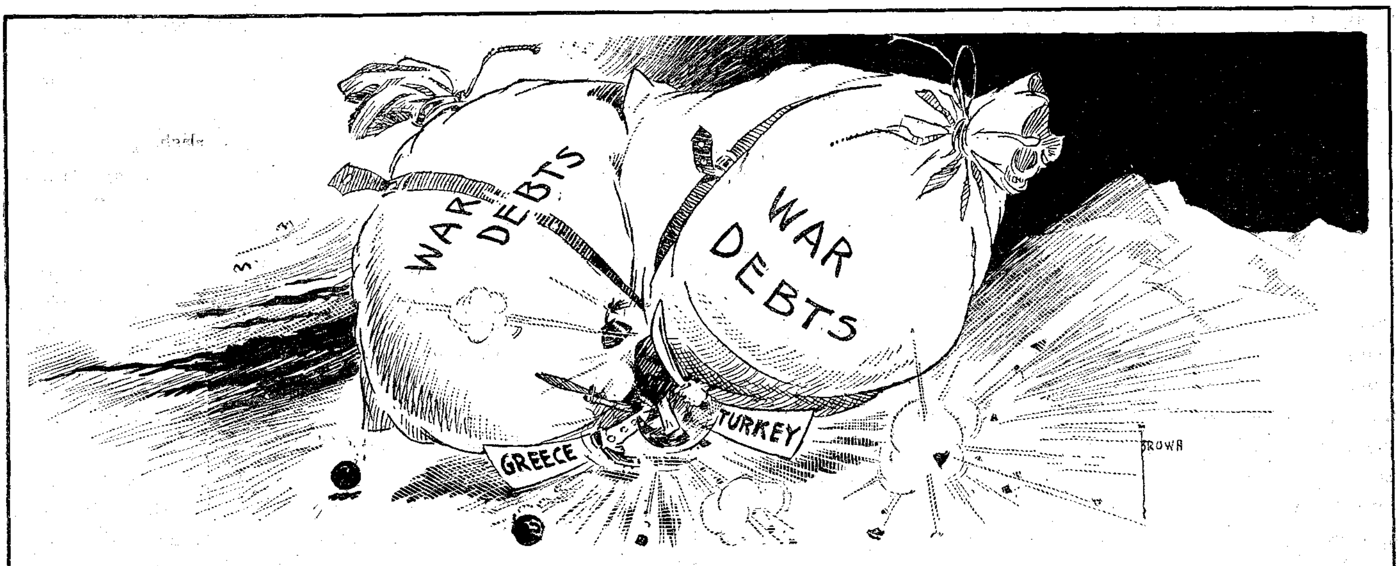
"In any case," avers the independent St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, "La Follette must be reckoned with; he is the biggest figure and the strongest factor in the Progressive revival." "He may or may not figure much in the next Presidential election," observes the Democratic Brooklyn *Citizen*, "but no one can reduce Senator La Follette to unimportance at the present time."

THE TURK AGAIN AT EUROPE'S GATES

HAVING WON THE GREATEST VICTORY that has fallen to the Turkish armies in the last quarter century, how far will Mustapha Kemal, the Turkish Nationalist leader, try to push his advantage? Is his Government to be recognized as the *de facto* government of Turkey? Will he try to regain Thrace and the Dardanelles and restore Turkey to its pre-war proportions? And if Great Britain attempts to restrain him, will her millions of Moslem subjects rise in protest? These serious questions are asked by such representative newspapers as the New York *Herald* and the Boston *Transcript*. The Moslems of India are said to see in Mustapha Kemal a leader who they believe can restore Turkey as a great Mohammedan Power; already members of the Assembly at Simla have sent a message to the British Premier demanding that Great Britain observe strict neutrality as between the Turks and the Greeks in the present conflict. No less disturbing to France and Great Britain is the "dim shadow of Bolshevism" that is said to loom behind Mustapha Kemal, and the possibility of a Russo-German alliance with the Nationalist leader. The Soviet Government, in fact, in a recent note to the British High Commissioner at Constantinople, protested against Allied control of the Strait, denounced the Treaty of Sèvres, and demanded that Constantinople be restored to the Turks, "whose victorious struggle for freedom Russia warmly salutes and supports." The fate of the Dardanelles must be decided by the States bordering on the Black Sea, says the Soviet Government, which also demands that Russia be a party to any Near East settlement.

The problem of how Asia Minor is to be divided, which the Sèvres Treaty was to have settled, certainly has not been clarified by the intensive campaign of Mustapha Kemal against King Constantine of Greece. "Beaten armies, a collapsed cabinet, and perhaps a tottering throne spell this debacle of Greek ambition," observes the Boston *News Bureau*, which sympathizes with neither belligerent. And Mustapha Kemal, we are told, won his victory with the material aid of Russian guns and munitions and the assistance of German and Austrian officers and enlisted men. Having captured Smyrna, the metropolis of Asia Minor, "he hopes to occupy Constantinople and recover Thrace and Adrianople," declares the New York *Herald*. And altho Great Britain fears for the control of the Dardanelles, the main key to her eastern empire, how far can Great Britain go without arousing Moslem India? In reply, no less an authority than Henry Morgenthau, former United States Ambassador to Turkey, says: "A false step now, and the Allies may find that the German military party and the Bolsheviki have again united to threaten the peace of the world."

The French attitude toward the Turkish Nationalist movement is revealed in the fact, as reported by the Paris correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, that when French troops withdrew from Cilicia they "forgot" huge depots of war material, which Mustapha Kemal's army appropriated. Moreover, adds this writer, France always has espoused the Turkish cause, mainly for the reason that a defeat of the Angora troops might have caused trouble among her vast Mussulman colonies in Africa. Now, however, that Turkish armies are "feeling their oats," as one correspondent expresses it, Italy, France and England are reported putting their heads together in an effort to keep the Turk from reinvading Europe. "If the Turks are allowed to reenter Europe there is sure to be another international war," in the opinion of Mr. Morgenthau. This, points out the London correspondent to the New York *Times*, may occur between Turkey and Bulgaria on the one side and Greece, Rumania and Jugo-Slavia on the other. Bulgaria is said to covet a large slice of Thrace, while Serbia wants Saloniki and also is said to be determined that Bulgaria and Turkey shall not again establish contact by the seizure of Thrace.



SOME PEOPLE NEVER QUIT. —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

At present a nominal Sultan sits at Constantinople under the protection of British, French and Italian forces. The Treaty of Sèvres remains unratified. Therefore, believes the Newark *News*, "Mustapha Kemal's success against the Greeks makes the Allied unity, hitherto lacking, necessary, and a revision of the Turkish Treaty almost inevitable." The prospect of a too complete Turkish victory is so disquieting that, according to the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, "whatever course events take, France will remain in absolute agreement with Great Britain in refusing to allow Turkey to control the Dardanelles."

Admitting that, as the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* puts it, "the menace to Europe's peace is very real," we find it generally agreed in the words of the New York *Times* that "the responsibility of dealing with the Turks now lies on the three above-named Powers, whose dissensions and backstairs intrigues have brought the Turk back to the threshold of Europe." As the *Plain Dealer* goes on:

> "France and Great Britain are at odds, but in this Greco-Turkish business Italy stands with France instead of England. Alone of all the nations the British faint-heartedly uphold the Greeks. Is this because Great Britain admires the heroic valor of the Hellenes and is convinced that the welfare of humanity demands a Greek victory? It is not. It is because Great Britain finds a strong Greece useful in her schemes of expansion, and is quite willing to have Greece guard the Straits and keep the Turks at bay. It need scarcely be remarked that the French and Italian support of Mustapha Kemal is not more unselfish."

Other reasons for the French attitude toward Turkey are furnished by the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune:*

> "There are at least three reasons why France can not back the claims of the Turks beyond a certain point. The first is that Syria would be more vulnerable than any other part of the former Ottoman Empire to attack, and the second is that the restoration of the Dardanelles to Turkish control would be violently opposed by the Little Entente. The third is that France could not afford to resist the reaction of her colonists to such a move.
>
> "The fact that the Kemalists are closely associated with the Russian Bolsheviki is also a circumstance that will tend to modify the pro-Turkey policy of France."

A certain section of the American attitude toward Turkish aspirations, as revealed in Mustapha Kemal's victories, seems to be well put by the Indianapolis *Star:* "While the Turk will find little sympathy in this country, which had hoped for his expulsion from Europe after the war, he can not be blamed for taking advantage of the opportunities to recover his rightful territory in Asia Minor through the blunders of King Constantine and his Army." These victories, hints the Chicago *Journal*, may have been due "less to Turkish skill than to the bungling and incompetence of the Greek King." However that may be, one thing is sure, observes the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* in another editorial:

> "Behind Mustapha Kemal looms the dim shadow of Russian Bolshevism. It is as yet vague and undefined, but the interests of Kemalism and Bolshevism coincide at many points. The political fanaticism of Moscow and the religious and racial fanaticism of Angora may appear weirdly incongruous, but inasmuch as both are sworn enemies of democracy and western civilization, cooperation is easy and natural."

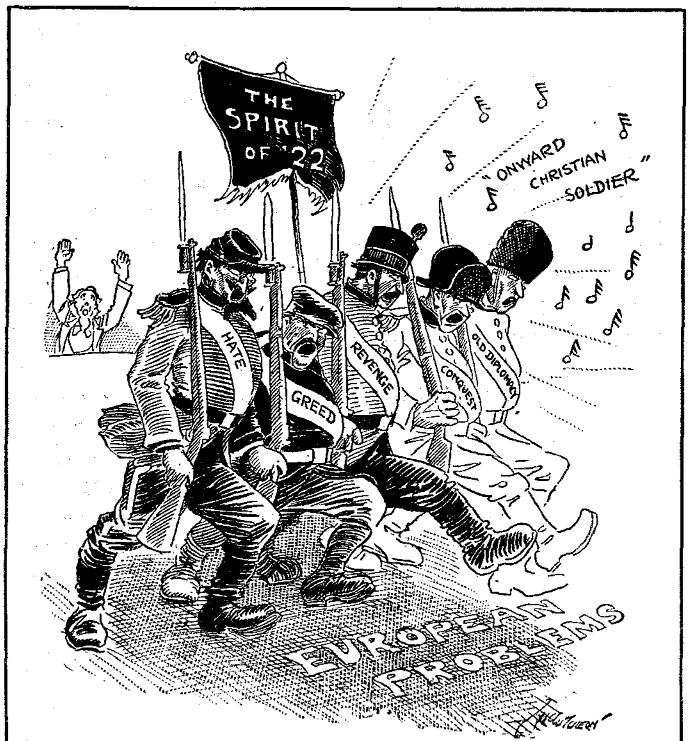
There apparently is little defense of Constantine's entry into Asia Minor in the press of this country. "King Constantine," notes the New York *Globe*, "has committed the sin of being an unsuccessful King." "Rarely has a boastful and aggressive Government fallen so completely and so suddenly as has that of Greece," adds the Columbus (O.) *Dispatch*. The best Greece can do, it is suggested in more than one editorial and foreign dispatch, is to cast forth Constantine and recall Eleutherios Venizelos.

Greece has failed in her endeavor to enforce the Treaty of Sèvres unaided. "And now," notes the Boston *Transcript*, "the three principal Powers concerned in Near Eastern affairs must determine whether the Nationalist Government of Mustapha Kemal shall be restored to power at Constantinople, or whether the Nationalists shall be driven back to their Anatolian strongholds. And they must act immediately." As the editor of the New York *Globe* reminds us:

> "Turkey in 1914 was little more than a highway (or a railroad bed) for an expanding German empire. She made possible the Berlin to Bagdad dream. She did not want war, but Germany bade her fight, and she did.
>
> "In 1918 she seemed to count for even less. Germany and Austria were beaten; Turkey was crusht. Egypt, Armenia, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Thrace, Smyrna, Constantinople—they were hewn from her like the limbs from a body. Her 36,000,000 subjects were to melt to 8,000,000.
>
> "But Turkey in 1922 is startlingly different. Austria is a political and social remnant; Germany labors reluctantly under the Allied yoke, but Turkey has shown a virility and a consequence which no observer had dreamed two years ago. It is partly the accident of her situation. Conflicting interests have drawn the Allies from an extreme friendliness toward Greece, and divided them among themselves. But it is partly, too, a spark of almost inexplicable vitality in the Turks themselves. They have pushed back the troops of France and wrecked the Army of the new Greek Empire. They have shown the diplomatic capacity to take advantage of the political differences of their opponents. Less territorially than they were, they threaten to be greater nationally and internationally. They have sucked energy from disaster; supposedly blotted out of the Near East, they have become the most important factor and—for Europe—the greatest menace there."

A NEW ATTITUDE TOWARD THE LEAGUE

WHILE WE ARE KEEPING OUT of the League of Nations, we are not able to ignore it. Writers of the press dispatches deem it most "significant" that at the third annual meeting of the League Assembly at Geneva "there are more Americans among the spectators than observers of any other nationality. Of the 138 seats available for distinguished visitors, 62, nearly one-half of the whole number, have been assigned to Americans upon application."



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A STANDING ARMY THAT WON'T DEMOBILIZE.

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

In fact, intense American interest in the League just now is perceived by editors of both parties. "That iniquitous institution known as the League of Nations," observes the Democratic Brooklyn *Eagle*, "is again receiving attention in the press," and the Republican Philadelphia *Inquirer* holds "there is no mistaking either the sincerity or intensity of the interest which its proceedings have aroused." At the same time, too, there is discernible a different tempo and temper in the editorial discussion of the League this year from that which formerly characterized the comment upon it. The bitterness is absent; there is a calmer view of what the League has done, and less disposition to question its intentions in the face of the grim situation in Europe. "In Washington, we imagine, more attention than usual is being paid to this meeting," resumes *The Eagle*, "and, altho Mr. Hughes is on a semi-vacation, he must be following the League proceedings with sympathetic interest. He is on record as approving practically every item on the Assembly agenda." And the Providence *Evening Bulletin* (Ind.), an anti-League paper in the days when strife was bitter over it, points proudly to the fact that "Secretary Hughes has not taken a single step to prevent the League from making progress."

Many of those papers formerly so acrimonious when the League was being discust, now confine their crisp criticism to those individuals who attempt to make the League a party or a personal asset. The New York *Tribune* (Rep.) regrets that it has "to pull Mr. Cox's coat-tails" and tell him "to sit down," for the League is not now "the personal property of a politician seeking to make political capital out of it." That journal adds:

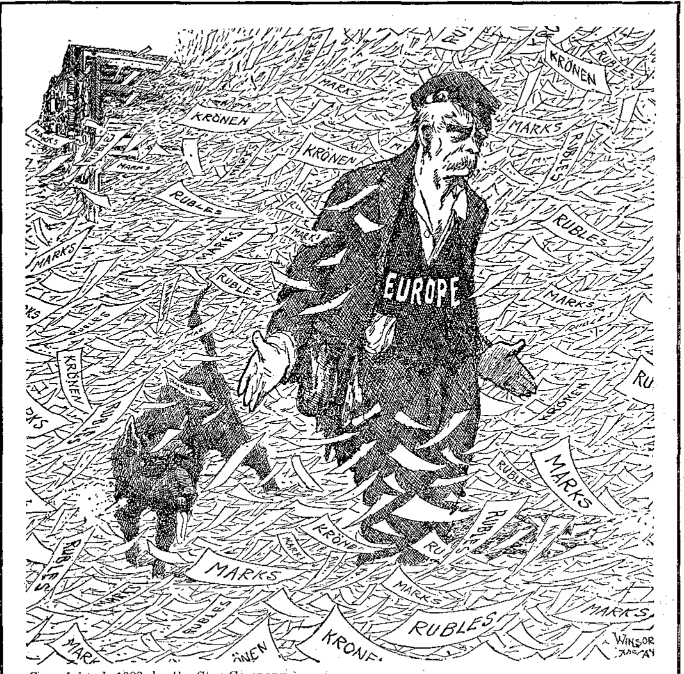
"The League as it is functioning to-day is an international body of conference and advice, amply competent to handle the minor problems which have come before it, amply vigorous to develop gradually and naturally into greater power and influence as public opinion ripens."

The Assembly of the League now in session at Geneva is described by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Rep.) as "fifty nations, all but a few that exist upon the earth, again represented in an international conference for the promotion of peace and the world's welfare; and still the United States, which has done more for the peace and welfare of mankind than any other, is not officially represented there. None of that work is in any way antagonistic to our interests or contrary to our principles." "During the past year," according to the summary of the St. Louis paper, "the League has—

"established the International Court of Justice, settled the Upper Silesian dispute, secured the evacuation of Albania by Serbia, and prevented war between them, adopted common measures against epidemic, prepared machinery for the protection of minorities in eleven states, prepared tentative plans for world-wide disarmament and for coordination of intellectual effort, made progress in international agreements for the suppression of white slave and opium traffic, and engaged in other labors of similar nature, none of which could be objectionable to the people of the United States. Nothing in the nature of a superstate has developed from its organization or operation. It has not attempted to dominate anything or anybody. What it has done has been accomplished through common cooperation and consent."

"The League's importance," says the New York *World* (Dem.), "lies not in what it can do now, but in the fact that it continues to exist"—

"Let the League but hold on and its friends will be content. For soon or late France will settle with Germany, and Germany will become a member of the League. Soon or late Europe will settle with Russia, and Russia will become a member of the League. Soon or late the American isolationists will have made all the conceivable blunders they can make, and a party committed to the League will come back prepared to accept the responsibility that America's power in the world entails."



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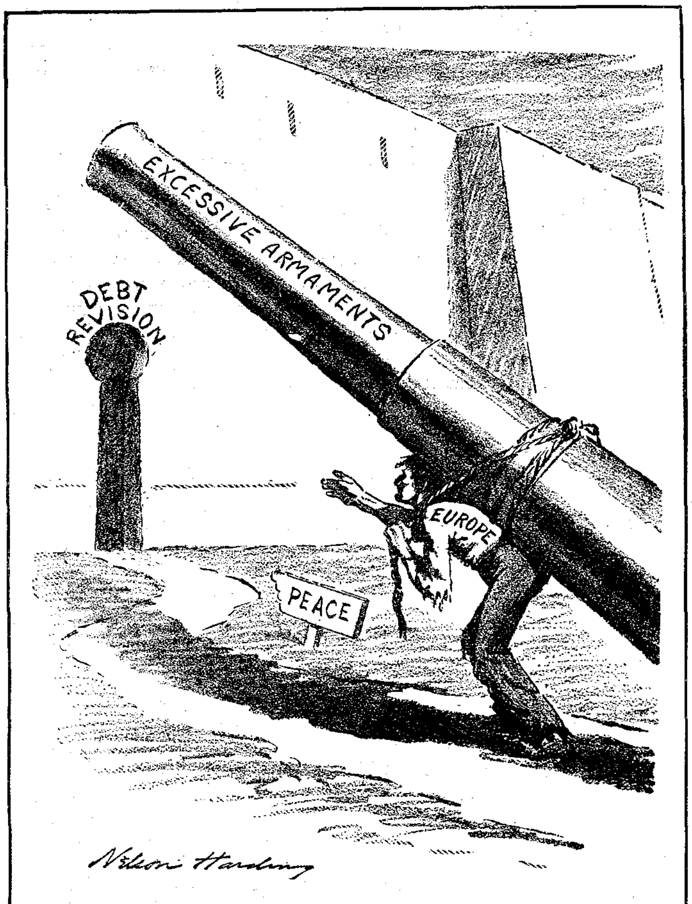
MONEY POOR!

—McCay in the New York *American*.

While America discusses the survival of the League, Europe accepts it as an established institution, and the press dispatches from the present Geneva meeting show it is now a question of how far the League should go. The New York *Globe* (Ind.) quotes the "fine-spirited pleas" of Lord Robert Cecil, of England, and Dr. Motta, of Switzerland, "that the major problems of Europe be turned over to the League." Other papers call attention to Lord Balfour's counsel for moderation:

> "The League, depending on moral influence to get results, can not manage the world of to-day. That is more a reflection on the world than on the League. . . . Using moral influence to bring peace in the face of the Kemalist action is surely rather a forlorn hope."



THE CAMEL AND THE NEEDLE'S EYE.

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

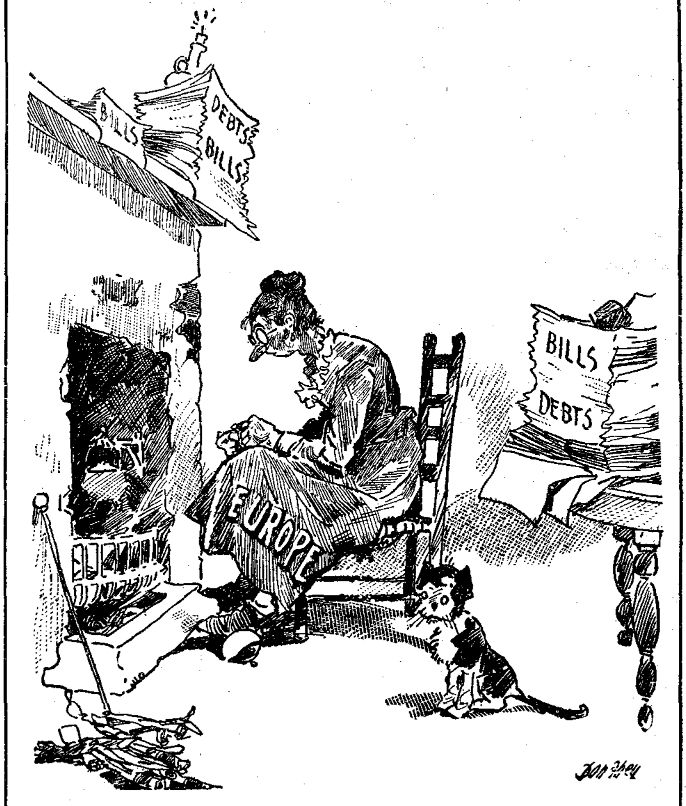
But the Assembly now in session is not hesitating nor is it being appalled by the magnitude of the "major problems." It has undertaken, and from the press dispatches it has seemingly offered a satisfactory solution for no less a problem than the "peace of Europe," by the adoption of Lord Cecil's plan. This carries with it automatically the opportunity for the reduction of the standing armies of Europe and gives to France the protection against attack which Clemenceau so earnestly sought from Wilson and Lloyd George. According to the New York *Times* the plan would have the nations pledge themselves—

> "definitely to take action against any aggressor and make it impossible for him to obtain a victory. England, France and Italy shall enter into a mutual protective agreement which shall be forthwith joined by Spain. Germany will then be asked to subscribe to the non-aggressive guaranty, after which other European nations, especially those of Central Europe, will be brought in. Then the Moscow Government will be given an opportunity to join. It was no surprize that the English favored such a plan, but French adherence caused great satisfaction."

The message comes from Geneva that the Cecil plan, originated "in the replies of the European nations to a League request for a statement of reasons for the maintenance of large military forces. Led by France the nations stated it was fear of an external attack. Moving on the premise that the way to obtain reduction of land armament was to remove this fear, Lord Cecil came forward with his plan."

Another of the major problems that has come up for consideration is that of unhappy Austria, but so far no satisfactory solution has been presented. Chancellor Seipel, of Austria, wandered through Europe seeking a loan and finally came with his troubles to the League. But the League's committee that undertook the drafting of an Austrian program has, according to the New York *Herald* (Ind.) "come to a standstill." Italy came forward with a claim to certain commercial and transportation privileges under the Porta Rosa compact, and to these rights the Little Entente entered vigorous protest. Then, too, Austria did not comply, the *Herald* points out, with the suggestion that, while the Assembly was considering Austria's troubles, financial and otherwise, that nation "cease printing bank notes."

Many American journals formerly hostile to the League look this year more tolerantly toward it, and two facts seem to be accountable for this changed attitude. The first is a broad humanitarian influence. Europe is in a grim reconstruction struggle. If the League as it stands has been of benefit, then the League, as it stands, should not be hampered. The second influence is that there is now no political occasion for bitterness for the present Administration of the United States is thought by most journalistic observers to be irrevocably committed to the non-entrance of this country into the League. No change can come either this or next year—or even the year thereafter. In the meanwhile much will transpire in Europe.



—AND WINTER COMING!

—Donahey in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

Among those papers that stedfastly hold to the belief that the United States fares the better while outside the League is the Toledo *Blade* (Ind.) which observes:

> "It is perhaps a very good thing that Mr. Wilson insisted that we should enter the League in keeping with his terms rather than with those of the Senate. For out of the League we have been stronger than the League itself. Out of it we have been able to get leading nations to agree to a large and practical reduction of armaments. Out of it we have settled the problem of the Pacific—a problem the League dallied with."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

A bumper crop is a crop wherein the farmer gets bumped.—*Minnesota Star.*

The latest Greek musical hit seems to be a Turkey Trot in Asia Minor.—*Manila Bulletin.*

Most men's idea of a living wage is about two dollars more than they get.—*Portland Oregonian.*

What a pity that we can't say that discretion is the better part of De Valera!—*Asheville Times.*

The net accomplishment of Mr. De Valera for Irish freedom thus far is a collection of prominent funerals.—*Dallas News.*

No system of Government will work in a land where everybody tries to work the Government.—*Illinois State Register.*

Whenever Lloyd George has a generous moment, he forgives Germany a little more of the debt she owes France.—*Indianapolis Star.*

It sometimes seems as if the war grafters must have got out a sweeping injunction against the Department of Justice.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Unless coal reaches the bins shortly, the only place many Americans will be warm this winter will be under the collar.—*Indianapolis Star.*

An item says that former Mexican bull-fighters have gone in for baseball. They may bring relief to the bulls, but what about the umpires?—*Marion Star.*

We hear on good authority that all penny-in-the-slot machines in Russia are now being fitted with large tanks for the reception of sacks of rubles.—*Punch (London).*

It is easy to imagine the leniency Germany would show in collecting reparations from France had the result of the war been reversed.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

An American who claims to be the oldest motorist in the world is a hundred and eleven. The odds are increasingly against anything like that age being attained by a pedestrian—*Punch (London).*

American Bar Association would abolish pistols. It must be there are no criminal lawyers in this association.—*New York Evening Mail.*

A newspaper writer says Northcliffe had no friends, except his wife and his mother. That isn't a bad showing in these unsettled times.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

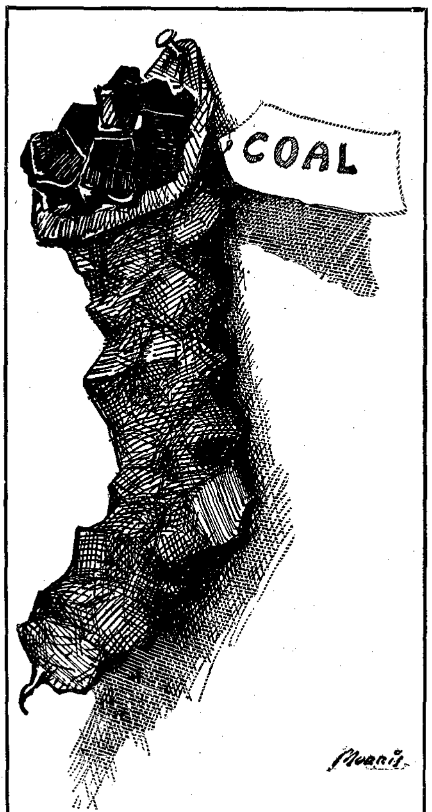
The Literary Digest is having much trouble determining who are the twelve greatest women. Every man says there is only one.—*Weekly Review (Shanghai).*

Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, was arrested by a California traffic cop. Luther was probably trying to cross a street with an auto.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

Some foreigners are visiting New York to learn what effect Prohibition has on this nation. From there they go to Ireland, we suppose, to learn effects of peace.—*Nashville Tennessean.*

Followers of Senator Bob LaFollette see in his sweeping victory a big boost for the third national party, "of which it is hoped he may become the kernel." Evidently a nut party.—*Chicago Daily News.*

A gambling casino has been opened in Moscow where, the papers say, "the play ranges from 10,000,000 to 100,000,000 rubles." Just the game to tone down after an exciting round of penny-ante.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*



IF SANTA CLAUS HEARS OUR PRAYERS.

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

It is hard to tell what or when the world is coming to.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

If Europe doesn't work in peace, she may be forced to rest in peace.—*Asheville Times.*

Strikes are trying things, especially when the score is tied in the ninth inning.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Now that the Senate has passed a law, there will be no profiteering in coal this year.—*Pittsburgh Sun.*

We wish some aviator would show us how to apply this engineless glider principle to our automobile.—*Dallas News.*

This is an age of triumph for the pessimists who always expected the worst. They've got it at last.—*Hartford Times.*

Cross crossings carefully; if you damage that cowcatcher, the repair shops are shorthanded, you know.—*Dallas News.*

"France and England are drawing together," says an editor. It appeared for a time that France would draw first.—*Indianapolis Star.*

With the coming of a coal peace there remains nothing to worry about except the delivery of coal and the arrival of the bill.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

As Henry Ford only has $160,000,000 cash in hand, one can understand his hesitation about buying coal.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

If those Turkish and Grecian generals would adopt simplified spelling, they might achieve more favorable publicity in the public press.—*Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.*

There is no ignoring the fact that the League of Nations is still vital enough to carry on operations which must involve a considerable expense account.—*Washington Star.*

All that is necessary to settle the railroad strike is for some genius to incite the strike-breakers to strike so that the strikers can have back their jobs as strike-breakers.—*Nashville Southern-Lumberman.*

Mr. Ford should be patient about reforming our currency. In a little while he'll have it all, and then he can use his own judgment.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

A man asserted the other day that he was constantly being mistaken for a member of the Government. We always admire a man who can tell a story against himself.—*London Opinion.*

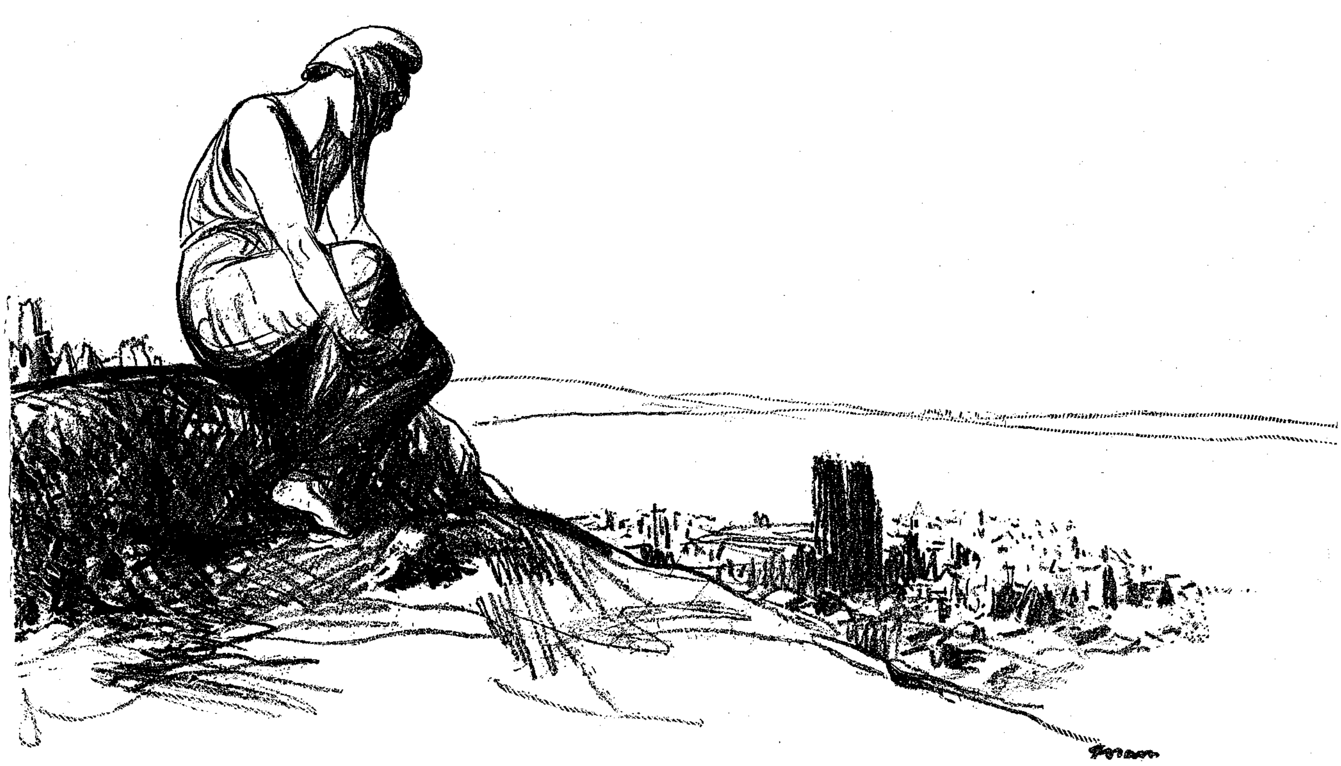
The perfect helicopter will enable a plane to rise vertically and rapidly instead of ascending gradually. Inventors are understood to be looking over the Fordney tariff bill for pointers.—*Detroit News.*

Sergeant Woodfill, "greatest single hero of the World War," has been given three months' leave so that he may earn decent wages as a carpenter. What volumes the records of a republic's ingratitude Woodfill!—*Philadelphia Record.*

In connection with the proposed German moratorium, it is said that if France can devise a method of keeping a mule so weak that it can not kick, and yet so strong that it can work, there might be a solution of the difficulty.—*Punch (London).*

About the only real issue in this campaign, so far as we can see, is that the Democrats claim they wouldn't have done quite so badly as we Republicans have done, and we Republicans claim they'd have done even worse.—*Ohio State Journal.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



FOUR YEARS AFTER.

"If my allies only realized——"

—*Le Figaro* (Paris).

A FRANCO-GERMAN INDUSTRIAL ALLIANCE

THE BIGGEST STEP toward a practical solution of Franco-German disputes is seen in the agreement between Hugo Stinnes, Germany's "Uncrowned King" and "Invisible Chancellor," and the Marquis de Lubersac, French Senator and President of the Federation of Cooperative Societies of the French Liberated Regions, by which German industrials are to sell France building materials amounting to millions of francs. It is admitted that Stinnes and his associates are to get 6 per cent. commission on these transactions, which will probably realize for them millions of francs in profits, as the accord covers several devastated regions of France, yet we are told that the French Ministry for the Liberated Regions expects that this fixing of the profit commission means a saving for French purchasers. Also it is pointed out that instead of the French being obliged to visit Germany individually in their quest for cheap building materials, of which the Germans have ample store, the Stinnes-Lubersac middleman plan permits orders from the French to be filled promptly, regardless of volume. The first list of orders to be forwarded by Senator de Lubersac was expected to total at least 10,000,000 francs in tile, brick, stucco, cement and limestone, which French dealers find it difficult to obtain.

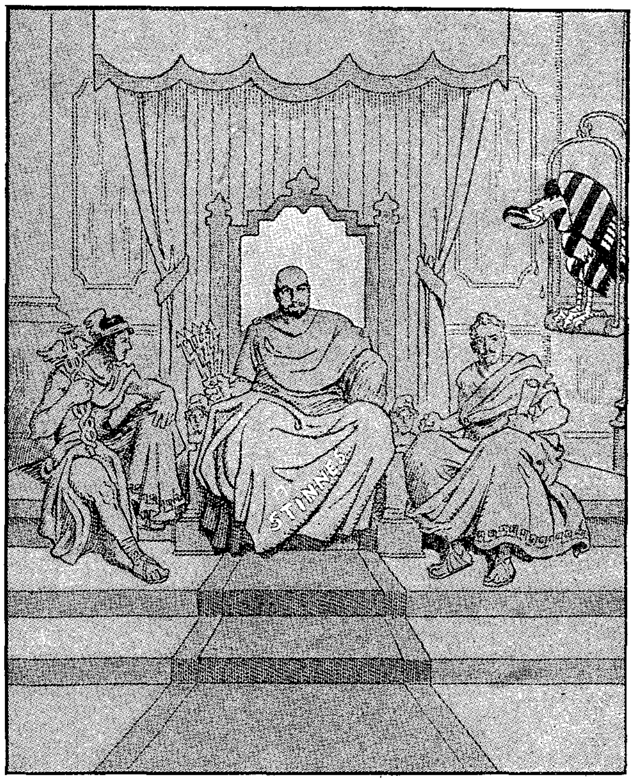
German newspapers welcome the agreement as the first move toward overcoming French hostility in the devastated regions, and the *Vossische Zeitung* reminds us that the contract between Messrs. Stinnes and Lubersac would seem to be a purely private business arrangement if it were not that it had been preceded by the Wiesbaden agreement. The textual provisions of the contract mark the duration of the agreement and its stipulations conform with the Wiesbaden accord. This daily further points out that the 6 per cent. commission to Mr. Stinnes and associates will be "included in the sum with which Germany will be credited for actual deliveries of goods in kind." *Vorwaerts*, the organ of the Majority Socialist party, sneers at the Stinnes plan by entitling it "Patriotism for Six Per Cent." and pointedly asks Mr. Stinnes "how he makes his newspaper opposition to France conform with his business policy." The Berlin *Local Anzeiger* reports that the French sounded Mr. Stinnes on his plan as long ago as last November, and that Premier Lloyd George was informed of this fact at the time by Mr. Stinnes himself. This daily tells us also that "leading French industrialists later made an unsuccessful effort to interest August Thyssen, the German iron magnate, in the proposal."

While the German Socialists are strongly opposed to the Stinnes plan and will question the Reichstag about it, and are supported by the Communists and extremist reactionary organs in their antagonism, the great majority of the German press, it appears, hail Mr. Stinnes as the champion of a far-reaching policy which may be described by a variation of the famous saying of the American patriot Pinckney, namely: "Millions for reconstruction, but not one mark for tribute." American correspondents at Berlin tell us that Stinnes is "backed by the overwhelming majority of German public opinion" in his plan for reconstructing devastated France as soon as possible, and "then call it quits and demand a new deal all around." One of Germany's greatest captains of industry, Doctor Emil Guggenheimer, is quoted in Berlin dispatches as follows:

> "Through the Stinnes-Lubersac agreement for the first time a new trail has been hit of an agreement between private purveyors and private recipients, marking an important forward step for practical reconstruction.
>
> "Much as one tried to make agreements from country to

country, from Germany to France as nations, still practical execution invariably encountered obstacles in the building up of organizations."

As an industrialist, Dr. Guggenheimer believes that private business initiative is more efficient for the practical reconstruction of France than political agreements between the Governments, and he explains:



THE NEW PRUSSIAN OLYMPUS.

STINNES: "Sit tight! The people are back of us!"

—*Wahre Jacob* (Stuttgart).

"Such official organizations, supposed to give materials and services to France, and, on the other hand, to lead to acceptance of these same materials and services, invariably degenerated into bureaucratic affairs about which one could say in advance that despite the great expense of operation they would never work out in practise according to criteria of common-sense business.

"In my opinion the present contract represents a great sacrifice on the part of the German industries, which will make up their minds to participate and make good on it only because these materials and services must be furnished to France anyway, and having to make good it is better for Germany's economy that it be done in this form of private business deals."

The Stinnes contention that the agreement does not give a monopoly to him and his industrial associates is supported by Dr. Guggenheimer's statement that "Stinnes is not alone in this deal, as the work will be distributed to manufacturers throughout Germany." Senator de Lubersac explains in the Paris *Journal* that as regards the commission of 6 per cent. to be paid to the German manufacturers, he considered it better that the amount of the commission should be published lest it be said that there were concealed profits of 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. In the *Echo de Paris* Mr. Reibel, Minister of the Liberated Regions, says:

"I am waiting to see Germany at work. It is quite certain that if Mr. Stinnes and the great German manufacturers begin to understand that it is to their interest that their country shall emerge from the situation created by the non-payment of reparations, the tension between the two countries is bound to relax, to the profit of France and Germany alike.

"What do we ask? The restoration of our ruins and the payment of what is owing us, without which France and the French people can not recover. No one can reproach France with not having offered Germany all the methods of payment her economic resources permit. It is for Germany to prove her willingness."

Of the two chief personages in this Franco-German industrial alliance, Hugo Stinnes, as the biggest of Germany's big business men and the owner of many newspapers, not only in Germany and in countries adjacent to Germany at the south and east, is a figure well known to American readers; and the plan by which the ravished provinces of France are to be restored at an estimated expense of 13,000,000,000 francs seems a natural undertaking for him. But Senator Guy de Lubersac, Mr. Stinnes' French associate in the project, is said to be little known even to the French public, despite the fact that he was one of the most brilliant younger air officers in the war. The Paris correspondent of a Philadelphia newspaper relates that:

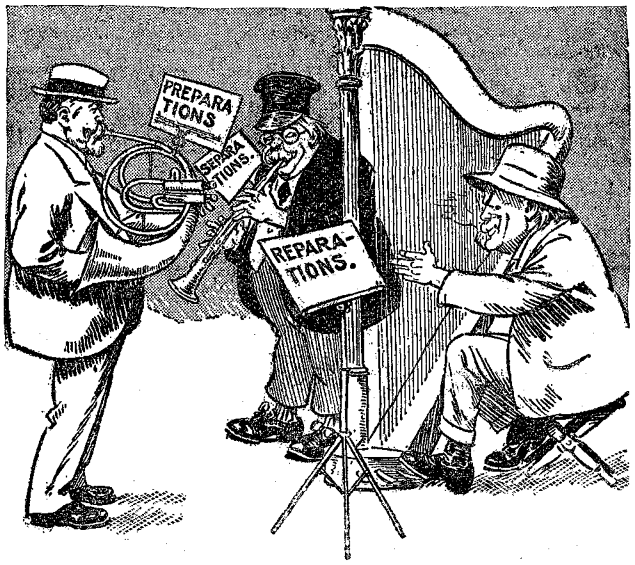
"During the greater part of the conflict Senator Lubersac fought in the Aisne district, the department he now represents in the Senate, and the ruins of which he has taken under his political protection.

"At the beginning of the war he was a second lieutenant of Territorials in command of a stonebreaking outfit engaged in making roads, and eating his heart out because he was unable to get an infantry command. He finally applied for service in the Aviation Corps and became one of the best pilots in his escadrille. He received the Croix de Guerre, which became covered with palms as well as many other decorations, including the rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor.

"In 1919 this ex-stonebreaker aviator presented himself in the Aisne as a candidate for the Senate, where his war record brought him great support, but where he also frequently received an election challenge that, if chosen to the Senate, he was likely 'to conceal himself in the clouds like an aviator.' But his career in the Senate since has been remarkable for his clear intelligence and fierce energy, all of which has been given to the problem of reconstructing the devastated regions.

"He organized in every destroyed village a reconstruction cooperative society—often in conjunction with the American Committee for Devastated France. His ideas, which often brought the charge that he was introducing Communism into the devastated areas, finally triumphed to such an extent he had more than 2,000 in full operation and in an active federation.

"In the coming operations with Hugo Stinnes the German magnate will certainly be measured against a man of great practical spirit with a single end in view; namely, the restoration of French ruins—a man who disdains formulas and is an arch-enemy of political flubdub."


PREPARA TIONS
SEPARA TIONS.
REPARA-TIONS.

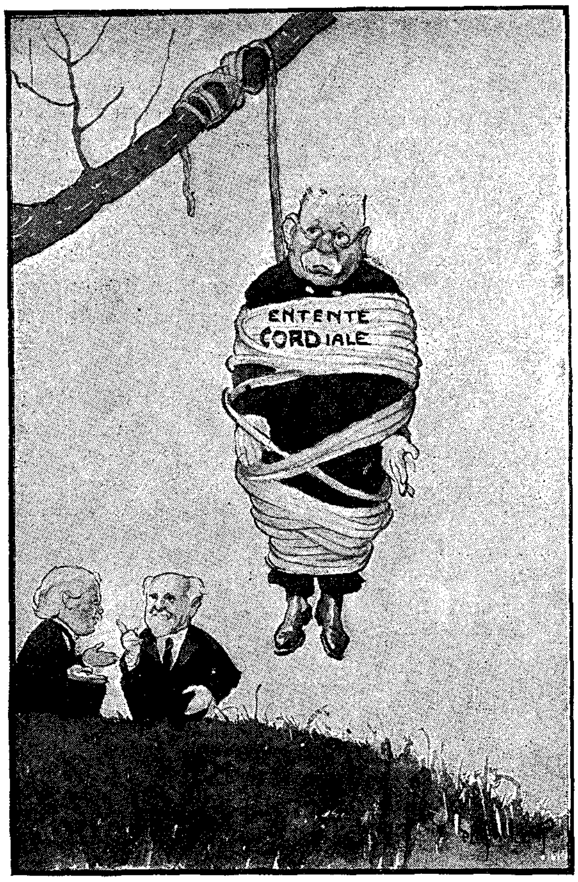
DISCORD:

"Oh, listen to the band!"

—*Sunday Chronicle* (Manchester).

FRANCE AND LLOYD GEORGE

A EUROPEAN BLOC formed against England would not be a new idea, recall those who have noticed suggestions toward this end in sections of the French press, but it is more important to remember, they say, that, new or old, it is a bad idea. Especially is this the view of some Swiss editors who are not callous to the plight of France, and heartily concede that Lloyd George deserves much of the criticism directed against him by French newspapers that make a distinction between their opposition to the Premier and their friendliness toward Britain. In fact, the influential Paris *Temps* attacks the British Premier not only because of his attitude toward France, but, as it tries to prove, because his policy is contrary to the interests of his own country. Mr. Lloyd George's methods are calculated to bring about the very result that British statesmen have always endeavored to avoid, namely, the formation of a European bloc, declares the *Temps*, and it proceeds:



THE TIE THAT BINDS.

Fritz: "How lofley if this cord would snap and end mein suspense!" —*The Bystander* (London).

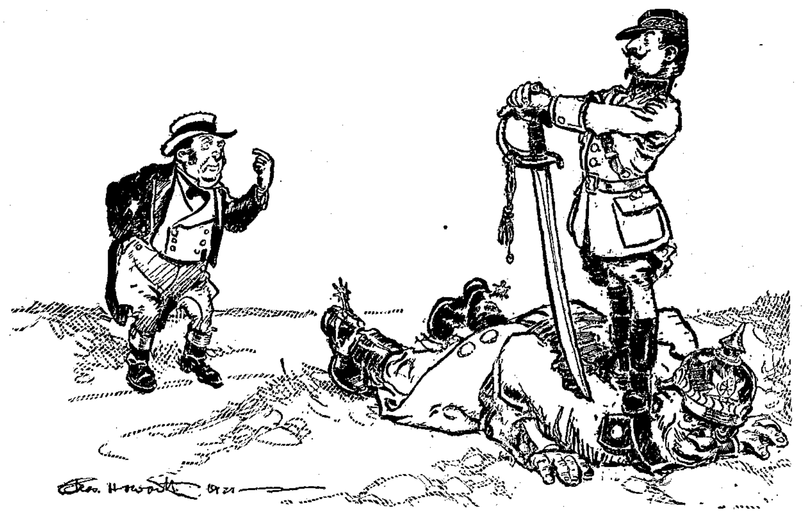
> "The formation of a bloc of Continental nations does not absolutely imply that one state of the bloc should dominate all the others. In the present condition of the world, this kind of domination can not be realized. But a bloc would quite naturally come into being, and in full accordance with modern ideas, if all the nations of Europe were to find themselves afflicted, or even threatened with general economic ruin, and it is toward this general economic ruin that the policy of Lloyd George is moving."

The *Journal de Genève* can appreciate fully why France is so bitter toward Lloyd George, who is deservedly blamed by the French, it avers, for having maneuvered in such a way as to have disarmed the recent London Conference of any potency in advance. We read then:

> "When one compares his tenacity as to the points to be covered in the debate at London with the disconcerting concessions he was willing to make to the Bolsheviks at Genoa, it becomes a matter of question as to just what are the intentions of this man. Also there is the past to be remembered. As soon as the Treaty of Versailles had gone into effect Mr. Lloyd George underwent a complete change of mind. He forgot the promises which he made his fellow-citizens in the election campaign of 1918. He set out to demolish little by little the peace which he had signed."

But is France going to avenge herself on England, asks the *Journal de Genève*, by getting together with Germany in order to form a European bloc? This would cost France dearly, we are told, for, in the first place, in order to conciliate the German people in their present frame of mind, France would have to cross out almost the entire debt of Germany and evacuate the Saar District as an indispensable preliminary to any important accord with the Germans. Bolshevik Russia would undoubtedly expect to form a third member of this "edifying combination," it is assumed, and meanwhile Poland and the countries of the Little Entente, not unnaturally alarmed, would look for support from England and so upset the whole scheme of a Continental bloc. Meanwhile, we are reminded that Britain's maritime supremacy is at least as indisputable in Europe as it ever was, and while such a combination of nations on the Continent might cause injury to England's commerce, it would "ruin France" and moreover "cost her her reputation and the position she occupies in Europe." Unquestionably a Continental bloc is merely "a vain phrase," says this daily, and it adds:

> "But the tragic part of the situation of France is, that despite her military prowess, she is not free to choose her Allies. Tho a creditor of the German Reich she can not lean upon this debtor. Obliged to collect the money that is due her, in order to stave off her own ruin, France can not afford to undertake any perilous adventures that might prove only the slightest gain. She must find help among the nations that have hitherto been her Allies. No matter how keen her resentment may be toward certain statesmen, she must count with these men as long as they enjoy the confidence of their fellow-citizens. . . .
>
> "When we consider these things, it is no wonder that we are surprized that the governments which know the sacrifices France has made, her present need, and how much they owe to the skill of her generals and the courage of her soldiers, do not lend France more open-hearted and more energetic support. But the reason for this is another story."



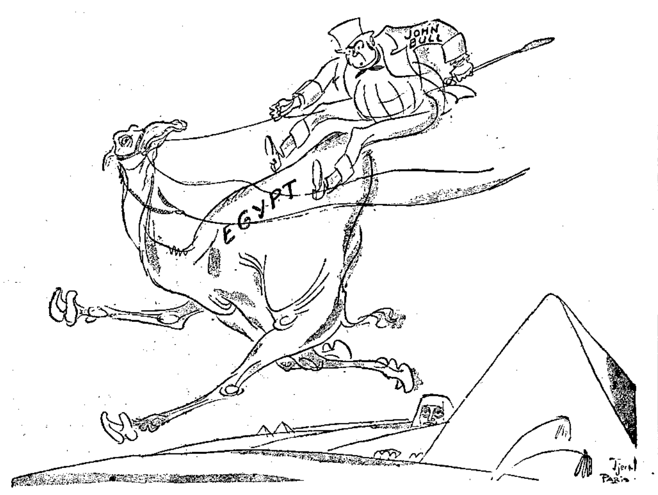
DECLINING WITH THANKS.

France: "But M'sieu' forgets the trouble I had to get up here!" —*Sunday News and Mercury* (Birmingham).

"SO-CALLED INDEPENDENT" EGYPT

VIGOROUS APPLICATION of martial law, with its British military courts and drastic sentences, with its arrests by British troops, and perquisitions, so confuse the onlooker in Egypt, we are told, that it is very difficult to recognize the "so-called independence and sovereignty of that State." It is still a long way from stable representative national authority in Egypt in cordial cooperation with Great Britain, writes the Cairo correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, who assures us, however, that "the declaration of independence is a fact, and nothing that happens is likely to destroy this advantage." But there are reserved points to this declaration, he adds, and Egypt approaches the discussion of them rather damaged by recent events. The reserves, it appears, relate to such weighty matters as the Suez Canal, the Sudan, the Army of Occupation and the position of foreign residents, questions which "profoundly affect the foundations of Egyptian independence," and the events that will tell against Egypt in the coming discussions, says the writer, are "a long series of abominable and unpunished outrages against British subjects in Egypt," coupled with "the apparent helplessness of the Egyptian Government." In consequence—

"The military courts reflect the general indignation in the terrible sentences they have imposed upon persons found in possession of arms even where no political significance could be established in the cases. There were several cases of death sentences for possession of arms, but on each occasion the Residency exercised a restraining influence and the sentences were heavily reduced. Had it not been for these outrages the military courts would probably long since have been dissolved, or at any rate their jurisdiction confined within the narrowest limits. The sequence of cruel outrages must severely have tried the patience of the Residency, whose position was rendered very difficult by the growing complaints and anxiety of the British officials and the consternation and protests of the British residents in Egypt and public opinion in England."



ROUGH RIDING IN EGYPT.

JOHN BULL: "I can't ride this animal."

—*De Notenkraker* (Amsterdam).

This Cairo correspondent is severe in his criticism of the Sarwat Ministry of Egyptians, which was to take all the steps necessary to give effect to the measure of independence already secured by Egypt. The most pressing task was to arrange for representative government, and we read:

"A Constitutional Commission was indeed set up, and its work is naturally of the greatest difficulty. No one minimizes the immensity of the task of implanting a workable democratic system of government in Egypt. This was, however, the main task set the Ministry, and all considerations should have made way for the effective study and execution of this duty. But the Ministry appears to have been more concerned with the consolidation of its own position than with the preparation of the ground for the future. They waged war on their critics and took severe repressive measures against them. In the result they have brought things to such a pass that it is impossible to conceive of a free election under present conditions.

"Thus the Residency was concerned with the cessation of the outrages, the Cabinet with the cessation of the opposition. The two purposes found expression in the recent wholesale arrests and in the trial by military court under martial law."

Yet the reinforcement of martial law is probably only temporary, according to this informant, who assures us it has been introduced merely because of the difficulties of the moment, and that non-intervention will soon again be the rule. Far more serious considerations present themselves when the attitude of the Egyptian Ministry is examined, he says, and explains:

"Here is a Ministry honored with the task of setting up the independent *régime*. It sees fit at the very outset of its career to lean on the British military authorities and to take advantage of that very martial law against which I should say every member of the Ministry had on innumerable occasions protested to destroy its critics. This is a bad omen. The Government has the law and the law courts in Egypt. If their opponents have broken the law, let the courts impose the penalty. But to make such frequent use of the British military occupation and to consent to the use of military courts against men who played a leading part in the struggle, and who were a short while ago their companions in their much-proclaimed martyrdom under martial law, is convincing proof of the inability of the Ministry to operate independently of outside assistance and its sense of the weakness of its position with the country—and all this before the country has had an opportunity of making its choice known."

A JAPANESE PLEA TO THE ENTENTE

SIGNS OF DISSATISFACTION, even among British press organs that have been firm in their support of France's reparations demands, are noted with regret by some Japanese newspapers, which are concerned at the strain put upon the Entente by the Anglo-French differences. Thus the Tokyo *Chuo* notes that even the Conservative journals in England, which have always advocated absolute accord between Britain and France and have been severe on Mr. Lloyd George's policies as calculated to disturb this accord, are now showing a decidedly hostile tone toward France. It is admitted on all hands, this Tokyo daily goes on to say, that harmonious cooperation between Britain and France is "essential to the peace of Europe, and also of the world," and it adds:

"We do not deny that the interests of these countries are at variance in many respects and that it is very difficult to reconcile these divergent interests with each other, but we believe that if the statesmen of both countries will fully realize what their estrangement means to the peace of the world as well as of Europe and make earnest efforts in the right direction there is room enough for mutual concessions and harmonious cooperation. If the irreconcilable attitude of France is really in the way of cooperation between them, we think it is up to the French people to weigh most carefully the whole situation and modify their attitude accordingly."

At the same time the *Chuo* expresses sympathy with the French in their feeling of dread toward Germany, but it "can not approve their resolution to reduce Germany to a state of bankruptcy." What is more, it does not think such a policy is "conducive to French interests," and it remarks:

"The failure of the London conference is particularly deplorable because there are many questions, besides the reparations issue, outstanding between Britain and France which must be settled in negotiation between these countries before the peace and order of the world is firmly established. . . .

"While it is necessary for France to modify her present strong attitude, it is incumbent upon Britain to accept the French contention to a certain extent, if she desires to secure the economic restoration of Europe. After all, it is of mutual advantage to both Britain and France that they should meet each other's wishes half-way. This is also essential to the peace of Europe."

"WET" PUBLICITY QUEBEC RESENTS

HARD-DRINKING AMERICANS who figure in press dispatches from London and Paris, may harm only themselves and their country, but the "booze-chasers" that operate between Canada and the United States are giving a bad name to the Dominion, which rouses Canadian wrath. Canada is getting a vast amount of advertising in the press, on the stage and on the lecture platform in the United States, says the Montreal *Star*, in which that section of Canada is pictured "as the metropolis of liberty and liquor north of the Rio Grande." One would imagine that Canada had "mounted a force-pump to drive liquor into the virgin veins of the American nation," whereas, in truth, declares the *Star*, "our law is perfectly good, restrained and sober." If liquor is to be sold at all, it would be hard to have the sale more carefully regulated, according to this daily, which reminds us that in the Province of Quebec the Government will sell a single bottle of spirits to a single purchaser at any one time, but "naturally it does not require him to prove that he is a British subject before he can embark on this momentous mercantile operation." We read then:

"The point that we are at pains to make is that such American publications as present Canada in the rôle of 'wicked partner' in our common continent do us a real injustice. We are not trying to inundate the 'dry' regions to the south.

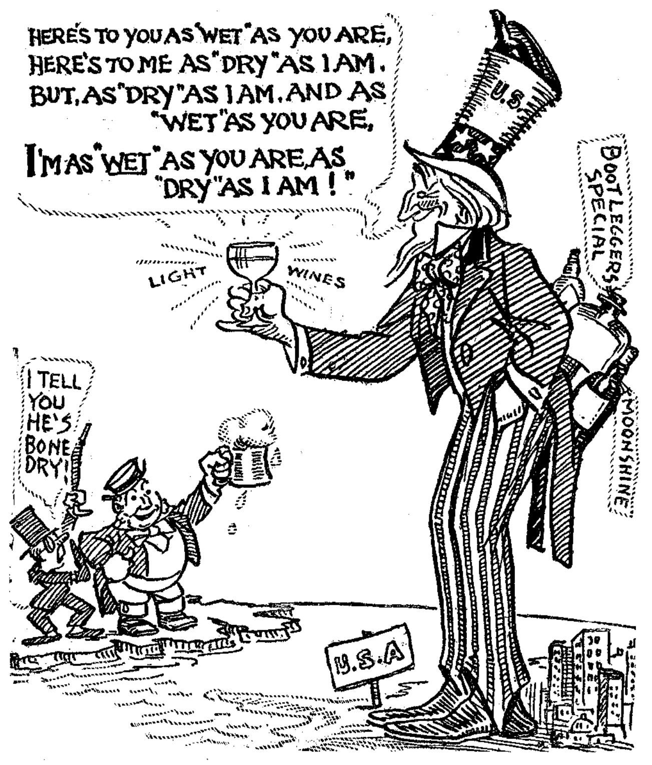
"In fact, even our more mercenary citizens had far rather see an American come up here to get it, spending fifty dollars in hotel bills, ten in souvenirs, a hundred in furs, and whatever may be left in diamonds—to his few dollars for the forbidden fruit—than have night-riders with silent trucks convey it to the American victim in his home town. Then we only get the money for the liquor.

"If there is a leak in the Prohibition dike on the northern border of the United States it was made and is being kept open by American hands. We did not break through—we do not want a gap in the wall, except for capaciously empty Americans coming north. Any damage done their fine new constitutional bulwark against 'booze' has been done by their own people, just as it is their own people who risk their lives flying over to the British Bahamas to get a drink. If Americans will respect their own law, no outsider will ever stick a pin in it."

The Star goes on to say that the people of the Province of Quebec resent the imputation that they are "a combination of outlaws, smugglers, and rum-runners engaged in foiling the noble efforts of the American people to keep their country unspotted from the world." Canada is a temperate nation, we are told, and while the majority of the provinces think that Prohibition is the way to preserve temperance, the people of Quebec, "who have always had a most enviable record for temperance, take another view of the best way to deal with the demand of many good citizens for distilled liquors." The people of the Province of Quebec, we are reminded, believe in government control, carefully regulated and restricted sale, and the abolition of the bar, so far as hard liquor is concerned. Meanwhile, *The Star* concedes that:

"We may be right or we may be wrong; but the experiment seems to be working very well so far as our domestic population is affected.

"We shall not confuse the issue by quoting American evidence as to how the American experiment is working. It is only fair to Prohibition to say that its more intelligent advocates have always known that it must kill off a generation of drinkers before it could find smooth sailing. But we think that the Prohibitionists should be fair to us, too. We are seeking the same end by another road."


HERE'S TO YOU AS "WET" AS YOU ARE,
HERE'S TO ME AS "DRY" AS I AM.
BUT, AS "DRY" AS I AM, AND AS "WET" AS YOU ARE,
I'M AS "WET" AS YOU ARE, AS "DRY" AS I AM!"
U.S.
BOOTLEGGERS SPECIAL
LIGHT WINES
MOONSHINE
I TELL YOU HE'S BONE DRY!
U.S.A

A BRITISH JIBE AT AMERICAN PROHIBITION.

—*The Daily Express* (London).

JAPAN'S INSURGENT FARMERS

ONCE UPON A TIME Japan's tenant farmers believed they owed everything except their creation to the landlords, it is remarked in the Japanese press, but now they seem to think about the landlords as they used to think about themselves. Farm tenancy disputes are becoming more acute and spreading over a wider area of the country, we are told. The only cure for the trouble, in the view of some, is that the hard times in Japan may drive factory workers back to the farm. It was scarcity of labor on the farm that made the whole problem of the tenant farmer more difficult, they relate, and the trouble which began four or five years ago in the Gifu prefecture has now spread to many other districts. As the Tokyo *Yomiuri* explains:

"It is observable that these farm tenancy disputes have occurred with particular frequency in the industrial districts, where there was big demand for labor. Of late years there has been remarkable industrial development in Nagoya and districts, and an enhanced demand for labor in consequence. The shortage of labor which was gradually caused, resulted in a rise in wages. The high wages paid town laborers had the effect of encouraging agricultural workers to demand reduction in their farm rents, threatening that if their demands were not acceded to they would return the farms to landowners and go into town to engage in more profitable occupations. This is one chief reason for the frequency of farm tenancy disputes in the districts around Nagoya.

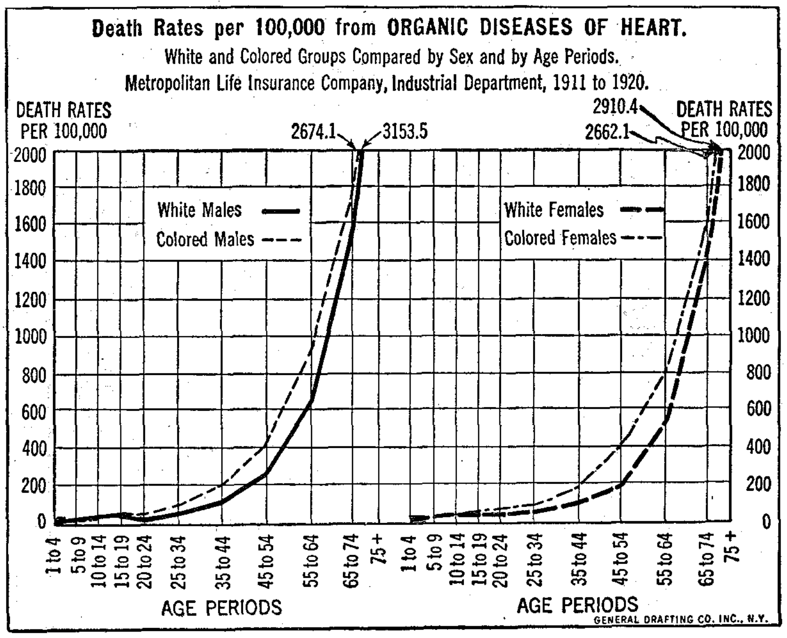
"As to another cause a change in the general attitude of tenancy farmers toward their landowners may be mentioned. In former days, the relationship of master and servant marked the relations between landowner and tenant farmer. The latter was humility itself to the former in the belief that he lay under heavy obligations to the other by being permitted to cultivate his lands. Tenant farmers, influenced by new ideas imported into this country, have gradually come to have an entirely different opinion as to the relationship between landowners and themselves. They are now convinced that it is their landowners that lie under obligations to them, and show themselves intractable.

"It is scarcely necessary to say that farmers near big cities easily become contaminated with new ideas, and this is the reason why farm tenancy disputes have been particularly numerous in the districts lying near big towns. Like other labor questions, the farm tenancy trouble is controlled by the demand and supply of labor, as is shown by the fact that as compared with the days of business boom there is some decrease in these troubles at present. If we are not much mistaken, the greater economic depression and further decline in the demand for labor will improve the farm tenancy situation."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

THE KING OF DISEASES

THE CHIEF CAUSE OF DEATH among humans is heart disease. We hear so much about other diseases, especially such infectious ones as tuberculosis and smallpox, or such mysterious ones as cancer, that this statement may cause surprize. It is made by Dr. Louis I. Dublin, statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York, in an article contributed to *The Nation's Health* (Chicago). Altho particularly fatal in middle life and later, heart disease is important even in childhood, being responsible for more deaths than measles and whooping-cough together. More than two million persons, perhaps two-and-one-half, are affected with it in some degree, in the United States alone. Dr. Dublin tells us that accurate statistics of those suffering from heart affections are lacking and that a society has been formed in New York for the sole purpose of collecting and recording them. Out of systematic study and full records in every case, will grow, he hopes, adequate preventive methods. We read:


Death Rates per 100,000 from ORGANIC DISEASES OF HEART.

White and Colored Groups Compared by Sex and by Age Periods.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Industrial Department, 1911 to 1920.

"Since November, 1921, the death-rate from heart disease has been appreciably higher than it was during the corresponding months of the previous year. The same has been true for the associated organic diseases. The heart disease death-rate increased sharply month by month until in March the rate reached the maximum of 168.2 deaths per 100,000 living, one of the highest figures in recent years.

"Obviously, some of this increase for heart disease is the direct result of the influenza epidemic which broke out in the early months of this year. But this can not be the whole cause, because heart disease death-rates that were higher than normal prevailed for several months before the influenza epidemic and have continued for several months after its close. Experience would seem to indicate that the serious increase in heart disease deaths is quite apart from the effect of influenza and pneumonia.

This disease is to-day the chief cause of death. There has been virtually no gain in its control; the campaign against heart disease is very much in the same position as that against tuberculosis fifteen or twenty years ago.

"The incidence of any disease may be studied from two angles: (1) as a cause of sickness and, (2) as a cause of death. In respect to sickness, we have very few facts indeed.

"The statistics of heart disease mortality are more satisfactory, both in point of areas covered, of detail as to color, sex and age, and of diagnostic accuracy.

"The first point that comes to view is that the incidence of heart disease as a cause of death increases consistently with age. At the age period of thirty-five to forty-four when persons should be at the height of their productivity, one white person dies from heart disease in every thousand living and two colored persons out of each thousand. At the age period, sixty-five to seventy-four, the number of deaths from heart disease has increased to about fifteen in each one thousand living. The rates are also very much higher for colored persons than for whites. The sex ratios of heart-disease mortality are also rather interesting. The rates are usually higher for females than for males up to age thirty. From that age onward, the rates for males are higher, the difference becoming regularly greater with advancing years.

"But, if heart disease is particularly important in middle life and at older ages, it is already an important condition in childhood and early adult life. Thus, the number of deaths between the ages of five to nine are as many as from two such important infectious diseases of childhood as measles and whooping-cough. Between fifteen and twenty-four years, the deaths from heart disease are more numerous than from typhoid fever. Between the ages twenty-five and thirty-four, heart disease caused each year almost as many deaths as lobar pneumonia.

"Some relations have been discovered between heart disease and occupation. While the figures are not entirely trustworthy, it would appear that of all occupations, those which are carried on upon the water have the highest heart-disease rates. It is possible that this relationship is in some way related to exposure to greater dampness and cold. Next to these occupations are those exposed to alcoholism, including brewers, and those exposed to lead poisoning. There are high rates for metal workers, blacksmiths, cutlers and tool-makers. All sedentary occupations have favorable death-rates from heart disease.

"To summarize the facts then, we may say that, according to our best knowledge, there are about two and one-half million persons in the United States who, on examination, would show some type of organic heart lesion. These persons are not all sick. Many of them are engaged in their ordinary pursuits and have no idea of their impairment. It is the business of American physicians to discover for each community those who are in any way suffering from one type or another of heart defect. No one knows the amount of loss sustained annually through the disability for work which results from the varying incapacity among these two and one-half million people.

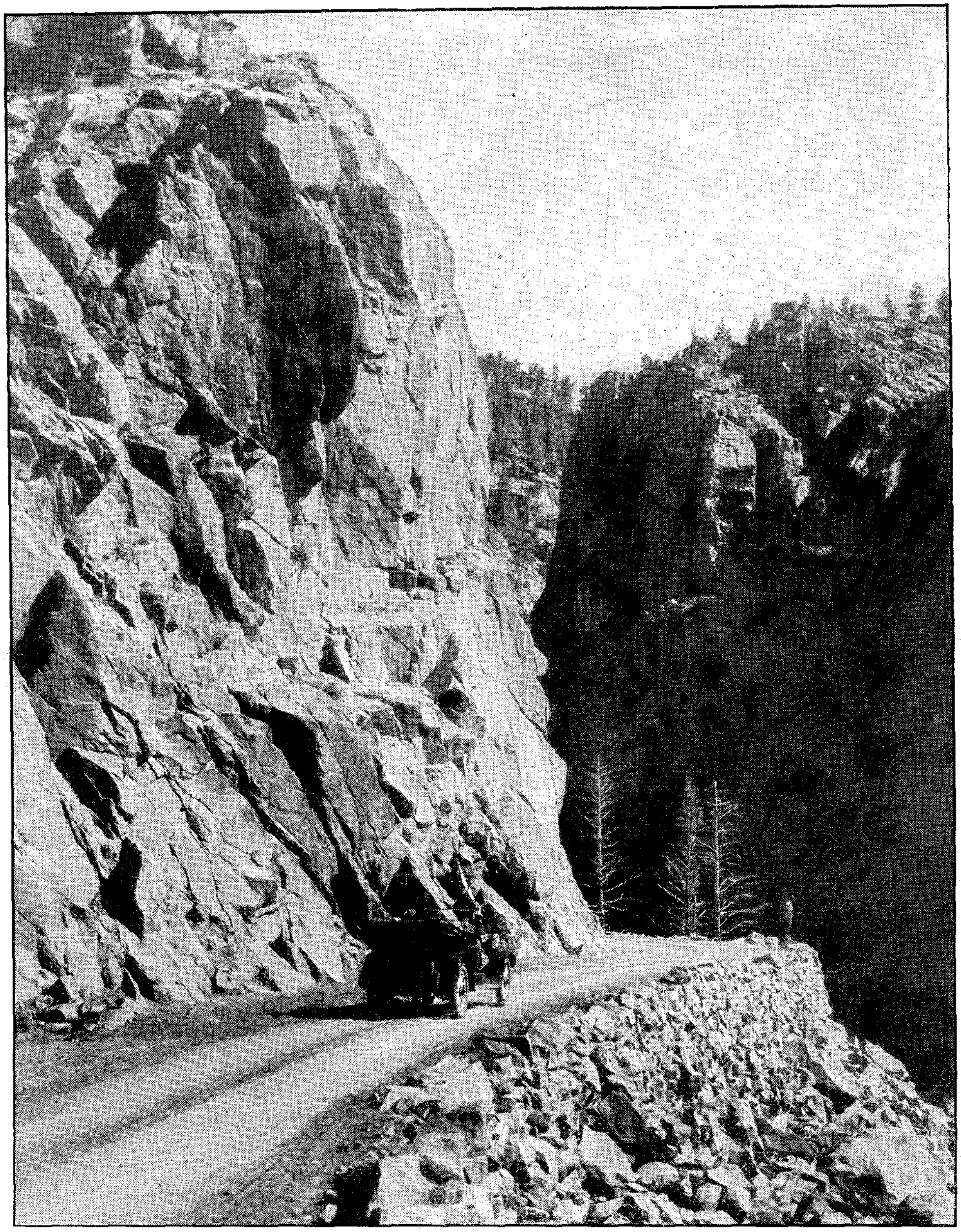
"In addition, there are each year in the United States about one hundred and fifty thousand deaths from heart disease, and the number is not declining. Even under age forty-five, there are each year over 22,000 deaths. Each one of these deaths represents a distinct loss to the community, since these persons are presumably at an age where production may be expected to be at its highest. They leave good-sized families of minor children who suffer from the loss of a parent and, more usually, the father. This is the extent of the community problem which is brought about each year by heart disease.

"It is very obvious, however, that our information with reference to heart disease both as a cause of sickness and of death is very fragmentary. At the present time, there is really no agency or machinery for collecting the facts by means of which the campaign against heart disease can be properly guided.

"What promises to fill this need is the plan of the Association for the Prevention and Relief of Heart Disease in the City of New York. This Association, which conducts a considerable number of cardiac clinics, proposes to keep systematic records in connection with its work. The greatest emphasis has been placed upon a full history in each case, and on a complete record of the findings on each examination. A series of follow-up visits by social workers is planned, and the findings from this source are likewise provided for in the record."

CURBING THE COLORADO

THE BUILDING OF THE BIG COLORADO RIVER DAM in Boulder Canyon will be a matter of great difficulty, according to Prof. Bailey Willis, who writes of it in *Science* (New York) from the standpoint of a geologist. The geology of the Colorado Basin is such that ordinary engineering methods are likely to prove insufficient. The river is so powerful in flood that it rolls along huge boulders. Furthermore, the granite of the Colorado basin is jointed and disintegrates easily, and it is hard to tell exactly when a stable foundation has been secured. Investigations of the river's bed, Professor Willis tells us, show that it is filled to depths exceeding a hundred feet with large boulders. The dam, if it be a masonry or concrete structure, must be welded to the solid rock in place. It will tax the resources of the engineer to the utmost to dig so deep through boulders and to place his foundation structure during the few months between floods, which, if unrestrained, will destroy it. We read further:



Courtesy of the Burlington Route

"IT WILL TAX THE RESOURCES OF THE ENGINEER TO THE UTMOST"

To curb the Colorado River in Boulder Canyon. "The river is so powerful in flood that it rolls along huge boulders. Furthermore, the granite of the Colorado basin is jointed and disintegrates easily and it is hard to tell exactly when a stable foundation has been secured. Investigations of the river's bed show that it is filled to depths exceeding a hundred feet with large boulders."

"The presence of a boulder bed, of such depth and composed of rocks of such size, was not foreseen. It is due to the power of the floods. At low water the river ripples impotently around the stones. One can hardly conceive that in flood it moves rocks as large as cabins and buoys up a mass of them, rolling them over one another with irresistible force. But the evidence is there. It does. The bottom of the river in flood is a torrent of rolling rocks of huge size. They roll, they jam, they temporarily resist. The river piles up its waters behind them. The rocks yield and are carried crashing down the channel to come to rest as the victorious waters roll on.

"It is one of the most daring conceptions of modern engineering that this awful power may be used to build the dam that shall chain it. How, may best be stated in speaking of the types of dams that are under consideration.

"The engineer and geologist are both cognizant of the power of floods. But there are some facts regarding the structure of rocks which lie more exclusively in the province of geology. The first of these is what is called 'jointing' in rocks. All the rocks of the plateau region are jointed. Now joints permit water to penetrate under and around a block of rock. The film of water may be very thin, but to the extent that it surrounds the rock it buoys it up, tends to lift it from its bed, and may free it from its firm foundations. Engineers are fully aware of this action. They seek to excavate to foundation rocks which show no open joints, or to seal visible joints by cement. Granite is regarded as one of the firmest foundations. It is liable, however, to blind joints, invisible planes on which there has been no actual parting, but the minerals have been strained and are ready to react to forces of decay. The engineer can not discover blind joints. Investigation by the microscope alone can demonstrate whether or not they are present.

"Minerals decay. That is not a familiar thought with many, altho soil, a product of mineral decay, is familiar to every one. Evidence of these facts is found in the rocks which the engineer must use in building a dam in the Canyon of the Colorado. Thus the seemingly solid granite of the Boulder Canyon site is pervaded with disintegrating forces, which will in the course of time, tho probably long time, certainly cause it to crumble.

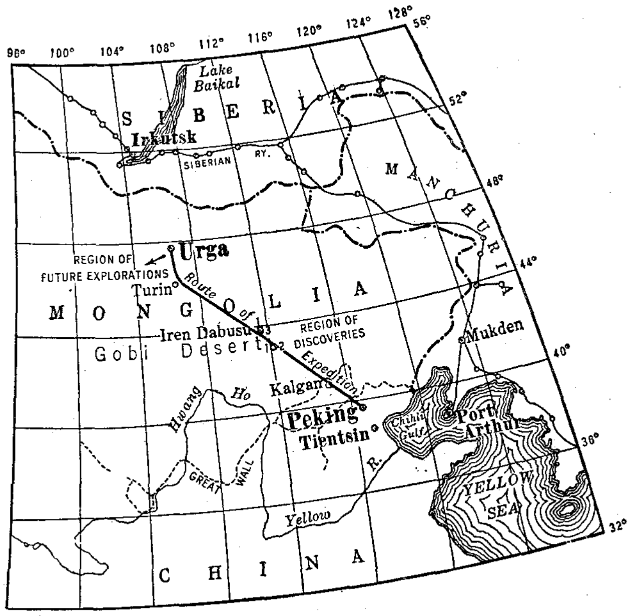
"Let us now consider the two methods of building the proposed dam, which have been suggested. The first fascinates by its unusual character and its daring. It consists in blowing great masses of rock from the canyon walls into the river channel in such quantity that they will form the body of a dam three-quarters of a mile up and down stream on the base and six hundred feet high. The blasting is not to be done all at once, but in sections from upstream downward and only to a part of the height at any one time. And the river is to be allowed to flow over the fallen rock masses in such manner that it will by its own power dig the deep hollows into which it shall also roll the great rocks. Thus the river shall work its will, but shall lay the masses where it can never move them again. It shall chain itself.

"The success of this operation depends upon providing by blasting rock masses of such magnitude that the river can not carry them away. We have a report by Mr. Ransome, a geologist of the U. S. Geological Survey, and one of the highest rank, *to the effect that the granite of Boulder Canyon is considerably jointed.* Conservative knowledge would suggest that there are many more joints than appear as actual fissures and that they would cause the granite to break into relatively small masses, in the blasting from the cliffs and subsequent rolling by the river.

"Another question is how 'solid' is the granite? The granite of Boulder Canyon is decomposed on the surface. No one knows, as yet, to what depth. But the geologist has reason to suspect its solidity and must add his objection to those of conservative engineers against the suggestion that the dam be built by blowing the cliffs into the canyon.

"The other type of dam proposed is to be built of reinforced concrete. The engineering problem in building a concrete dam is that of excavating to solid foundations. It is, in the judgment of conservative and experienced engineers, reasonably practicable to do so. But, if the conditions of jointing and decay of the rocks are considered as they should be, it will be the geologist rather than the engineer who shall determine whether they are solid or not.

"The foundations are now being explored by drilling. It is not enough. A drill may bore out a core within a foot of a weak seam and not betray its existence. The preliminary examination will, no doubt, be followed by more thorough investigation and it may be suggested that a method of shafts and tunnel be employed. Shafts sunk, one on each side of the river, and connected by a tunnel at a depth of a hundred feet below the bottom of the channel, would enable a complete examination of the rock, inch by inch. Weaknesses could be excavated and filled. If they should prove too numerous at one hundred feet, the shafts could go deeper to a deeper tunnel. Eventually when solid rock was found, the rock above the tunnel could be cut away to the surface, stoped, as miners say, and the stope filled with concrete would form an impervious curtain wall. Working from the bottom up, the bed of the river would be approached and the deeper foundations would be laid without exposure to the risk of floods."



American Museum of Natural History.

ROUTE OF THE EXPEDITION FROM PEKING.

Numerals in Gobi Desert mark discoveries: (1) Upper Cretaceous Dinosaurs; (2) Eocene Mammals; (3) Lower Miocene Mammals.

TO BREED BIGGER REINDEER—Uncle Sam may make two steaks grow where one steak grew before, says Science Service's *Science News Bulletin* (Washington). According to Dr. E. W. Nelson, chief biologist of the U. S. Biological Survey, arrangements are being made to begin in October the crossing of the reindeer with the native Alaskan caribou for the purpose of increasing the size of the animals, which are rapidly becoming a commercially important source of meat supply. We read:

"The reindeer at present raised by the Eskimo in great numbers is an imported animal which strips about 150 pounds, while the caribou, the wild native Alaskan variety of reindeer, strips about 300 pounds. It is planned to capture wild caribou bulls and place them on an island with herds of reindeer cows, and so breed-up the size of the reindeer. It is estimated that there are now over 200,000 of these animals and that they are rapidly increasing.

"Most of these are owned by the Eskimos, but in recent years white herders have begun raising reindeers for the market in the States. Biological Bureau experts figure that there is enough grazing land in Alaska to support approximately 4,000,000 reindeer, and believe that the industry can be developed to a point where its annual yield will exceed in value that of the precious metals of the Territory and at the same time help to build up a more permanent population in Alaska."

AN ANIMAL GARDEN OF EDEN

THE BIRTHPLACE OF PREHISTORIC RACES of reptiles and mammals, hitherto known only by fossils found in Europe and America, was in northern Asia, as has just been proved by the third Asiatic expedition of the American Museum of Natural History, under Roy Chapman Andrews. Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the Museum, notes in an article contributed to *Asia* (New York), that this establishes the existence and position of an Asiatic dispersal center of animal life, long suspected by paleontologists and mapped out by Professor Osborn himself as long ago as 1900. The map, duplicated in *Asia* and printed herewith, shows how accurate his prediction proves to have been. Professor Osborn considers this discovery "of epoch-making importance." It is, he says, "a kind of realization of the discovery of a paleontologic Garden of Eden—of the birthplace or Asiatic homeland from which many kinds of reptiles and mammals spread westward and eastward." He writes:

"On opposite sides of the globe we observe two great colonies, one in Europe and one in the Rocky Mountain region of America, which are full of different degrees of kindred in their mammalian life; yet they are separated by ten thousand miles of intervening land in which not a single similar form is found.

"The fact that the same kinds of mammals and reptiles appear simultaneously in Europe and in the Rocky Mountain region has long been considered strong evidence for the hypothesis that 'the dispersal center is half-way between.' In this dispersal center, during the close of the Age of Reptiles and the beginning of the Age of Mammals, there evolved the most remote ancestors of all the higher kinds of mammalian life which exist to-day, including, for example, the five-toed horses, which have not as yet been discovered in either Europe or America. That the very earliest horses known in either Europe or America are four-toed indicates that their ancestors may have lost their fifth toe while still resident in the Asiatic homeland. The history of northern Asia remains unknown until the period of the Ice Age, when man first appears; yet theoretically we are certain that it was part of a broad migration and dispersal belt which at one time linked together the colonies of France and Great Britain with those of the Rocky Mountain region of Wyoming and Colorado. Tho the kinds of animals which we find in these two far-distant colonies are essentially similar and every year's discovery increases the resemblance and diminishes the difference between the life of Europe and the life of the Rocky Mountain region, connecting links are entirely unknown. It follows that northern Asia must be the unknown migration route between these two far-distant colonies.

"All this was set forth by the writer in 1900. It was written with such confidence in the results of future explorations that all these various kinds of mammals were actually written down upon a chart. If the reader will observe closely the map he will see that the home of the anthropoid apes is placed in southern Asia, in India—but that the home of the more remote ancestors of man, *Primates*, is placed in northern Asia, where our Expedition is now at work. We have waited until 1922 to verify the prediction as to the homeland life of northern Asia. This verification has come with unexpected suddenness and with a completeness beyond our fondest hopes."

Professor Osborn quotes as follows from a letter written by

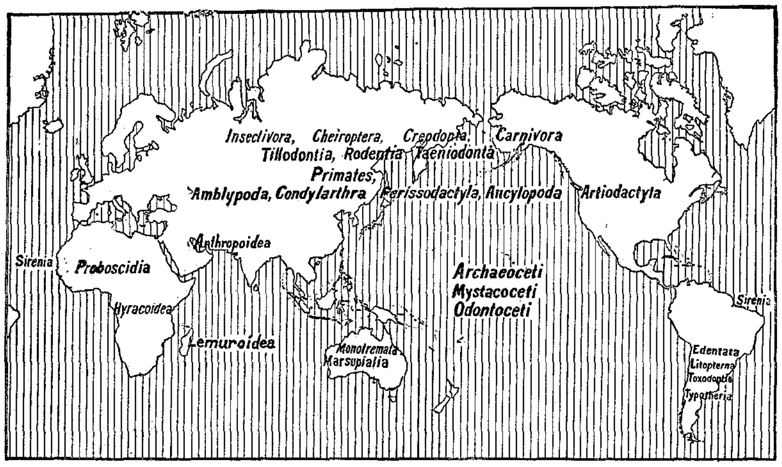
Mr. Andrews on May 9, from Urga, describing the discovery. We read:

"When we were half-way across Mongolia, our attention was attracted by some interesting geologic exposures, and we stopt for camp. While we were preparing supper the three geologists of the party began prospecting and within a few yards of camp discovered some bones of dinosaurs. This is the first discovery of these giant reptiles in northern Asia. The dinosaurs were found to belong to the Upper Cretaceous period, the very close of the Age of Reptiles, and to be very similar in character to those of the Rocky Mountain region. On top of the dinosaur beds were discovered mammalian fossils belonging to the dawn period of mammalian life, the Eocene. Above this again were found fossils belonging to the Lower Miocene, the middle period of mammalian life. Mingled with these were found remains of a giant mammal not found in either Europe or North America, but discovered some years ago in Baluchistan, southwestern India, and consequently known as *Baluchitherium*. This is the largest land mammal ever discovered."

Professor Osborn goes on:

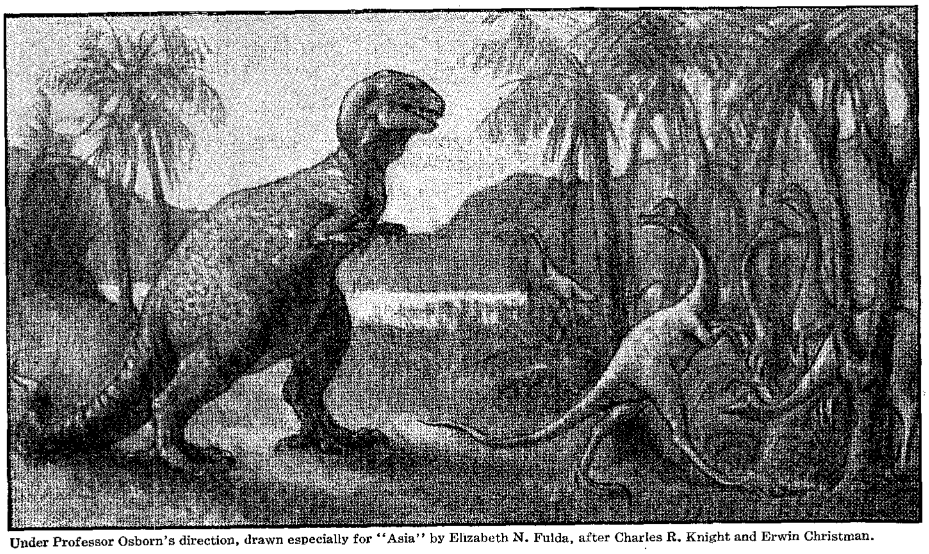
"We are thus able to announce that strata of the closing Age of Reptiles overlain by two fossil-bearing strata of the earlier Age of Mammals have been discovered in the Gobi region of southeastern Mongolia. These are the first beds of this geologic age discovered in the northern part of the continent of Asia.

"In the dinosaur-bearing beds are at least two fossil bone-bearing levels in which the animals bear unmistakable resemblance to those found in the Rocky Mountain region of Wyoming, including two kinds of flesh-eating dinosaurs, remotely related to the famous *Tyrannosaurus* of the American Museum; also to a smaller running dinosaur similar to the ostrich dinosaur found in Wyoming and Montana. Mingled with these remains are dinosaurs known as the Iguanodonts (also abundantly represented in the beds of Montana and Wyoming), tall, two-legged herbivorous animals which ranged from southern England to the New Jersey coast of America. It is possible that these reptiles crossed *via* a north Atlantic land-bridge, but there is strong evidence against the existence of any kind of Atlantic land-bridge, such as the mythical Atlantis, during the Age of Mammals. The list also includes remains of crocodiles and of turtles, the affinities of which have not been determined.



CENTERS OF MAMMAL RADIATION, TERTIARY PERIOD.

Henry Fairfield Osborn published this chart, in 1900, to set forth the theory that Northern Asia is the fossil homeland, containing all connecting forms of mammalian life.



Under Professor Osborn's direction, drawn especially for "Asia" by Elizabeth N. Fulda, after Charles R. Knight and Erwin Christman.

AMERICAN CARNIVOROUS DINOSAURS DISCOVERED IN MONGOLIA.

The "Tyrannosaurus" faces a group of ostrich dinosaurs. Fossil-beds near the salt-marsh of Iren Dabusu contain animals of related carnivorous types.

"Still more important, because so closely linked with the Rocky Mountains, is the much older formation belonging to the dawn period of the Age of Mammals and lying right on top of the Age of Reptile beds. Here the keen eyes of Walter Granger, who has had twenty-five years' experience in the Rocky Mountain region, discovered the abundant remains of several kinds of small-hoofed mammals, closely similar to those found in the Rocky Mountain region near Fort Bridger, southwestern Wyoming. These animals are known as lophiodonts, from their crested teeth. There are also remains of another family of odd-toed animals known as titanotheres, which were discovered by the American paleontologist, Joseph Leidy, in the Rocky Mountain region, fifty-six years ago; also small, even-toed animals, ancestors of the ruminants.

"These several discoveries are of epoch-making importance. The animals already found render it certain that we shall find more, that the discovery of ancestral four- or five-toed horses, tapirs and rhinoceroses is simply a question of broader and more intensive exploration.

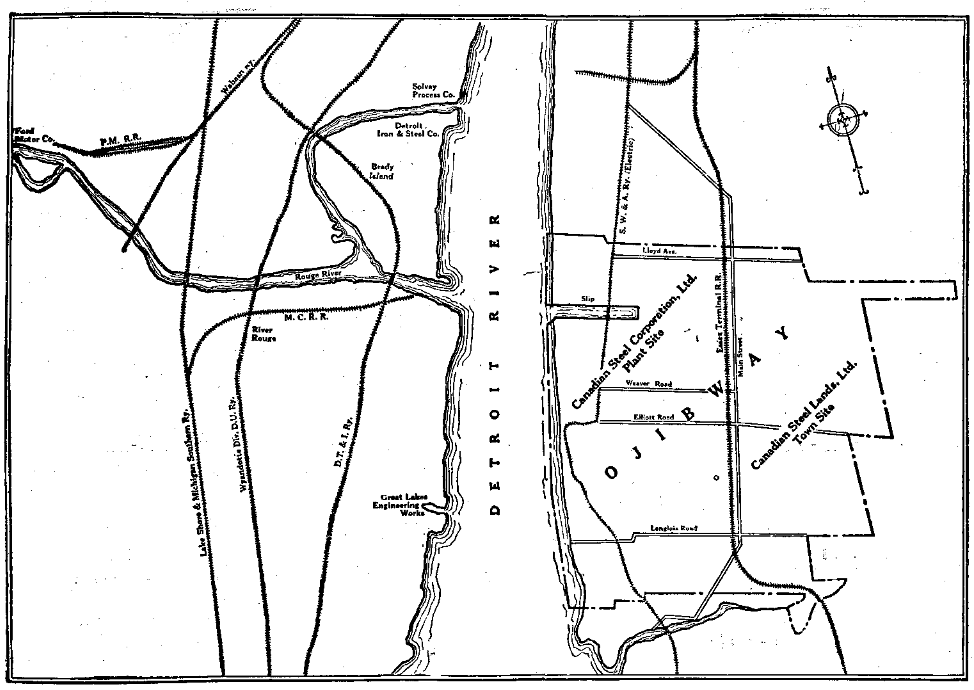
"As described in the introduction of this paper, the discoveries already made of fossil reptiles and of fossil mammals of close European and of American relationship directly in the heart of Asia, constitute the fulfilment of one of the great objects of the Expedition, namely, the establishment of the life-linking region between Europe and North America—discoveries most auspicious and encouraging. The splendid organization of the party both in men and equipment, thanks to the liberality of its American sponsors and the inspiring leadership of Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, encourages us in the hope that another of the main objects of the expedition will be realized, namely, that further light on the early history of man will also be forthcoming."

NOT MUCH OF A SLIP—The recent report that a cable of the Brooklyn Bridge had slipt, which was accorded so much notice in the daily press, is thus briefly, but satisfactorily, dealt with in *The American Machinist* (New York):

"One of the four cables of the Brooklyn Bridge slipt lengthwise 1¾ inches. That is to say that the total effect of uneven loading over a period of forty years was a shift of 1¾ inches in more than 4,000 feet. To some people this means that the bridge is faulty, unsafe and should be rebuilt. To others it means increased respect and admiration for the men and the profession who can build a structure which, after forty years of continued service and overload is still so fit that an almost negligible shift startles the world out of its dream that anything can be made by human hands which will last forever. Surely if this job did not reach perfection, it came near it."

A CANADIAN GARY

THE COUNTERPART of the great Gary steel plant is now being erected at Ojibway, on the Canadian side of the Detroit River, by the Canadian offshoot of the United States Steel Corporation. The plant, which is termed by E. C. Kreutzberg, writing in *The Iron Trade Review* (Cleveland), "Canada's steel producing community of the future," already has assumed tangible form. The slip for accommodating iron ore, coal and limestone vessels, the ore and coal docks and two blast furnaces are in an advanced stage of construction. Buildings for the general machine-shop and the initial unit of what is to be the immense wire plant have been completed. Full railroad facilities have been provided. The mill and town sites have been mapped and registered, and the townsite partially improved. When conditions warrant, the plant at Ojibway will be pushed to completion. We read further:



Courtesy of "The Iron Trade Review." Cleveland.

SITE OF CANADA'S BIG NEW STEEL PLANT.

"A steel plant laid out along the lines of the Gary works, and having approximately the same tonnage capacity as Gary in certain lines, is what the Canadian Steel Corporation plans ultimately to have at Ojibway. Ojibway is being patterned after Gary for the reason that Gary is regarded as an ideal steel-making layout in the present development of the art, and for the further reason that Canada offers splendid opportunities for a large plant and diversity of output.

"Primarily, the new plant results from the decision of the United States Steel Corporation, the parent company, to have a large unit on Canadian soil. At the present time, the duty for shipment from the United States into Canada is a sizable item. Of even more importance, however, is the fact that Canada in recent years has been developing her steel manufacturing capacity and has been tending to rely more and more on the steel produced within her own boundaries. By locating a plant in Canada, the Steel Corporation automatically takes a permanent place, unaffected by any tariff considerations, as a source of supply for Canadian steel consumers.

"The second great advantage is the fact that this plant will be on British soil, and thus is in a more advantageous position from the standpoint of foreign business with countries in the British Empire, because of the preferential tariffs which the British colonies extend to each other.

"From practically every standpoint, the site at Ojibway is regarded by the committee that selected it as the most favorable for the location of a steel plant in Canada. Being located on the Detroit River, iron ore from Lake Superior and limestone from Alpena may be unloaded directly from the boats onto the corporation's docks. While there is no suitable coal in Canada nearer than Nova Scotia, coal can be taken in by rail and water or by rail shipment from the fields of Kentucky or West Virginia at a cost which is said to compare favorably with that for any plant outside of the Pittsburgh district. Canada collects no duty on iron ore and limestone.

"At some future date, if present plans for an international waterway are carried out, it will be possible to load export shipments at Ojibway directly upon ocean-going vessels. The enlargement of the Welland canal locks has been practically completed and this is a big step on the way to the sea. Even at present, however, it is possible to ship steel in 250-foot vessels through the Welland canal for transshipment at Montreal.

"Not the least advantage from the location is the fact that cheap electric power is obtainable from the development at Niagara Falls. Altho the company can obtain practically as much power as it wants from this source, it is likely that it will develop most of its power from blast furnace gas.

"Located on the Canadian side of the Detroit River, five miles south of the landing of the Detroit-Windsor ferries, Ojibway simply is a section of the level farming country of that district. Across the water on the American side can be seen the Ford River Rouge blast furnaces, the shipyard of the Great Lakes Engineering Works, and other plants. The site comprises over 2,000 acres, acquired about 1913. Ojibway later became an incorporated town.

"When the site was acquired, free use of it required considerable expense on the part of the corporation. It was unnecessary to move all of the telephone wires. The corporation built 3½ miles of street railway track and turned it over to the local railway system in order that the existing line might be torn up. It also constructed 3½ miles of concrete boulevard. Both the boulevard and the railway extend across the property parallel to the river bank and along the boundary which separates the mill from the townsite. The townsite, which comprises a little less than half of the entire tract, has been fully laid out. The streets have been mapped and registered, all details have been completed for the underground drains, sewers and piping, and the main drain and a portion of the sewer system have been completed.

"Plans for the steel works provide for a progression from the raw to the finished state from north to south. The northernmost unit is to be a battery of by-product coke ovens with a by-product department. Next comes the coal dock, then the vessel slip and the ore dock; both the docks and the slip have been practically completed, altho handling equipment on the docks has not yet been provided. To the south of the ore dock will be the battery of blast furnaces, of which two already practically have been completed. Then will follow the open-hearths and, finally, the various finishing units and the auxiliary buildings. The products to be manufactured at Ojibway probably will include rails, structural shapes, plates, bars, wire products, and possibly sheets, tin-plate and tubes. Fourteen units may ultimately comprise the blast-furnace group. The two which have been erected are planned for an output of 600 tons daily each.

"At the present time, the vessel slip has been completed to a length of 2,400 feet from the bank of the river and is 202 feet wide and has been dredged to a depth of 23 feet, making it capable of accommodating six of the heaviest loaded lake carriers simultaneously. A feature of the slip is that it will not be necessary to use a turning basin as at Gary. Because of the constant current of the Detroit River the vessels can enter and leave the slip without the assistance of a tug. The ore boats enter bow first and as they back out of the slip, after discharging their cargoes, the current swings their sterns downstream, pointing them on their way toward the north to obtain another cargo of ore."

RADIO · DEPARTMENT

SENDING PHOTOGRAPHS BY RADIO CODE

THE VARIOUS METHODS of sending pictures by wire or by radio have usually depended upon the use of a cylinder, like that of the earlier phonographs, about which the pointer of the transmitting mechanism travels spirally, like the recording needle of the phonograph. The receiving mechanism called for a cylinder of the same size, revolving in exact synchronism with the transmitting cylinder.

Among the earliest experimenters with this type of apparatus was Dr. Arthur Korn, of Berlin, who attained very notable results about ten years ago, but without producing an apparatus that was a commercial success. Now, however, Dr. Korn has demonstrated a new method that appears to overcome some of the objections to the earlier work, in particular discarding the receiving cylinder, the accurate synchronizing of which constituted one of the greatest difficulties of the earlier process. The fundamental conception of the new method has the merit of great simplicity. The signals transmitted by radio are merely successive groups of letters of the alphabet; and the receiving apparatus (associated with the ordinary radio-receiver) is merely a typewriter or other mechanical printer, so modified that it writes dots of various sizes instead of letters.

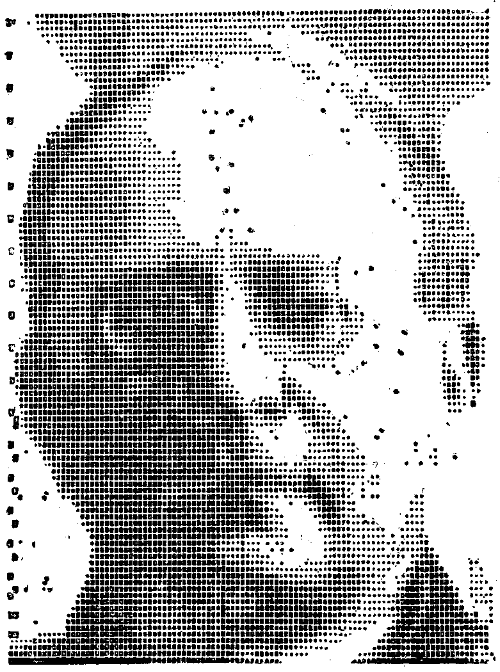
A description of Dr. Korn's new method, by which a photograph has been reproduced by radio across the Atlantic, is given by Arthur Benington in an article in *Radio Age* (Chicago) largely excerpted from the New York *World*, under the auspices of which newspaper the first successful transatlantic test of the method was made. After stating that the code message for the picture was sent from Rome, Italy, to Bar Harbor, Maine, by radio and briefly recording other successful transmissions, the following description of the method is given:

P. & A. Photo.

HE SENDS PHOTOS ACROSS THE OCEAN BY RADIO.

Dr. Arthur Korn and his transmission apparatus.

"If you look through a strong magnifying glass at a half-tone picture in a newspaper or magazine you will observe it to be made up of a multiplicity of tiny dots, the very light part being of small dots widely spaced, the very dark spots of larger dots close together. Professor Korn, on analyzing photographs and half-tones, realized that for practical purposes all the values of light and shade could be reproduced with from 15 to 20 sizes of dots.



By courtesy of "The World," New York.

A RADIO CODED PHOTOGRAPH.

How the picture looked after being sent from Rome by radio and decoded on Professor Korn's machine.

"Suppose, for example, we take seventeen different sizes of dots and give to each a letter, say A for the smallest and P for the largest, the intermediate letters being for the intermediate shades. Now, if we can construct an apparatus which will automatically translate these seventeen values into seventeen corresponding letters and print these letters on a tape, we have a code which can be sent by wire or wireless to any place in the world, and if we have a typewriter that prints, instead of the letters indicated on the keys, the large or small dots which correspond to those letters, we can decode, or translate that telegraphic or radiographic message into a half-tone picture.

"This is just what Professor Korn did.

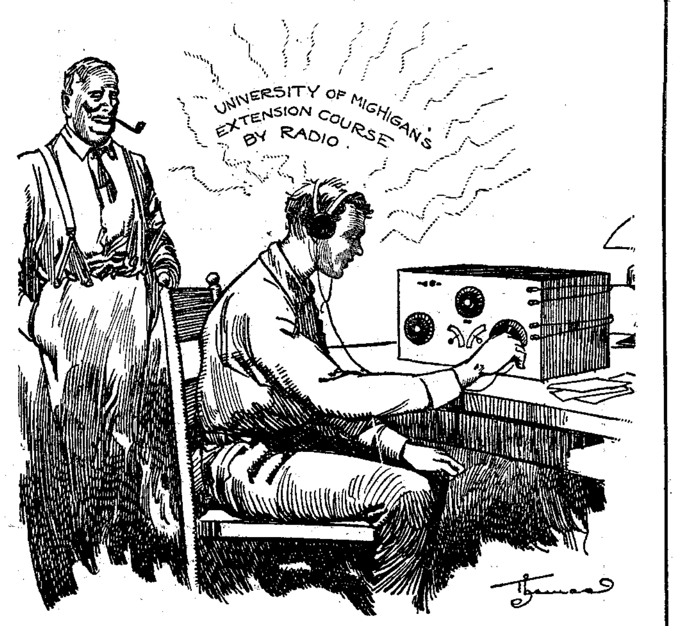
"The machine which does the coding is quite complex. In making a half-tone picture direct from the photograph, a wire screen with larger or smaller mesh, according to the fineness of the half-tone desired, is placed over the face of the picture and a negative photograph is taken through the screen, thus producing the dots.

"The Korn apparatus uses no screen, but a point of brilliant light traveling over the photograph, being cut on and off rhythmically by a commutator in such a way that it strikes the picture at accurately spaced points, working very much like the light of a moving-picture machine. An ordinary cabinet size photograph receives the light at about 1,000 points.

"The light passing through the negative falls upon a selenium cell, the quantity passing through depending on the darkness or lightness of the spot through which it passes. Selenium is a mineral crystal endowed with the peculiar property of passing an electric current only when exposed to light and of changing its electric resistance according to the degree of light that reaches it.

"Professor Korn makes use of selenium by placing a cell of it in the transparent cylinder on which the negative is coiled, and as the latter slowly revolves the light that passes through the negative falls on the selenium. A current of electricity from a battery passes through the selenium, and its resistance is varied by the values of the light.

"Each variation of resistance—of which in this case there would be seventeen—controls a key which drops to print a letter on a tape the instant it is actuated by the electric current. The mechanism by which the present Korn machine does this is too complexed to describe here; suffice to say that it prints the letter which corresponds to the particular shade of the photograph.


UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN'S EXTENSION COURSE BY RADIO
Thomas

WHY BOYS STAY ON THE FARM.

—Thomas in the Detroit *News*.

"In 'coding' a picture we get about 1,000 letters. These are grouped by spacing into about 300 'words' which are sent by radio (or by telegraph) to any place. They are received by an ordinary telegraph, or radio operator or by an automatic telegraphic receiving apparatus.

"To decode or turn this word message back into a picture, a Korn decoding instrument is necessary. This is a form of typewriter into which a sheet of paper about twelve by fifteen inches in size is placed. With the printed message before him the operator copies it on the keys; these, however, do not print letters, but dots of the sizes and shapes corresponding to the letters. As the code allows for the blank spaces between the dots the result is a very much enlarged half-tone of the original photograph, and this needs only to be photographed down to the size wanted by the paper; the smaller it is, the finer the half-tone. This decoding instrument may be attached to an automatic telegraph receiving machine in such a way that the code letters are entirely cut out and the telegraph machine prints the dots directly.

"There are at present only two sets of Dr. Korn's apparatus in existence; one of these is in Germany, the sending machine, and the other is at Dr. Korn's laboratory at Centocelle, near Rome, and the receiving or decoding instrument is in America."

THE SUPPLY OF LONG ETHER WAVES NEARLY EXHAUSTED—"Apply for your wave-length now or you will be left out in the cold," was the friendly advice given to Swedes by E. T. W. Alexanderson of New York, chief engineer of the Radio Corporation of America, while making a brief business visit to Sweden, his native land. It was in an interview printed in a Stockholm paper, so *Radio Digest Illustrated* (Chicago), informs us, that "Mr. Alexanderson explained that only an extremely limited number of transatlantic radio stations can operate successfully at one time without serious interference." Moreover—

"He said that various countries already have reserved most of the wave-lengths suitable for transatlantic communication, and only a few were left. The wave-lengths best suited for such transmission are between 10,000 and 20,000 meters. The wave-lengths between 11,500 and 17,000 meters have been reserved, while Poland has applied for the 18,000-meter length.

"Mr. Alexanderson declared that, in his opinion, radio traffic should be monopolized by the various governments of the world. Otherwise, he said, the confusion in the air will become so great that all radio service may ultimately be rendered impossible.

"The awarding of wave-lengths to transatlantic stations is now made by an international commission, whose next session probably will be held in London this year."

RADIO AND FARM LIFE

A WRITER IN *Farm Mechanics* gives expression, as so many others have done, to the thought that radio will be of supreme importance to the farmer. "With the advent of radiotelephony," he says, "there has been placed in the hands of the rural population a utility which is fast revolutionizing social life on the farms. The high-class entertainments and educational lectures which were previously available chiefly to city dwellers are now within the reach of every farmer. He need no longer make a special trip to the city to hear an opera or lecture by some noted explorer. The radiotelephone has obviated this and now makes it possible for the people of the country districts to enjoy the best of the modern entertainments right in their own homes."

An amusing presentation of the same theme is given in colloquial style by Abe Martin in *Farm Life* (Spencer, Indiana), as follows:

"Fer years an' years th' most serious drawback t' farmin', next t' th' hard work an' element o' chance, has been that it isolates a feller an' keeps him out o' touch with th' affairs o' th' world.

"Fer many years most farmers had t' manage t' git along fer weeks an' months without hearin' from th' outside world.

"It wuz hard fer 'em t' remember who th' president o' th' United States wuz, an' they didn't know whether ther friends an' relatives wuz dead or alive unless a letter or newspaper wormed thro', or by chance they got t' town.

"Then come th' telephone an' rural free delivery, an' th' farmer wuz fairly able t' keep a line on his relatives, European affairs, and th' price o' eggs.

"Then th' automobile bobbed up an' is a big factor t'day in bringin' th' farmer's relatives t' his very door, an' also in whizzin' him an' his family t' town fer a band concert or a hall show.

"But drivin' t' town ever' night, or havin' th' home full o' relatives soon gits t' be a chestnut, an' besides it eventually runs into money.

"We believe that next t' th' harvestin' machine an' a pump in th' kitchen th' best an' so fer th' cheapest thing that's happened fer th' farmer in many a day is th' invention o' th' radio 'phone.

"Th' radiophone's performances already have proclaimed th' end o' isolation. Th' farmer no longer has t' drive t' town, or entertain a house full o' hungry relatives, or depend on a day-old newspaper fer his news o' th' outside world.

"Th' seas an' lakes an' continents, burnin' deserts, frozen wastes, an' mountain peaks, have all been over passed.

"Th' farmer an' his family may now know when a car is stolen from in front o' th' courthouse, or when a schoolhouse is burnin' up, or when a treaty is signed, as soon as th' ether waves kin deliver th' news t' ther vocal loud, or speech amplifier.

"After a hard day o' toil th' farmer, without even changin' his collar, or rollin' down his sleeves, kin tune in an' take his pick out o' ever'thing in th' air.

"An' all about him sits his family t' hear what's goin' on in th' world in th' way o' news, singin', music, an' oratory.

"If they tire o' th' 'Wabash Blues,' they kin tune in a lecture on onion culture, or th' treatment o' hog cholera, by some expert in Detroit.

"Maybe he kin pick up a saxophone solo from Hurley, Wisconsin, or a bagpipe sextette from fer-away Scotland.

"Maybe his congressman is sendin' out words o' cheer, or there is a fire in town.

"It's no uncommon thing t' jest innocently tune in on a fine helpful sermon from Pittsburgh, or Wheelin', an' it's no trouble t' tune off o' it.

"But ther's no longer any excuse fer folks that are imprisoned on remote farms t' git behind on th' affairs o' th' world—not t' be able t' whistle th' latest airs, t' know when th' President misses a chance to play golf, t' keep track o' th' bonus bill, an' all th' latest gossip about prosperity."

DIFFICULTIES OF SENDING POWER BY WIRELESS

NEARLY EVERY ONE HAS HEARD of Nicola Tesla's one-time aspiration to transmit power, for the carrying on of the world's work, by radio. The idea is usually ridiculed as fantastic, on the basis of the familiar fact that radio waves spread in all directions (or at least in all lateral directions), and so dissipate the energy. So competent a judge as Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, however, is disposed to discuss the possibility of the realization of Tesla's dream quite soberly; and he offers a novel suggestion as to a possible solution that will interest students of engineering and every layman to whom picturesqueness makes appeal. In *Radio Digest Illustrated* (Chicago), Dr. Steinmetz writes:

"The successful development of radio communication by telegraph and telephone raises the question of the possibility or impossibility of radio power transmission.

"In some respects, radio power transmission exists to-day, for the message which you receive by radio has been carried by the power of the electromagnetic wave from the sending to the receiving station. However, while the sending station sends out electromagnetic waves of a power of several kilowatts or even hundreds of kilowatts, this power scatters in all directions, and it may be only a fraction of a milliwatt which we receive, that is, less than a millionth of the power sent out. But this small power is sufficient, when amplified, to give us the message.

"The problem of power transmission essentially differs from that of the transmission for communication, that in power transmission most, or at least a large part, of the power sent out by the generating station must arrive at the receiving station, to make it economical to transmit the power.

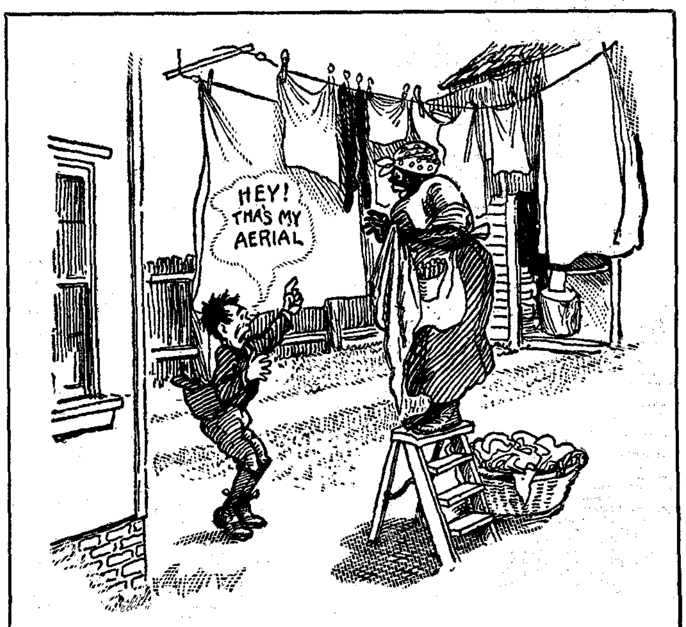
"Hence, the problem of radio power transmission is that of directing the radio waves so closely that a large part of their power remains together so as to be picked up by the receiving station. Much successful work has been done in directing radio waves, and for instance our transatlantic stations send out most of their power eastwards. But still even as directed the power scatters over the coasts of Europe from Norway to Spain, so that it is impossible to pick up an appreciable part of it. The limits of impossibility of concentrating a beam of radio waves may be illustrated by comparison with a beam of light. Light is an electromagnetic wave, differing from the radio wave merely by having a wave-length many million times shorter. While usually the light scatters in all directions, like the radio wave, we can direct it in a concentrated beam by the searchlight.

"But there is inevitably a scattering of the light in the searchlight beam, and when the beam starts perhaps with a square yard section at the searchlight mirror, at ten miles distance it has at the very best scattered to a diameter of 2,000 feet, and at 100 miles distance the beams cover a section of sixteen square miles.

"If it were a beam of radio power, it would thus require at 100 miles distance a receiving station covering sixteen square miles—about four miles wide and, what is still more difficult, four miles high—to pick up a large part of the power. The cause of this scattering is twofold. First, the inevitable imperfections of any apparatus. No matter how perfect a reflector, there are slight imperfections, and at 100 miles distance, they seriously count. Furthermore, even with an absolutely perfect reflector, the beam of light would stay together only if the light came from a mathematical point. As it must, however, come from a small area, this causes an inevitable scattering, which at best gives an angle of scattering of about two degrees. This is about 100 times as much as would be permissible to economically transmit power a hundred miles by a direct radio beam.

"Thus the probability of power transmission by directed radio is very small, except perhaps in very special cases, the distances are moderate and the efficiency of transmission of secondary importance.

"The second possibility of radio power transmission—at least theoretically—is by resonant vibrations or standing waves. Suppose we had a very large sending station sending out electromagnetic waves not of hundreds, but of hundred thousands or millions of kilowatts, and suppose we could find a wave-length, where the absorption in the passage of the wave through space is sufficiently small so as to be negligible compared with the amount of power. Assuming first there were no receiving stations. Then the waves issuing from the sending station would circle the globe and return to the sending station, and if the wave-length is adjusted so that the return wave coincided with the outgoing wave, it would return its power, and little power would be required from the sending station to maintain such a system of high-power standing waves, only enough to supply the losses —just as little power is required in an electric wire transmission system to maintain the voltage wave, as long as no current is taken off.



MONDAY MORNING.

Just as a bully jazz concert is being broadcasted, Mandy spoils it all.
—*Washington Star.*

"Suppose now we erect a second station, tuned for the same wave-length as the sending station. It would resonate with the standing electromagnetic wave issuing from the sending station, thereby stop its passage by absorbing its energy. It would, as we may say, punch a hole in the standing wave-sheet coming from the sending station. Power would then flow into this hole; the sending station would begin to send out additional power to maintain the wave-sheet, and this power would be received by the receiving station.

"This would give a real radio power transmission. Any receiving station of suitable design would then be able to pick up power from the universal power supply carried by the standing wave-sheet covering the earth.

"Also, several sending stations may send out power. These may either have different wave-lengths, then would not interfere, and the receiving station could be tuned to receive power from any of the generating stations. Or—what would be preferable—all the generating stations would be tuned to the same wave-length, that is, the same frequency. Then they would have to be synchronized and operate in synchronism, just as different electric generating stations on the same transmission line are operated in synchronism.

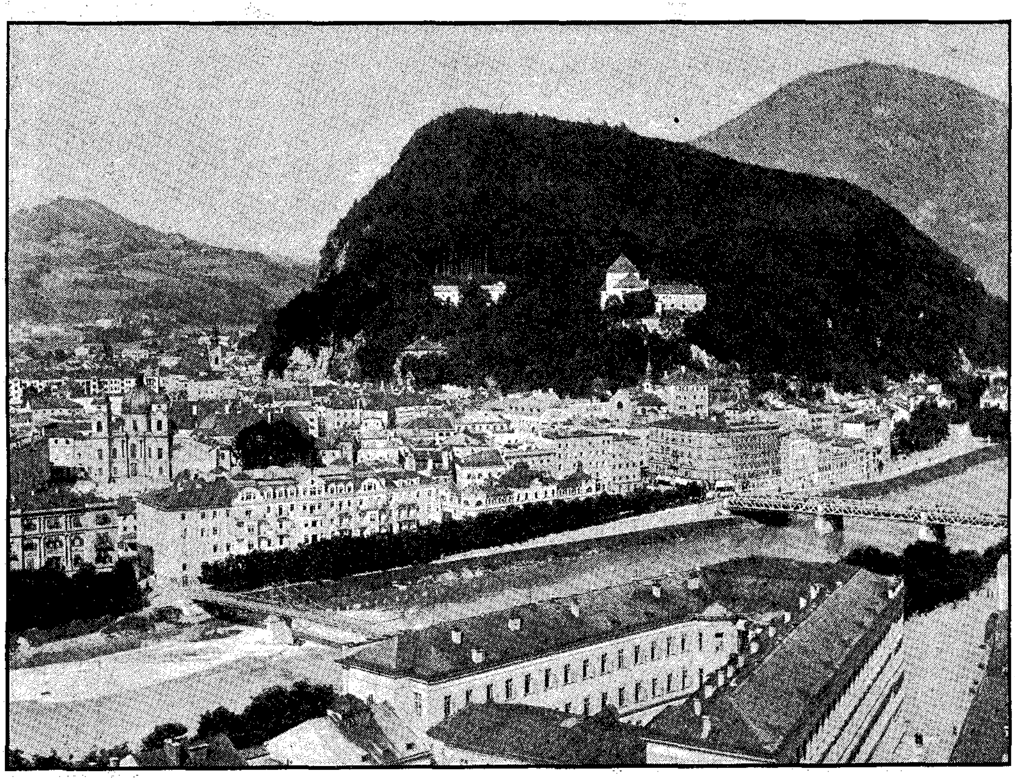
"Theoretically, this is an interesting speculation, but whether it could ever become a possibility, would depend on the question whether a radio wave of such length could be found, as to make the losses of power by absorption, etc., economically permissible, and whether stations for such wave-length and power would be economically feasible. Furthermore, it would have to be an international development. Therefore, even if such radio transmission by a stationary electromagnetic wave-sheet were possible, its realization at best is rather distant, so that the present outlook for radio power transmission is very remote."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

AUSTRIA FORGETTING HUNGER IN A FESTIVAL OF MUSIC

AUSTRIA MAY STARVE, or live by the barest means, but there, as in Russia, art seems to supply the lack of food. Then, too, Austria, the first to light the firebrand that tore apart the world, may furnish through music one of the finest means of international harmony. This summer has witnessed the first international music and dramatic festival since the war; and the Austrian city of Salzburg has been the scene. The old Mozart festivals, founded some twenty years ago, were resumed, and in addition was held the first international chamber music festival, as well as a series of dramatic representations. "Only a traditional and passionate love of music—a language which all nations speak—can explain the keenness with which a bankrupt, derelict country enters into the production of a festival of such importance," says a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian.* "It is, indeed, tho perhaps unconsciously, Austria's cry to the world. 'Can you,' she asks of the rest of the world,' allow so zealous an art, so earnest a zeal for culture, to perish?'" Three great European figures were at the head of the enterprise: Richard Strauss, Professor Schalk, conductor of the Vienna Opera, and Max Reinhardt. The program outlined in brief in the Manchester paper was this:



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AN UNFAMILIAR BEAUTY SPOT IN AUSTRIA.

Salzburg, the birthplace of Mozart, which is to build a Festival Theater for an international summer feast of music and the drama.

"The festivities began with the production of the mystery play 'The Salzburg World Theater,' by Hugo Hoffmannsthal, on Sunday (August 13). It was Max Reinhardt's idea, as *regisseur*, to perform it in the old Kollegien Church, the fine baroque building of Fischer von Erlach, who built the Karls Church so well known to English visitors to Vienna, and Reinhardt, with this play, aimed to surpass all his previous successes. Alfred Roller helped to solve the decorative problems, and the music was written by Einar Nilson. The best Berlin and Vienna players shared in the acting. The opera performances began in the Salzburg town theater on the 14th. This time only Mozartian operas were given, under the conductorship of Richard Strauss and Franz Schalk. 'Don Juan,' 'Cosi fan tutte,' 'Figaro,' and 'The Seraglio' were the chosen masterpieces. All the operas were produced with entirely new staging and setting, and with redistributed casts. Reinhardt and his chief-of-staff, Metzl, bestirred themselves to provide scenes which were the last word in operatic undertakings. Roller, who was responsible for the setting of Strauss's 'Joseph-legend' in Vienna, made the scenic drawings, and the costumes for 'Figaro' were the creation of Professor Haas-Heye. The leading artists of Vienna, Berlin and Dresden sang in these operas."

Salzburg, as the birthplace of Mozart, and the seat of a future international festival, is described in the New York *World* as "the most beautiful city in Europe, next to Naples and Constantinople." For—

"Standing on the tower of Hohen-Salzburg Castle you will behold at your feet the gorgeous old cathedral, and four or five more ancient churches which are counted among the most beautiful in the world. They were erected by the Salzburg Bishops of the Middle Ages, just as the lovely old castle where these Knights of the Holy Cross used to reside.

"To your left your eyes will be attracted by the fine old park of Hellbrunn Castle, where they are just about to lay the foundation of the Salzburg Festival Theater, and by the beautiful Castle of Leopoldskron close by. This latter castle is the home of Max Reinhardt, who purchased it a few years ago out of the neat little profits of his theatrical ventures and who is keeping a luxurious household there as an uncrowned King of Salzburg.

"And, turning to the right where the Kapuzinerberg stands, do not overlook on the road leading from the city to the summit of this hill, the little garden house were Mozart composed his immortal 'Magic Flute' music. Contrasting the gorgeous Reinhardt estate with the modest Mozart hut you may ponder on the changes wrought by the passing ages. Such is fame!"

By the building of the Festival Theater, Salzburg hopes to become for lovers of the stage what Bayreuth has been to musical pilgrims. But the feature of this year's celebration most interesting to Americans was the chamber music festival. A correspondent of *Musical America* finds this telling way of estimating the high interest of the event:

"Much more music was accepted for performance than there was really time for, but tho this caused some of the concerts to be extended to three hours, the audiences did not seem to mind. There were many who stayed the whole course. The Princess Bibesco and her brother, Anthony Asquith, missed only one work—and that an unimportant one—in twenty hours of unfamiliar and sometimes very exhausting music."

From a writer for the *Musical Courier*, we come upon more telling detail:

"Herein lies the tremendously important feature of this chamber music festival, that it not only affords an opportunity for an exchange of ideas between creative musicians of all nations—an exchange of ideas by which the musical world at large may possibly profit even more than the artists themselves—but also enables the critic and the musical layman to gain a comprehensive view of the various tendencies now prevalent in the world's music and to pass judgment on their relative worth and importance. Nothing could be more instructive than such a comparison, and this fact alone more than justifies the plan, which has resulted from these festival days, of making the Salzburg Chamber Music Festival a regularly recurring institution and of putting it on a far broader basis than it had under the circumstances been possible to do this year. The festival just passed has, truth to tell, been a rather improvised affair inaugurated and propagated exclusively by a group of young Viennese musicians, with full sympathies but without any active assistance from the various other countries such as France, England, Italy or America. Consequently the programs were not always wisely chosen, nor were the works performed always fully representative of the musical tendencies of their respective native countries nor even of their authors. This festival was, in a way, an experiment, but it was an auspicious beginning, and, after all, its chief purpose was sufficiently commendable to warrant our forgiving many of the insufficiencies attendant upon the materialization of the scheme."

If the first International Festival proves anything, says another writer in the *Courier*, it is the permanent need for just such festivals as these—

"They are necessary, for one thing in order to furnish us with a definition of the word 'modern' as applied to music, a designation which changes—and must change—its meaning from generation to generation, almost from year to year. In the graphic arts the meaning of the word is pretty well understood, because the contact established by the great independent international exhibition of 1913 has never been lost. Pictures and reproductions of pictures travel to and fro among the countries, and the speed and direction of the general drift is pretty well known. But musicians have lost touch in the war. (For some reason it was immoral to produce 'enemy' music while nothing was ever said about the silent 'enemy' arts.) And it is amazing how imperfectly the bridges have been rebuilt. Hence we have the curious spectacle of a musical exhibition which, intended to be a review of present-day activity, appears rather like a review of musical progress since Brahms.

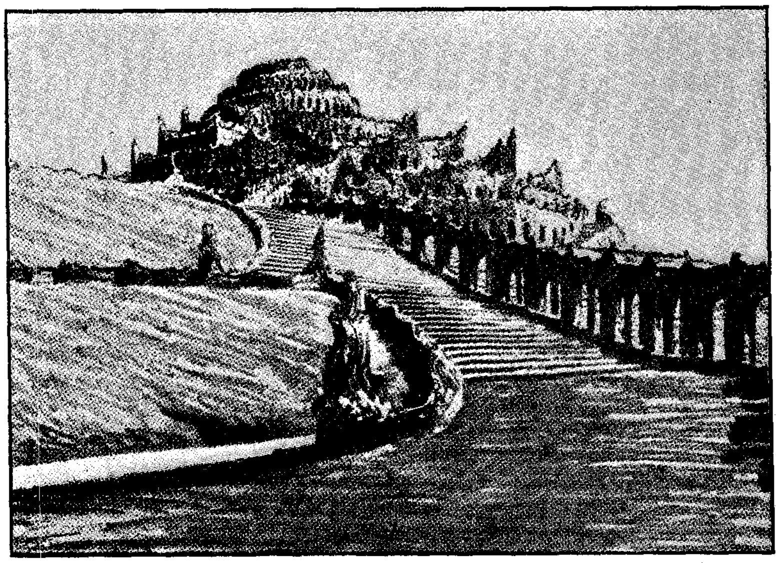
"Yes, in the different countries modern music is a very different thing indeed. What appears modern in Scandinavia, for instance, is, to the French, decidedly '*vieux jeux*.' The radical German wing, again, is amazed at the 'tameness' of the much vaunted 'Six' [Paris], while the Viennese Schönberg group turn up their noses (an especially paradoxical metaphor in this case!) at the 'radicalism' of Berlin. The English assure us, while listening to the Viennese, that they stopt making music like that a decade ago, and are willing to concede real progressiveness only to Hungarians of the Bartók genre or to the Russian émigrés, who somehow got left out of this show.

"It is clear that our moderns, instead of marching shoulder to shoulder, have allowed their advance guards to run right away, while some of the stragglers have been absolutely cut off. Some, it seems certain, will never catch up. . . .

"Leo Sowerby, of Chicago, the sole native American represented, also impress one as 'academic' in this environment. But not in an evil sense. Sowerby's work, as exhibited in a sonata for violin and piano, is animated by a determination to be true to himself; it contains genuine and agreeable ideas and exhibits an inherent feeling for form in the effective building-up of climaxes, as well as an independence from outside influences."

JOURNALISM IN THE EIGHTIES

THE PERSONAL SIDE of American journalism may be said to have changed for the better since the days when Matthew Arnold visited us and wrote on "Civilization in the United States." Mr. Christopher Morley has unearthed this forgotten book and cites a passage for the readers of the "Bowling Green" column in the New York *Evening Post*. But Mr. Morley feels that the comments advanced are "true still, and, since Northcliffe, more nearly true of British newspapers also." Arnold visited America somewhere around 1883, and so describes our newspapers in the days of the editors favorably treated in another article in this department. These are his comments:


THE THEATER TO CROWN ONE OF THE HEIGHTS AROUND SALZBURG.

After a plan submitted by Hans Pölzing, a German architect. Unlike Beyreuth, this will house an international, not a German festival.

"You must have lived amongst their newspapers to know what they are. If I relate some of my own experiences, it is because these will give a clear enough notion of what the newspapers over there are, and one remembers more definitely what has happened to oneself. Soon after arriving in Boston I opened a Boston newspaper and came upon a column headed: 'Tickings.' By *tickings* we are to understand news conveyed through the tickings of the telegraph. The first 'ticking' was: 'Matthew Arnold is sixty-two years old'—an age, I must just say in passing, which I had not then reached. The second 'ticking' was: 'Wales says, Mary is a darling'; the meaning being that the Prince of Wales exprest great admiration for Miss Mary Anderson. This was at Boston, the American Athens. I proceeded to Chicago. An evening paper was given me soon after I arrived; I opened it, and found under a large-type heading, '*We have seen him arrive*,' the following picture of myself: 'He has harsh features, supercilious manners, parts his hair down the middle, wears a single eyeglass and ill-fitting clothes.' Notwithstanding this rather unfavorable introduction, I was most kindly and hospitably received at Chicago. It happened that I had a letter for Mr. Medill, an elderly gentleman of Scotch descent, the editor of the chief newspaper in those parts, the *Chicago Tribune*. I called on him, and we conversed amicably together. Some time afterwards, when I had gone back to England, a New York paper published a criticism of Chicago and its people, purporting to have been contributed by me to the *Pall Mall Gazette* over here. It was a poor hoax, but many people were taken in and were excusably angry, Mr. Medill of the *Chicago Tribune* amongst the number. A friend telegraphed me to know if I had written the criticism. I, of course, instantly telegraphed back that I had not written a syllable of it. Then a Chicago paper is sent to me; and what I have the pleasure of reading, as the result of my contradiction, is this: 'Arnold denies; Mr. Medill refuses to accept Arnold's disclaimer; says Arnold is a cur.'"

HOW OUR NEWSPAPERS LOOK TO ENGLAND

THE AMERICAN JOURNALISTIC SITUATION is declared by a British observer, "to be more hopeful" than the English, and his account of it in the *New Statesman* (London) gives us an opportunity of seeing ourselves as others see us. The first thing that strikes his attention is "the increasing thought and practical effort that are being devoted to the consideration of the press as a liberal profession and a public service." This he finds evidenced in "the rapid growth of university schools of journalism." Next he notes "the energetic movement toward the establishment of independent news service, especially in the economic field." Then he shows himself impress with "the wide and varied opportunities that America provides for the special correspondent and commentator on affairs, even if his opinions are unpopular." There is a wistful tone in his declaration that "in the United States it is the rarest thing for a well-known descriptive writer or publicist to be unemployed." It is not to be expected that every thing about our newspaper situation should meet his unqualified approval. The death of Charles R. Miller and the retirement of Mr. Melville Stone mark, in his mind, "the end of an epoch in American journalism." The governing fact in our newspapers is that "the power lies in the hands of the management and the managing-editor, who together have command of the news pages and the policy governing the display of news," and this fact "explains why the present generation in the United States has seen no editor of the great old school." Going on:

Courtesy of "The Musical Courier," New York.

DAME ETHEL SMYTH, AND OTHER MUSICIANS, AT SALZBURG,

Who contributed to the programs of the Chamber Music Festival—Left to right: Karl Weigl, Karl Alwin, Wilhelm Grosz, Arthur Bliss, Paul Hindemith, Rudolf Réti, Dame Ethel Smyth, Paul A. Pisk, Willem Pijper, Egon Lustgarten, Egon Wellesz, Anton Webern, Karl Horwitz and Hugo Kauder.

"A daily paper that is a unity—as Horace Greeley's *Tribune* was, or the Manchester *Guardian* is—would be almost impossible in present-day America. The fact explains also, to some extent, the contradiction which every English journalist remarks in the American editorial page: namely, its imposing look and its general weakness. An American daily does not give less space than an English daily to leading articles. Often it gives more; but they are apt to be of little account: first, because the 'lead' is not there, and, secondly, because the editorials are frequently written by men whose equipment is inferior to that of the special writers. There are, of course, noteworthy exceptions, such as the New York *World* and the *Evening Post*. Nothing is much more curious to the journalistic critic from England than the fact that the New York *Times*, notwithstanding its able literary staff, is not an exception. Now and again Miller was enabled to write a leader that had the force of an act of public policy. But the occasions were so rare as to be remembered by everybody. His editorial page might easily have been made the most powerful and brilliant in the country. But, evidently, the deliberate policy has been to keep it down, to maintain it as a broad acre of heaviness, to protect it from all those influences which in England have wrought the complete transformation of the leading article and its contiguous features.

"It will be interesting to note how long this hostility to the modernization of the editorial page will be upheld, now that the last of the old stalwarts have gone, with Miller of New York and the inimitable Colonel Watterson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. But what, in the meantime, of the general position? It is unfortunate, but inevitable, that we in England should hear little of any journals published in cities at a distance from the Atlantic Coast, altho those are undoubtedly the main voice of the American people. Europe judged the reception of the Peace Treaty from the press of the Eastern States—with what result we know. But it remains true, none the less, that with a few exceptions, the great papers belong to the Atlantic cities, and chiefly to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The two cities which we should expect to provide preeminent examples of daily journalism—Boston and Washington—are for various reasons out of the running."

The writer here, who remains anonymous, assigns to the New York *World* "the first place for vigor and intelligence." The characterizations of some of our familiar friends will be taken as representing a foreign point of view. Continuing with the *World*—

"Its staff includes a group of clever writers at present unequaled in America. Its party is the Democratic; its tone is courageously liberal; it was, and is still, the chief advocate of the League of Nations. Over against the *World* are two morning journals that glory in American philistinism: the *Tribune*, by the side of which our own *Morning Post* is almost humane; and the *Herald*, which, under Mr. Frank Munsey, has absorbed the once famous *Sun* and become a recognized organ of the dominant conservatism of the Republican party. Under Mr. Edwin F. Gay, the *Evening Post*, with its enterprising Literary Review on Saturdays, is making a steady fight for a cautious liberalism in home and foreign affairs. The *Evening Sun* holds a large constituency by virtue of certain bright features, while the *Globe* enjoys the services of the ablest and best informed company of young editorial writers on the evening press.

"It is impossible to deal, in a sentence, with the morning *American* and evening *Journal*—the prototypes of Mr. Hearst's transcontinental chain of newspapers. An article is needed to describe them, a volume to characterize them. Philadelphia has several excellent papers, and one great combination—the *Public Ledger*, morning and evening, which that remarkable man, Mr. Cyrus Curtis (proprietor of the *Saturday Evening Post*) is building up on a spacious plan."

In a large country the facts concerning daily newspapers of centers not our own must be unfamiliar to the generality, which is the justification of this additional paragraph:

"Chicago is now essentially the greatest of American centers, and its journalistic condition offers the strongest illustration of a tendency that is of tremendous import. Apart from the Hearst paper, Chicago has now only one morning journal—the *Tribune*. A reasonable estimate of the Chicago region would probably give, within a short radius, a population of over five million people, and it is this immense community which is thus singularly served. A similar phenomenon is to be noted throughout the Middle West. Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and many other cities containing between 400,000 and a million people each, have all alike come under the interests which have steadily pursued the policy of reducing the morning newspapers to one in each center—all alike being supplied with news by the megaphonic process of the great centralized agencies."

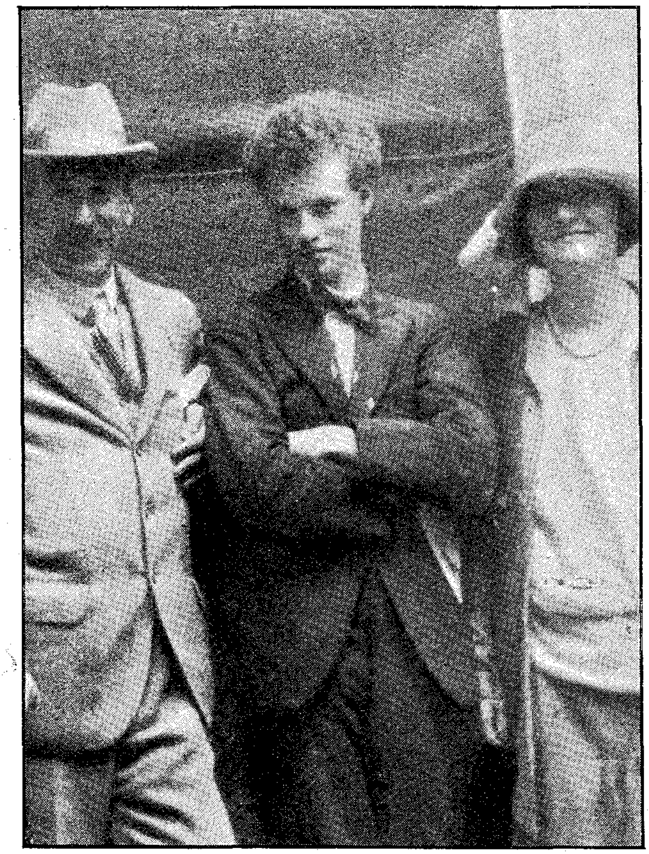
A SCHOOL OF DETECTIVE YARNS NEEDED

STORIES OF MURDER AND MYSTIFICATION do not get their proper treatment at the hands of reviewers, complains one of our producers of this line of literary wares, Miss Carolyn Wells. Her case is supported by a distinguished devotee of the genre in England, one who is known to read them voraciously and grieve because he can not produce them—Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Miss Wells thinks that detective stories are badly reviewed because they are obviously given to people who do not like them, and so "the nature of the technique really required in such a tale is never adequately discust." Mr. Chesterton takes up this point in his *causerie* in the *Illustrated London News*, and declares it "all the more curious that the technique of such tales is not discust, because they are exactly the sort in which technique is nearly the whole of the trick." Moreover, this is one of the few forms of art in which reviewers "could to some extent be guided." Among our activities to teach the unteachable forms of art, Mr. Chesterton finds an anomaly in the general neglect of this one. And—

"It is all the more strange that nobody discusses the rules, because it is one of the rare cases in which some rules could be laid down. The very fact that the work is not of the highest order of creation makes it possible to treat it as a question of construction. But while people are willing to teach poets imagination, they seem to think it hopeless to help plotters in a matter of mere ingenuity. There are text-books instructing people in the manufacture of sonnets, as if the visions of bare ruined quires where late sweet birds sang, or of the ground-whirl of the perished leaves of hope, the wind of death's imperishable wing, were things to be explained like a conjuring trick. We have monographs expounding the art of the Short Story, as if the dripping horror of the House of Usher or the sunny irony of the 'Treasure of Franchard' were recipes out of a cookery book. But in the case of the only kind of story to which the strict laws of logic are in some sense applicable, nobody seems to bother to apply them, or even to ask whether in this or in that case they are applied. Nobody writes the simple book which I expect every day to see on the bookstalls, called 'How to Write a Detective Story.'"

Chesterton admits he has gone no further than discovering how not to write one. And his preliminary principle is that "the secret should be simple." In illustration of this we encounter the approved Chestertonian extravagance which, in his very personal literary style, achieves some of the same startling effects as his frequent use of paradox:

"The whole story exists for the moment of surprize; and it should be a moment. It should not be something that it takes twenty minutes to explain, and twenty-four hours to learn by heart, for fear of forgetting it. The best way of testing it is to make an imaginative picture in the mind of some such dramatic moment. Imagine a dark garden at twilight, and a terrible voice crying out in the distance, and coming nearer and nearer along the serpentine garden paths until the words become dreadfully distinct; a cry coming from some sinister yet familiar figure in the story, a stranger or a servant from whom we subconsciously expect some such rending revelation. Now, it is clear that the cry which breaks from him must be something short and simple in itself, as, 'The butler is his father,' or 'The Archdeacon is Bloody Bill,' or 'The Emperor has cut his throat,' or what not. But too many otherwise ingenious romancers seem to think it their duty to discover what is the most complicated and improbable series of events that could be combined to produce a certain result. The result may be logical, but it is not sensational. The servant can not rend the silence of the twilight garden by shrieking aloud: 'The throat of the Emperor was cut under the following circumstances: his Imperial Majesty was attempting to shave himself and went to sleep in the middle of it, fatigued with the cares of state; the Archdeacon was attempting at first in a Christian spirit to complete the shaving operation on the sleeping monarch, when he was suddenly tempted to a murderous act by the memory of the Disestablishment Bill, but repented after making a mere scratch and flung the razor on the floor; the faithful butler, hearing the commotion, rushed in and snatched up the weapon, but in the confusion of the moment cut the Emperor's throat instead of the Archdeacon's; so everything is satisfactory, and the young man and the girl can leave off suspecting each other of assassination and get married.' Now, this explanation, however reasonable and complete, is not one that can be conveniently uttered as an exclamation, or can sound suddenly in the twilight garden like the trump of doom. Anyone who will try the experiment of crying aloud the above paragraph in his own twilight garden will realize the difficulty here referred to. It is exactly one of those little technical experiments illustrated with diagrams with which our little text-book would abound."



Courtesy of "The Musical Courier."

ENGLAND'S REPRESENTATIVES AT SALZBURG.

Anthony Asquith, youngest son of the ex-Prime Minister (center), his sister, Princess Bibesco, and Arthur Bliss, the composer. The Asquiths listened to all but one piece in the twenty hours of modernist music.

He shows us, furthermore, that "the *roman policier* should be on the model of the short story rather than the novel." We read:

"There are splendid exceptions: 'The Moonstone' and one or two Gaboriaus are great works in this style; as are, in our own time, Mr. Bentley's 'Trent's Last Case' and Mr. Milne's 'Red House Mystery.' But I think that the difficulties of a long detective novel are real difficulties, tho very clever men can by various expedients get over them. The chief difficulty is that the detective story is, after all, a drama of masks and not of faces. It depends on men's false characters rather than their real characters. The author can not tell us until the last chapter any of the most interesting things about the most interesting people. It is a masquerade ball in which everybody is disguised as somebody else, and there is no true personal interest until the clock strikes twelve. That is, as I have said, we can not really get at the psychology and philosophy, the morals and the religion, of the thing until we have read the last chapter. Therefore, I think it is best of all when the first chapter is also the last chapter. The length of a short story is about the legitimate length for this particular drama of the mere misunderstanding of fact. When all is said and done, there have never been better detective stories than the old series of Sherlock Holmes; and tho the name of the magnificent magician has been spread over the whole world, and is perhaps the one great popular legend made in the modern world, I do not think that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has ever been thanked enough for them. As one of many millions, I offer my own mite of homage."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE BUTCHERY OF CHRISTIANS IN ASIA MINOR

ATTACKING AND BUTCHERING CHRISTIAN WOMEN in the open fields and standing children in rows to see how many little heads a bullet will go through before its force is spent is said to be the Turks' chief by-play in their victorious sweep toward Smyrna. And it has been left to a Jew—Henry Morgenthau—we are told, to voice the most urgent appeal to Christian nations to protect the Christian minorities in Asia Minor. In successive battles the Turkish Nationalists, under Mustapha Kemal, have beaten the Greeks back toward Smyrna and the sea, annihilating one army, it is reported, and seriously jeopardizing another. Torture and massacre are reported from several sources to be the lot of the Christians left in the wake of the retreating Greek armies. "Slowly, to an accompaniment of the most ghastly torture of red massacre and white massacre," says *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), "all the Christian minorities in the land where St. Paul planted his little churches are being exterminated; and we have failed to produce a public opinion to rebuke and stay it. A delegation of Greeks now in America in behalf of their tormented and slaughtered people—doomed by the august Council to go once more under Turkish rule—tell of scenes that sicken the body with their filth and beastliness, and terrify the soul with their shame. How can we wear the name of humanity, to say nothing of the name of Christ, and remain unmoved by such things!"

None appears more deeply affected by the tragic plight and peril of the Christian minorities in Asia Minor than Henry Morgenthau, a Jew, former American Ambassador to Constantinople, who, in an impassioned interview with a correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* on the Near East crisis, declares that the Turks' "devilish scheme" for the annihilation of other races must be checked. "I wonder," the interviewer quotes him, "if 40,000,000 Christians in full control of the governments of Europe and America are again going to condone these offenses by the Turkish Government. Will they, like Germany, take the bloody hand of the Turk, forgive him and decorate him, as Kaiser Wilhelm has done, with the highest orders?"

> "Will outrageous terrorizing, cruel torturing, driving of women into harems, debauchery of innocent girls, the sale of many of them at eighty cents each, the murdering of hundreds of thousands and the deportation to and starvation in the desert of other hundreds of thousands, the destruction of hundreds of villages and many cities, the wilful execution of this whole devilish scheme to annihilate the Armenian, Greek and Syrian Christians in Turkey—will all this go unpunished?
>
> "Will the Turks be permitted, aye, even encouraged, by our cowardice in not striking back, to continue to treat all Christians in their power as unbelieving dogs, or will definite steps be promptly taken to rescue permanently the remnants of these old civilized Christian peoples from the fangs of the Turk?"

The Turks should be pushed back into Asia, where they belong, says Mr. Morgenthau, and Constantinople, where the majority of the population is non-Turkish, "should be taken under the protection of the League of Nations and under the Allies who have defeated Turkey." The opportunity now presented should be accepted at once, he declares, for "if the European countries have control of Constantinople they can eventually influence the Turks and keep them in check, because the possession or non-possession of Constantinople determines the status of Turkey. If she obtains Constantinople, she becomes a world Power again. What sensible person wants Turkey to be a world Power again, with increased powers for the making of international mischief?"

Americans are familiar with the methods of the Turks from reports of their own "devoted Red Cross workers" in Asia Minor, says the *Telegraph* in commenting editorially on the interview, "and no one speaks with greater authority on this head than Mr. Morgenthau. He emphasizes with earnestness and even with passion the plain duty of the civilized world toward the Turk."

Appalled by the spectacle of the Turks' inhumanity, several Americans are reported to have gone mad and committed suicide—one, a member of the American Consulate, after he had watched the drowning of hundreds of children on the Black Sea Coast. Such is the information brought by the Rev. S. Ralph Harlow, Professor of History and Sociology in the American College at Smyrna. In an interview printed in the New York *Times* he reports the Turks as declaring that they will abolish all Christian and American institutions in Asia Minor, and, he says, "they are rapidly doing it." He proceeds:

> "The cruelties and tortures that are practised on the Greeks and Armenians are beyond words. The only man in the world whose voice stands out against them is a Jew, Henry Morgenthau. He offered to find the means to transport all the Armenians from the country, but the Turks would not let him—they wanted to kill them.
>
> "The Turks are so pleased with their slaughter that they even have official pictures taken of the tortures and massacres. I had a lot of these official pictures which I gave to an American Consul to send to Washington. They show the Turkish Governor of a province, a Turkish General and the high priests and other officials, drest in their best, smiling and looking on at the executioner performing his tortures below them. Think of a people who not only would look at such things, but would have official photographs taken of themselves watching. These are the people who are put in power over the remaining Christians of the Near East!"

This terrible state of affairs is due, declares Mr. Harlow, "to international jealousy and intrigue. Economic expediency and moral deficiency—that is the trouble in the Near East." America, he says, has put "several million dollars and several thousand lives" into the Near East, but mostly for schools and colleges; but had she put a like sum of money and a like number of human lives there for purely commercial and economic interests he believes that "our attitude as a nation would be far different toward that wretched country." Yet, he goes on:

> "Even to-day, late as it is, and with thousands lying dead of torture, starvation and murder at the hands of the Turks, I am absolutely sure that could popular opinion in the United States be aroused, as it would if it knew the real facts, our Government would be forced to take some action—action which would be welcomed by Great Britain, which would assure the people of the Near East security and safety at least from the burning of their homes, the outraging of their women and girls, the ruthless stealing of their children and the continuance of terror in their lives. But the morning paper says in headlines, 'American destroyers on way to Smyrna. Public assured they are for protection of Americans only.'
>
> "Where is the humanity for which the men died whose crosses are still fresh over the graves in France?"

As always, Turkish forces are conducting a campaign of unparalleled atrocity, says *The Christian Science Monitor*, declaring that "what was done in time of peace in Armenia is being done with even more savagery in Anatolia. Before the Turkish lines the Christian population is flying, like herds of frightened sheep, and the fate of those who lag behind is death." This situation, believes the *Monitor*, presents a "sorry commentary upon the disappearance from the consciousness of mankind of the purpose to protect Christian minorities proclaimed at Versailles." The unequal contest now being waged by the Greeks was undertaken by them, we are told, at British initiative and with at least the approval of France. "Yet in the prosecution of their task they have had no help from Great Britain, while France has been at least covertly sympathetic with their Turkish foes." And whatever their doubts and fears as to the strength of their respective positions in Asia Minor, "the fact appears that Great Britain and France have failed in their obvious duty as Christian nations." And surely, adds this Boston paper, the events in Asia Minor as recently reported in all the newspapers of the world "can not be ignored longer by the authorities at Washington any more than by those at St. James's."

MORBIDITY OF OUR OLD HYMNS

DOGGEREL VERSE, cheap music and morbid sentiment characterize many of the hymns of yesterday, thinks *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), and render them inadequate to express the religious experience of the normal persons of to-day. Some of the so-called evangelistic songs, which the Chicago religious journal thinks do not count, express, it says, "the most ephemeral, and some of them disordered or pathological, spiritual states." But, for other reasons, most of the standard hymns of one or two generations ago are also no longer satisfactory, states *The Christian Century*, and to prove its assertion suggests that we sit down with a collection of Watts's and Wesley's hymns, say, and "analyze them with the absence of prejudice in their favor, such as you would accord a new composition appearing, for example, in the poetry section of a modern magazine." We would find that "a genuine social note is scarcely to be detected in any of them," that they are, for the most part, "morbidly introspective. They encourage the soul to struggle through the present vale of tears, and almost invariably wind up in the closing stanza with a burst of longing for the bliss of a heaven far removed from any possible experience here and now."

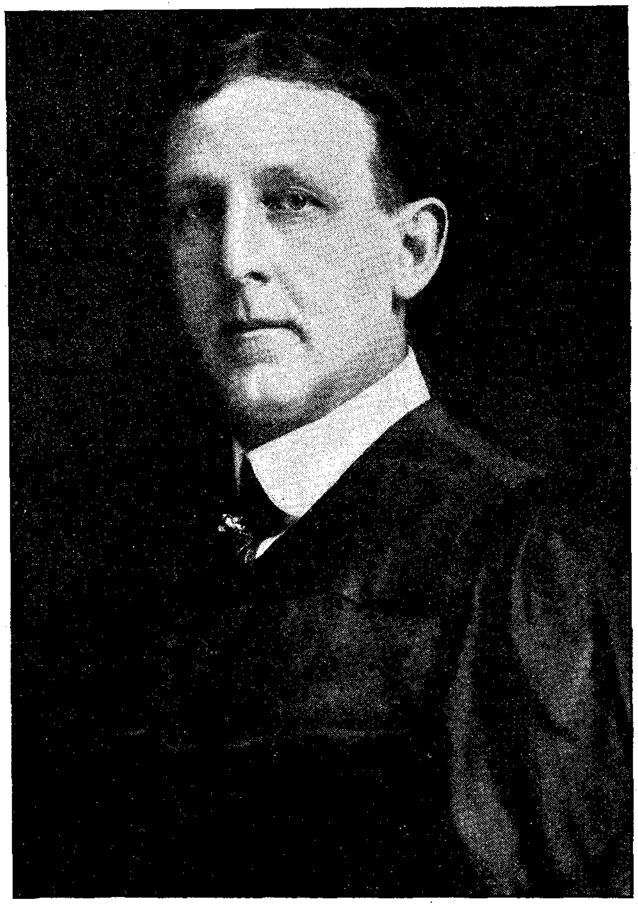
Such hymns are inadequate now, we are told, because of the progress in the social evaluation of religion. In the old hymns "the basic New Testament doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, which is now the substance of all preaching which normal citizens find reality in hearkening to, is unknown. Even the infrequent expressions which seem to hint at it are clouded by a context which shows that the conception really did not invade the inner shrine of the authors' souls." Nor is this conception readily welcomed even now, for

"With all of the zeal of modern hymnologists and publishers to bring our hymn-books down to the actual religious experiences of to-day, they are still far in arrears. Sermons which dare to exploit the morbid introspection of many of the older hymns still in current use, would be delivered to empty pews, as many of them indeed are delivered, or to an array of aged and feeble listeners whose religious experiences are plainly a relic of a period which is not even a vivid memory among those of vital spiritual impulses to-day. Progressive preachers often either do not pay any attention to the hymns accompanying their sermons, not pretending to censor the sentiment of anthems rendered by the choir, or else they have through long toils come to realize the hopelessness of finding hymns which accord with the only sentiment which is acceptable and real to those who attend upon their preaching.

"It is true that most of these hymns were once alive, and express not only the author's real experiences, but also those of multitudes of his contemporaries. Thus rigidly stereotyped and preserved they serve a good purpose in showing us how far and in what direction we have come since that day. They satisfy an archeological curiosity, and, revealing as they do the way persons of vivid religious consciousness once felt and aspired, make us glad that we live now instead of then, and help us to gird our loins with new resolution to make the religion of to-day's Kingdom of Heaven more real and effectual."

SCHOOL COURSES IN COMMON HONESTY

EDUCATION IS BETTER THAN DETECTIVES, and two business organizations, realizing that hundreds of millions of dollars would be saved to the people of the United States if the standard of honesty were raised and if truth-telling in advertising, stock promotion, manufacturing and retail business were enforced, have begun campaigns to that end. A course on truth-telling is to be added to the curriculum of the University of Pennsylvania by the Associated Advertising Clubs, which, through the experts of its national vigilance committee, is preparing a series of lectures and a course of instruction for students, while the National Surety Company is launching a movement to engage the cooperation of school boards, teachers and public welfare institutions of every description throughout the United States in teaching common honesty. The Better Business Bureau, composed of representative merchants and manufacturers, is said to be aiding the truth-telling campaign, and the Federal Trade Commission, we are told, is doing good work in putting a stop to deceptive business practises, such as calling cloth "all wool" when it contains cotton, labeling stockings as silk when they are mercerized, imitating trade names and trademarks and engaging in unfair competition by untruthful statements. "Telling the truth and common honesty," remarks the New York *Mail*, "are the basis of sound business."


TO PUT HONESTY IN THE SCHOOL CURRICULUM.

Dr. William Byron Forbush, who is about to enter a campaign to reduce defalcations by training youth in the ethics of business.

"There can be no permanent, successful business structure unless its foundation is built on honesty and truth. To print a false or misleading advertisement is a harm both to the publication which prints it and to all other advertisers.

"Teaching the truth should not be confined to a special course in a university, but should begin in the home and in the primary schools."

When a private business enterprise whose prosperity depends upon the standard of American honesty finds it necessary to go to heavy expense in inculcating the lesson of the seventh commandment, says the Kansas City *Star*, "it seems to indicate a weak spot somewhere in the training of youth or in the ethics of business itself." Penal methods are not successfully coping with the crime of theft, for "no matter how rigorous the law or how certain its punishment, embezzlements go on." What, then, is the remedy?

> "The men who are losing their money making good defalcations believe it must be in early education. They have employed a practical investigator and student of child welfare, Dr. William Byron Forbush, author of 'The Boy Problem,' and have commissioned him to enlist the cooperation of school boards, teachers and public welfare institutions of every description throughout the United States in a program of instruction in common honesty. This undertaking infers a condition not at all complimentary to our present agencies of instruction, and those include the home, the school and the church. Are they responsible for the decline in moral standards? Have they let the American boy get away from them? If not, then the responsibility must be passed on to American business, for business usually takes the American boy directly from the home and the school and if he turns out a thief the breakdown in his character has occurred somewhere along this very short line. These agencies must share the responsibility among them until investigation finds the sure spot. If business is now the sufferer, business ought to make sure its teaching and example have not been the corrupting cause. If it can clear itself, it will help to localize the problem."

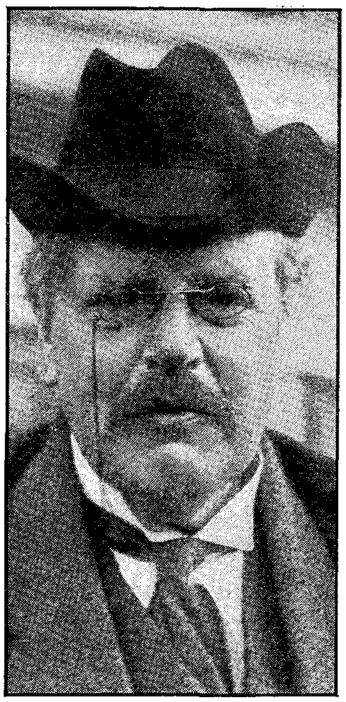
SHALL THE DAUGHTERS WORK?

THE FEMININE INSTINCT for domesticity is not entirely crusht by the modern independence movement and the industrial opportunity presented to women, as is witnessed, in the case of the French women, by a questionnaire recently put to them. The French women have entered into the professions and public activities almost as extensively as American women have done, and recently it occurred to a French newspaper, we are told by the *Rocky Mountain News*, to ask some of the women successful in their particular lines whether, if they have daughters, they wish them to follow in their footsteps. A majority of the answers are decidedly in the negative, the objection being, we are told, not to professional life, but to the particular profession in which the women were engaged. But, notes the *News:*

> "These women all indicated a wish that their daughters should lead domestic lives, some saying so frankly, but no one is quoted as objecting to their entering into some lucrative occupation if necessity requires, tho it must be other than that of their mothers. This is quite in line with the attitude taken by many men who do not favor the entrance of their sons into their own calling, the real reason being that they see the drawbacks and difficulties of their own as of no other occupation. But men expect their sons to engage in some sort of life work, whereas women probably as a class approve of a business career for their daughters only if necessity calls for it, and then only until marriage ends the need of self-support.
>
> "This is natural and feminine and a view likely to prevail in this country as well as in France, in spite of all the industrial and professional opportunities open to women, and the alleged independence given to them by the ballot. Domesticity shifts its characteristics as time goes on. A life spent in cooking, washing dishes and bending over the washtub does not invite the girls of to-day, but they want their own homes none the less."

G. K. CHESTERTON GOES TO ROME

G. K. CHESTERTON has "taken the Pope's shilling," as a Roman Catholic paper puts it, and Rome's gain is the Anglican Church's loss of a brilliant writer and apologist. Tho a disappointment to his Anglican friends, Mr. Chesterton's submission to Rome was not unexpected, we are told, because for many years he had been under the influence of Hilaire Belloc, a well-known Catholic writer, and had for a long time been sympathetic toward the Papacy in his published works. As a prominent Anglican clergyman, Canon Headderly, sees it, the Puritan tendency of the English Church is to blame for the loss of Chesterton. The Anglican treatment of its biggest asset on the intellectual side, he says, according to a dispatch to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "is on a par with our general muddleheadedness as a religious body." Voicing his criticism further, he declares:



A CONVERT TO ROME.
Puritanism, says an Anglican canon, drove G. K. Chesterton out of the Church of England.

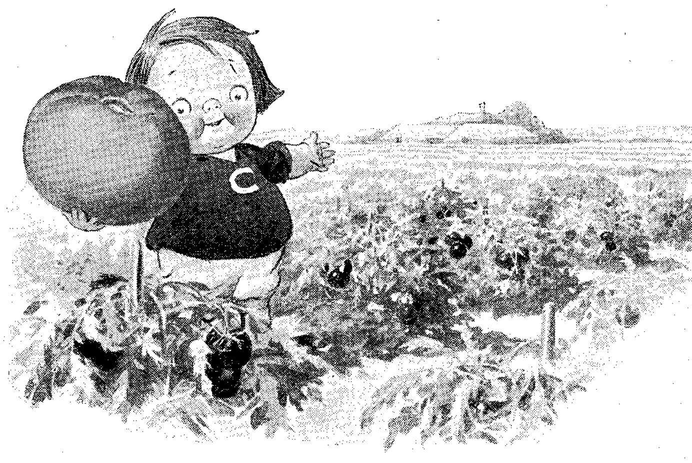
> "We have never had such an apologist as G. K. Chesterton, and yet he has hardly ever figured at a church meeting. We prefer the dull logic of some dry-as-dust professor from Oxford to the sparkling paradox of the greatest wit of the century.
>
> "Religion is still groaning under the weight of Puritanism and kill-joys in this country. Mr. Chesterton would lift us up, but we won't let him. We are still scared by mid-Victorian arguments about science and miracles. G. K. C. would deliver us and keep us orthodox at the same time.
>
> "But we would rather not be set free. Any one who courteously and fairly explodes Puritan fallacies is doing more good than he knows to the cause of true religion in England. Puritanism has virtually destroyed Sunday in thinking to preserve it. It has made religion suspected. It has taken away joy and beauty and love while it was doing work of angels who make merry in heaven. Most of this sad work has been through sheer lack of humor, and this is partly why it can only be undone by humorists like Chesterton."

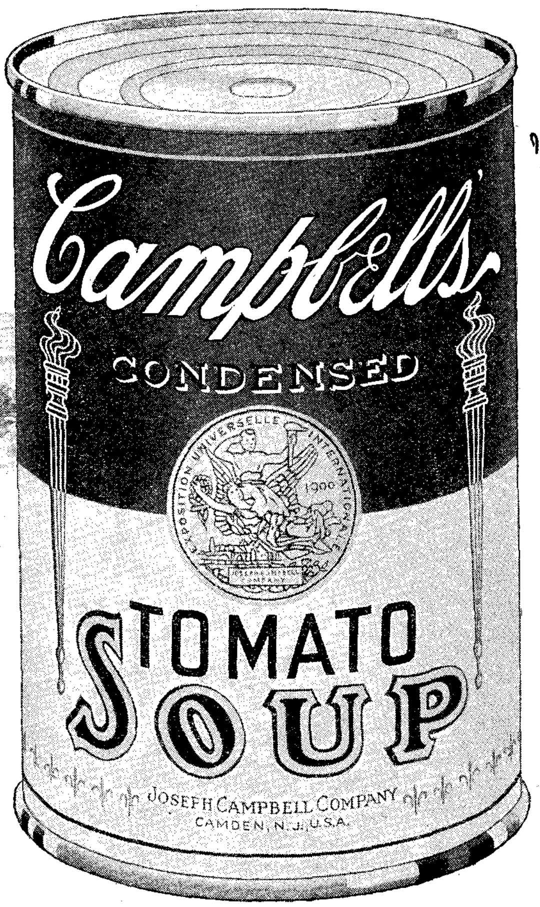
It may seem strange not so much that Mr. Chesterton has gone over to Rome as that he has so long remained in the Anglican communion, says *The Church Times* (London), an Anglican weekly, adding that "what Protestantism has accused Catholicism of doing it is itself doing to-day. It is driving from our Communion the educated laity. Hensonism has never, we believe, attracted one educated man to the Church; it has, we believe, robbed that Church of the genius of G. K. Chesterton and of lesser men who are not content with cold negations." Mr. Chesterton comes into the Roman camp from the open, not from the vicarage garden, remarks the London *Tablet* (Catholic), remembering whence Cardinal Newman came, and "it may well be that Mr. Chesterton's profession of faith, while it does nothing to hamper his own freedom as a man of letters, may put at least some check on the idle and vapid vocabulary of Protestant superstition." Hitherto a free-lance, Mr. Chesterton is now a formally enlisted soldier under the Papal banner;

> "but only the ignorant or the ill-disposed will deny to his future apostolate the vitality and the spontaneity credited to him in the past. For Catholics, indeed, his coming into the Fold, if it should abate some of the pleasure and the pride they had in the friendly and forceful testimony of an acute outsider, removes at once and for ever any misgiving as to the reality and the actuality of all his poetry and all his prose. The word has become the deed. All men may know for certain now that it meant more than an esthetic love for the Middle Ages; it was charged with duty as well as with beauty; it achieved, more than a merely literary sincerity, the largest sincerity in life."

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—INVIGORATING SOUP

If you came down from your home town
To visit Campbell's farms
Your eyes would dance with every glance
At fields just filled with charms!





Acres and acres of the finest tomatoes that grow!

Stretching away as far as the eye can reach! On the great Campbell's farms in fertile New Jersey, the tomato is developed to its full perfection. Vast crops are grown. Seeds from perfected fruit are planted in thousands of acres which yield their luscious harvest to

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is made with this juicy red-ripe flawless fruit, sun-ripened on the vines. Just the pure tonic juices and rich fruity parts strained to a fine, smooth puree enriched with golden butter and spiced to a delicious nicety by the famous Campbell's chefs. What a treat for your appetite!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Delightful variety in Campbell's Soups

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

Your grocer can supply any of these soups

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

CURRENT - POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

THE *Izaak Walton League Monthly* (Chicago) is a newcomer to this department, but its début is auspicious, only the length of the poem outruns our space, hence the compression:

THE RAPE OF THE RIVER

By Robert H. Davis

Up a canyon, on a crystal river,
I was born.
In the springtime its waters,
Mixed with sunshine and shadows,
Tumbled like a man intoxicated,
Always laughing;
Gliding over bowlders,
Through the pools and riffles.
It was full of trout:
Strong, fat, glistening, hard fish.
And this river, as though weary of rolling
And reeling and falling forever downward,
Finally sprawled itself into a valley
And lay there sleeping.
In the summer the trout from the mountain
Followed the diminishing brook into the pool,
Where the water was clear, and deep, and blue,
And the fish were quicker
Than light that is born and dies in the night.
The shadow of hemlock, and birch, and yew
Lay in its mirror.
How still the surface in the pearl of the morning.
Through the forest comes stealing
A wandering zephyr, touching its waters
Which seem at the moment to stir,
As though from soft lips
A woman had breathed
A sigh on a fragment of fur.

II

A kingfisher, high on its lookout,
Gave raucous music, then plunged like a plummet
Emerging dew spangled, returning in victory.
I took my fish with a fly
As we mingled our laughter.
I whipped its head waters
Through the wet of its alders,
The mesh of its willows,
The harsh of its hazels.
Up and down its bowlder-encrusted
Sand-dusted channel, and its pebbly bottom,
I groped on the trail of its swimmers.
My nostrils distended to drink in
The perfume of wild wood,
The tang of the earth,
The pungent aromas that haunted its highways.

. . .

IV

The strength of the mountains came unto me.
I strode the turbulent currents
Under the spell of the red gods
I attended the birth of the daybreak,
The wine of my youth for the christening.
In the crisp of the morning, bereft of my plumage,
I dived like the kingfisher
Into the cool embrace
Of the life-giving waters.
I swam from shore to shore and back again,
Sleeping upon its velvet banks
The sleep of sweet exhaustion.

V

Kings lose their empires,
Rulers surrender their scepters,
The dreamers awake:
I heard a whistle across the valley,
A clock ticked through the silence. . . .
I sensed the whirring of wheels—
The call of commerce.
I smelled the sweat of labor!
I hastened out of the canyon,
Out of the valley
Into the whirlpool of effort—
Jostled by the tides of trade,
Leaving behind me my kingdom in the hills,
The cadences of nature, the voices of the forest,
The soft diapasons, intangible largo, rising and falling.
Low voices calling—
Woodland's own argot,
Memory's organry.

VI

Time flies on the wings of youth.
Three score years roll by. . . .

VII

Back again! Home again! Life again!
Breasting the rarefied air of the mountains,
With my rod in my hand,
And a creel on my hip,
And a dozen or so of friendly old flies—
You've seen the speckled trout rise.
A heart full of hope, and the passion that burns
In the breast of the prodigal son who returns. . . .
Where are the landmarks?
Why broods the mountain?
Has the world grown old?
Is the timber thin on the hill-top?
Has the warm south wind grown cold?
I plunge through the dusty bracken
With insatiable hunger.
Again I shall gaze upon the canyon
And the wild and the still waters.
Parting the underbrush with tremulous hand. . . .
At last!
With muted lips and panicked heart I see,
Through tears that blind my eyes,
A ravished landscape, and a ruined stream.
My still beloved hills denuded,
And the canyon—where once a myriad living springs
Wept in ecstasy—now parched and dry.
Chaos only reigns supreme;
Nightmare's slaughter of a dream.
Forest and stream in grief had died,
By the vandals crucified.

VIII

Something like mounds in a graveyard
Lay on the banks of the pool. . . .
Dust of death from a saw-mill,

. . . . . .

Hope springs eternal in the human breast
Only to die.
All the tears that one could shed were useless
In that hallowed glen
Now null and void.
The crystal stream had ceased to flow;
The valley lay stricken and athirst.
The moss had hardened on the granite stone,
The birds had flown,
The trout had passed into the dust,
Their gleaming jewels turned to rust.
A vast and terrible silence lay brooding.

MUCH is made of the fact that when the novelist, W. H. Hudson, died in England, no cable apprized us of it. We had to wait to read it in the English papers. "In his silent woodland way, he slipt off to the Purple Land shortly after Northcliffe's death, while all the papers were full of the career of the newspaper owner. Under the cover of that clamor he blew. We do not apologize for the slang word—there is great poetry in it." Says Christopher Morley in the New York *Evening Post* while he prints there these lines:

IN REMEMBRANCE

(The author of "Green Mansions," died August 18, 1922)

By Marian Storm

When the clock ticks too loudly, counting the pulse of night,
When dawn with a face like twilight's comes to the pane,
Often I open my eyes on your desert of utmost grief, O master,
That soundless plain
Where a man might sit for a thousand years like a stone,
Brooding, his head bowed over his knees—
"In the middle of a vast plain," alone,
While nights go by like these.

I remember—A misty serpent hung from the cliff,
That night when at last your fever of journeying broke,
To wave you back from Roraima.
Ah, if
Her snowy ashes, as light as smoke,
Mingled with roots and herbs weighed down your heart.
They kindled before your gaze a numbing vision:
An endless serpent (creature of opulent art!)
Crawling to match your steps in his cold derision,
Vengeful for that dark snake that you killed in his sleep,
With the "blue-white, icy, lidless eyes"
That still in the jungle reproachful vigil keep
Though the slayer flies.

In the echoing midnight
You shouted into the forest for her who would never again be there,
Finding her wilderness rapture in your Green Mansions—
The light at play on her strangely sparkling hair.
Could it be a race of little "troubadour monkeys,"
Strumming up in the boughs, guitar on knee?
It was only her speech, the tongue of a vanished people
Who spoke in a far off time, melodiously:
A people who went to their end with her, in fire,
Whom only you could see.

Green Mansions, leaves of the woods, endure not here.
The berries are blazing out on the mountain ash
In the North where you never came.
It is almost time for our hummingbirds to flash
Over the Gulf to your land of sleeping flame.
But following that "low star" past the cruel savanna,
Your acolyte would find
Forever rebuilt in the South your murmuring Mansions,
And undivined
In many a spirit, green as those leaves forever,
One tragical story shrined.

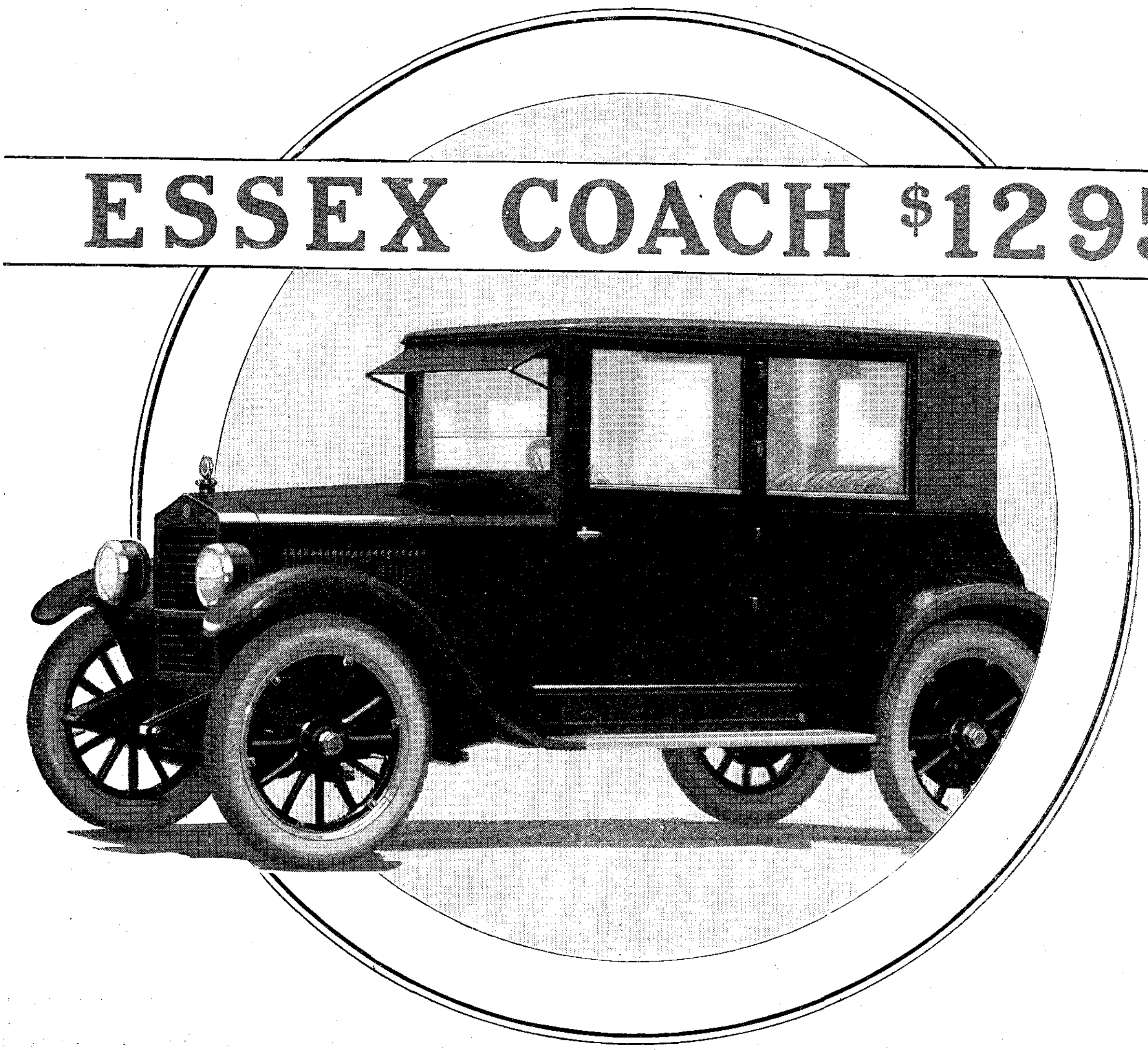
THE sonata is, perhaps, grown too formal for our moderns, but the "commonplace" song suggested here as an alternative is always with us. Overtones of Browning, but even more introversions than he used, are found in these lines from the London *Saturday Review:*

SONATA

By Richard Church

Singing this lullaby lilt of honey-sweet words,
Utterly meaningless, lady, made for your ear,
Made in a moment when purpose and aim are but dim
Chimera beating their wings in the heat like birds
Whose spring-nests are built; made when the summer thoughts swim
Trembling with shame . . .
. . . suddenly visions of him,
Him the musician, your lover, cold in his love,
Old in his dreams and the cunning of soul-tangled themes,
Spun from one fine note, vibrating fold upon fold
—Who knows how it is done?—sound-flowers dilating
Petal on petal, round upon round, boldly unrolled
From flower to pennon, from pennon to banner,
—You know the ineffable manner, the heart-breaking toss
Of the hair from the ear; the sense of unbearable loss
In the lift of the fingers, while the *dénouement*
Lingers . . . notes wait, drift over time . . .
Hope floats in the void. . . . By the *way*, you wrong
Him; you're annoyed. Don't load him with hate,
Remember his scope, incredible!—That is no crime.
Shall I sing you a commonplace song?

ESSEX COACH $1295



All Year Utility

Owners like it— the highest praise

Closed car owners will find the Essex Coach gives all essential utilities for which they have paid far more in the past.

It is sturdy, good looking and comfortable for year round service. The body stays tight and quiet. Doors keep their snug fit. Upholstery and rugs are made of long wearing materials. The Coach is ideal for family use.

Lightness, economy and reliability also make it unusually serviceable in business and professional use. It has large carrying capacity in the locker, opened from the rear. Controls operate easily. The mileage on tires, gasoline and oil is exceptionally high.

It is the habit of Essex owners everywhere to expect a great deal of their cars.

Of course it is simply because Essex cars, year after year, have added such proofs of long, dependable, economical service, that these characteristics are fixed in the minds of everyone.

You, too, may have the sort of satisfaction that wins such warm praise from all Essex owners.

Touring, $1095 **Cabriolet, $1195** **Coach, $1295**
Freight and Tax Extra

Essex Motors—Detroit, Michigan

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

KING ALFONSO'S PIGMIES

THREE FEET TALL—sometimes a little more, tho often less—a race of barbarous natives have come to light in Spain and caught the attention of King Alfonso, who plans to take them out of their windowless mud hovels, scatter them among the normal population, and give them a chance to become civilized. As an anonymous contributor to the *International Interpreter* writes, their condition has been a forbidden subject until of late. We read:

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JUST FOR CONTRAST.

Here we have King Alfonso making up to a beautiful child at Deauville. Full-grown natives in "Darkest Spain" are scarcely taller. He befriends them also, and in a more practical way.

> Sometimes in the past it may have happened that the intelligent and studious traveler, having established friendly relations with a gentleman of Madrid, has inquired of him as to a subject of mystery upon which he may not only have failed to gather information, but may have been confronted with a forbidding shyness at the mere mention of it, the subject of conversation having then been swiftly and significantly changed. Long years ago, when the present correspondent was making it his business to become acquainted with every part of the country, and as many of the people in it as possible, the manager of a bank, in discussing with him the fierce contrasts of Spain—and we were thinking then of the splendor of the new banks that were being raised in Madrid—told him that out on western borders, a shade southwest of Salamanca, nigh unto the Portuguese frontier, there was a part of Spain that was "utterly abandoned," that was unrecognized and unattended as far as possible by the state, that was "darkest Spain," most pitiful, and seemingly unredeemable by any modern Spanish Government.
>
> This region, which he said was inhabited by people who until recently had never seen bread, lived in huts of sticks and mud, were fearfully attenuated physically, were wholly illiterate and knew nothing of newspapers, and were so much afraid of the strong, confident people from other parts that on their rare approach they, the natives, often fled, and where the full-grown boy had often not three feet of stature, is known as Las Jurdes, or sometimes it is written Las Hurdes. It is rarely marked on small maps, but is to be found on big ones due south about twenty or thirty miles from Ciudad Rodrigo, near to a range of hills called the Sierra de Gato, and largely in the valley of Las Batuecas. In the valley are a number of small hamlets or collections of huts of the kind indicated, with a hole for a door, windowless, airless, foul. Some seven thousand people live here in this way under appalling conditions of degeneracy.
>
> When the matter was mentioned to others who it was thought might know about it, they looked coldly at the interrogator as if offended. Spain turned its back on Las Jurdes; it was ashamed of it, of its own part in its condition. Mr. Blanco Belmonte, who penetrated there and pitied so much what he saw, read a paper upon it to the Royal Geographical Society of Spain. The listeners almost wept, but nothing more happened. Later the writer went nearer the source and gathered information. There was a reference to it in what was written here a few weeks ago upon the strange condition of things and living on the road from Algeciras to Cadiz. But very few Spaniards even have ever been to Las Jurdes. It was considered an indelicacy, almost unpatriotic, to refer to it in articles. Our good friend and most brilliant writer, "Azorin," once did so in working upon the thesis that the first conquest to which Spain should give attention was the conquest of Spain herself. Unamuno, rector at Salamanca, and a very few others have complained about it.

Now, however, all Spain is discussing Las Jurdes — the newspapers, the Cortez, Spaniards everywhere—and, as the writer in the *International Interpreter* tells us,

> This abandoned land, presenting a scene of infinite desolation, has even been made the subject of reports by various personages of eminence, one of whom has directed to the King what is described as an "eloquent memorial," in which he specifies fifteen conditions for the cure of Las Jurdes, among which are the establishment of schools, the improvement of agriculture, the starting of posts, telegraphs and telephones, and the appointment of a royal commission. All this is because the King himself, in a most knightly manner and upon his own initiative, set out for Las Jurdes, rode and walked through it, entered the hovels, inquired of the people, and found things out for himself. He did this when the rest of Spain would not, and thus he has set what we must needs call a fashion after all.
>
> This was another of Don Alfonso's inspirations. One of the most brilliant of all Madrilenians, a student of all the arts and sciences, the most intimate friend of the famous writer, the late Perez Galdos, Dr. Gregorio Marañon has talked to him about it. Full of enthusiasm for doing venturesome things, with national interest supporting them, the King, immediately on his return from his visit to Barcelona, determined impulsively upon going through Las Jurdes. "But, sire," they said in astonishment, "there are no roads; your automobile can not pass." Don Alfonso answered, "Then I will ride on horseback, or walk." "But there is no place for your Majesty to eat and sleep," they protested; but he answered, "We will eat under the shadow of the trees, and we will carry tents in which to sleep." And he and a small company, persons competent to examine and recommend, did so accordingly. They motored as far as they could, and when they came to the confines of Las Jurdes they took to horse. Sometimes the rough hilly track was such that the horses stumbled on it, and then Don Alfonso dismounted and led his steed by the bridle. In all he rode some two hundred kilometers [120 miles] and much of it was done in a tremendous heat that caused more than one of the party to drop out.
>
> The extent of Las Jurdes territory is about eight leagues by six [24 by 18 miles] mostly in a valley, and it comprises several

World-Wide Wireless

from every Postal Telegraph Office and Call Box

AMERICAN business men realize that world competition, as well as domestic, was never keener—that the rewards will go to those who intelligently use every honorable medium of progress and success.

The modern medium of international business and personal communication is World-Wide Wireless which, through an arrangement recently perfected by the Radio Corporation of America with the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, is now made available from all parts of the United States to Europe, Africa, India, and the Near East.

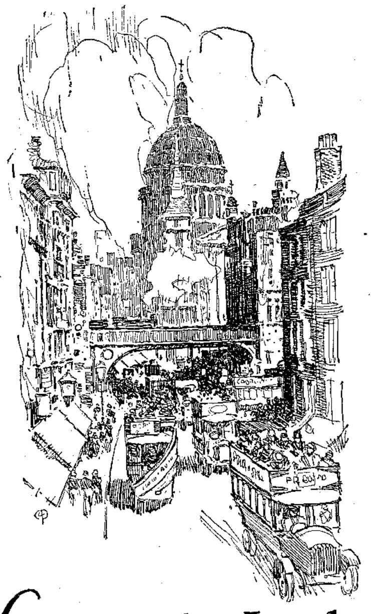
Via RCA
over the Postal Telegraph land lines

The biggest and most successful banking houses in New York and San Francisco for several years have been stimulating their foreign business through the World-Wide Wireless of the Radio Corporation of America. Business men in distant cities, having New York connections, have even telephoned their messages, directing that they go forward as Radiograms and thus receive instant attention.

You will find that Radio is a stimulant in obtaining business abroad. European business men are using radio extensively to communicate with their business connections here and in other distant countries.

Nation-wide access to the powerful radio sending stations of the Radio Corporation of America is now provided over the land lines of the Postal Telegraph. You can telephone your Radiogram to any of their offices, or use their call-box, or step into the nearest office and send your message. You will be instantly in touch with the foreign capitals of the world through World-Wide Wireless.

[NOTE: In New York, San Francisco and Washington, the Radio Corporation of America will continue as heretofore to maintain its own collection and distribution system]



Good morning, London!

LONDON'S Wall Street is called "The City." Top hats and frock coats, quite in order there, are seldom seen in Whitechapel, with its dense swarms of tenement dwellers, its raucous cries and its pitiful squalor. Piccadilly and the Strand, with their theatres and their shows and crowded streets, buses moving heavily but skillfully through the most congested traffic in the world, are half-brothers to Broadway and Fifth Avenue. There, as in fashionable Rotten Row, or around the Parliament buildings on the Embankment, or shopping in Bond Street, you are surprised at the number of visiting Americans you run across. And at 64 Broad Street, New York, where the Central Radio office of the Radio Corporation of America is located—the link to the world's powerful sending station—the radio operators think of London as "right across the street."

Radio Corporation of America

WORLD WIDE WIRELESS

233 Broadway, New York

small hamlets of a sort. The houses are as described, simply made of mud and sticks, without windows, without furniture, and mostly without any kinds of beds. The people live in them in company with their cattle and pigs; they eat practically nothing but vegetables, and, cut off from the outside world, lacking all the means and encouragements of civilization, possessing, indeed, in the whole range of Las Jurdes, a few little schools of a strange sort, these people have, by dint of disease and intermarriage, fallen to a sad state of degeneracy which is plainly indicated in their shortened bodies and their stupid countenances. It is well said that they are not more than half alive.

King Alfonso was deeply touched. In hamlet after hamlet, after talking with the people, he distributed money and other things among them. But Alfonso was not only affected in his sympathies, he saw that here was misery that demanded a lasting cure and that he, the King, must get the cure applied. We are told:

He was two or three days on this expedition, and one night in the tents he discust keenly with the experts who were with him the possibilities of an improvement in the state of things which he said could not be tolerated any longer—as indeed, now that the world knows about it, it can not. The journey among the hamlets was a lugubrious, a painfully solemn thing.

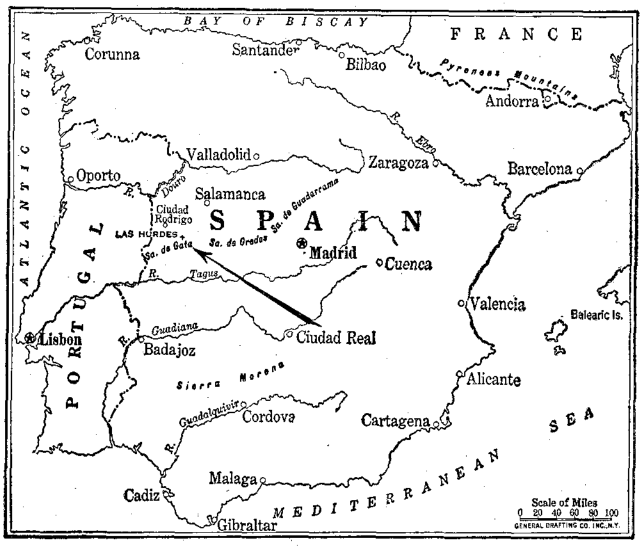
One day the King was in the saddle or leading his horse for more than ten hours, and passed through some of the worst parts. He came to Martinandran, which is about the very worst, consisting of some twenty-five huts or holes in the ground, with about a hundred people living therein, and not a breath of air to enter any of them save through what would be called the doorways. As the royal cavalcade approached this Martinandran, a strange silence and stillness seemed to hang over it and possess it. When they came up to it, they found that there was not a living person there; it had been abandoned. But this mystery was cleared soon afterward, when it was discovered that every one of these miserables had gone tramping through the valley and over the hills to meet the King, and had perhaps been up with him somewhere. The party waited for a time, and the people came back, and what the King saw in their faces, and what he felt on examining their conditions, shall not be stated. He went on his way in melancholy. He was glad at length to be out of it all.

Before he had left Las Jurdes, Don Alfonso had quite determined what was the best thing to do with it, and his conception was his own, and was in fact in opposition to that propounded by the experts in the form of reports. The King's scheme, which is virtually the national decision, is probably the best and the most efficient one. The others reported in favor of making roads, schools, installing telegraphs and telephones, and doing all sorts of standard civilization things, which in the course of time, long, long time, would perhaps bring Las Jurdes to a higher level of life.

No, said the King; it is slow and uncertain. The thing to do is to remove all these people immediately to other parts, set them to mix among others, and so raise their standard of life and their capacity in a way they could never be raised if they remain only among themselves. And when they have all been taken away to various parts, the thing to do with Las Jurdes is to burn it out complete, everything. Afterward, there will be plenty of time to consider whether any good can be made to come from that land.

This will probably be done, and soon. It is surely an extraordinary but necessary procedure. A whole race, as it were, to be moved, a whole district between twenty and thirty miles long to be burnt and destroyed.

One of the difficulties, perhaps the only one, and a strange one, is that these miserable people have after all an affection for the piece of land on which they live, and do not want to leave. It is said that one of the chief causes that has brought it to its present state is the lack of trees, which former dwellers in these parts cut down greedily.



WHERE KING ALFONSO'S PIGMIES LIVE.

PROSPERITY AMONG BEGGARS

"A FAT BEGGAR," says Mark Synon, dean of Greater New York's 16,000 professional mendicants and reputed to be a $22-a-day man with money in three banks and a farm in Connecticut—"a fat beggar isn't worth the powder to blow him up. He's an offense in the sight of the charitable and a drag on the industry." So Mr. Synon objects strongly to legless beggars. "They have to squat in one place and get fat," he remarks in an interview granted to a reporter for the New York *Tribune*, who tells us:

Synon spoke derisively of the sudden police activity against New York City mendicants. He said more than $15,000,000 is collected annually by professional alms-seekers in Greater New York. If it were not for "the heavy split," he added, begging would be more profitable than it is for those who actually gather the cash.

"The way things are," said this bearded mendicant, "we have to obey orders and stick to assigned territory. If I could pick my location, I'd be making more money. I suppose there has been a holler because the big boys up top wouldn't stand for turning over the whole pot. You know how it is, with a campaign coming and every angle being worked for cash. We guys in the street don't know a lot of what's going on. The organization officers handle 60 per cent. of our takings and attend to squeals when there are any.

"All the stuff about 'Shortcard' Malone being the cause of this row with the police because of trouble he had over his automobile is plain bunk. Everybody on the inside knows what started the round-up. It began more than three months ago and has been working up to a climax. The bulls picked up 'Tinpot' Taylor by mistake. He's a regular. Most of the men locked up are just trimmers. The bulls are making a front. That's all it amounts to. I'd like to get a ruling on Taylor's game. He's an artist.

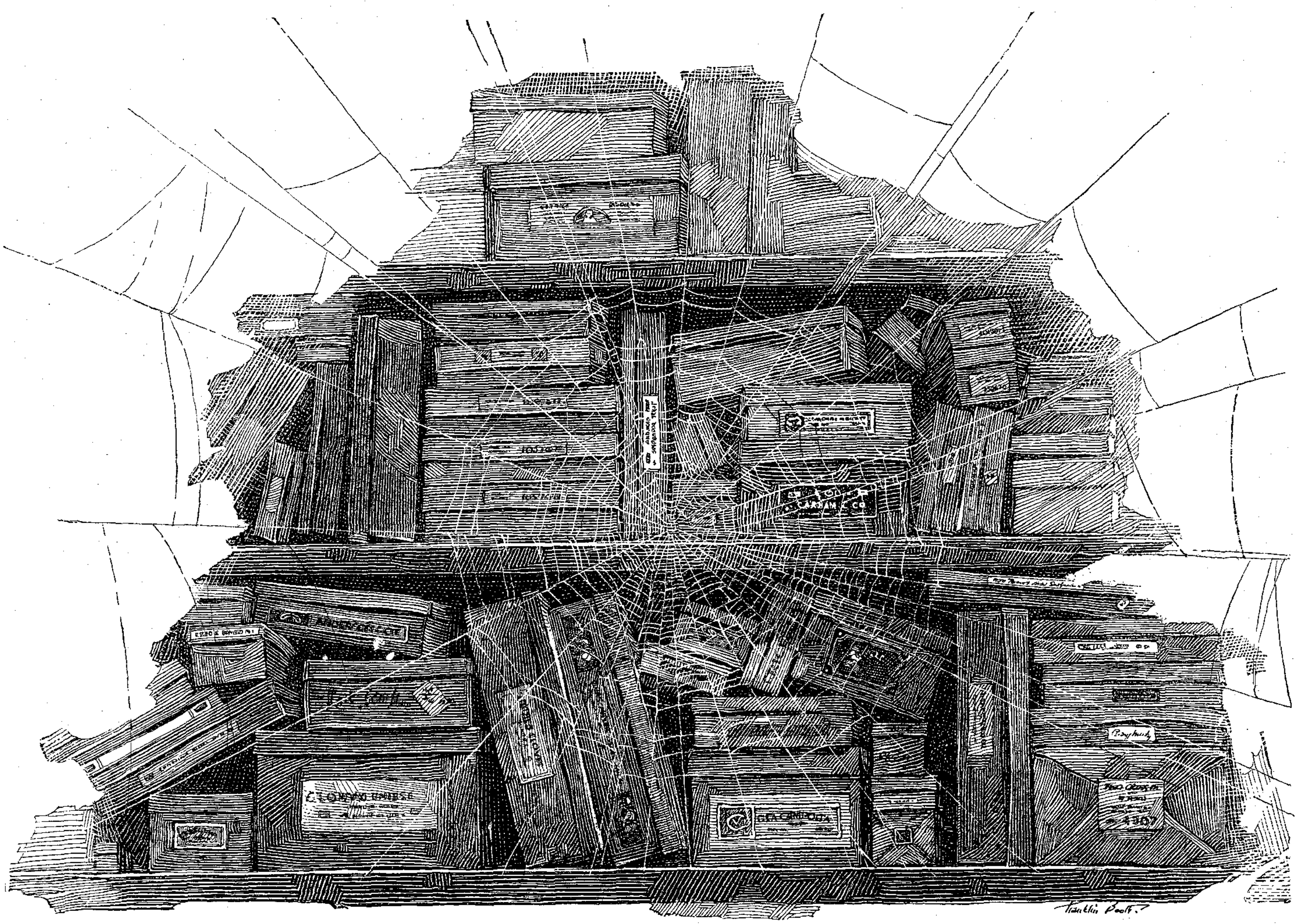
"There are some fine points of law relating to the profession of begging. Is there any law to prevent a man walking down a city street with his hat in his hand instead of on his head? Believe me, there ain't. Of course the man carrying his hat mustn't panhandle. He's got to keep moving, holding his hat in his hand. He may bow politely to ladies and give every man he meets the sad eye. If he does that from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. anywhere in Broadway, for instance, I'll give him $10 a day for an honest fifty-fifty split. This is the most charitable town on God's green earth. It's an easy-money town.

"I used to cover a beat in this town thirty years ago when 'Blinky' Lewis was in charge. The big boss now is a lot smarter than Blinky, and he was no slouch. He kept headquarters down behind 180 Park Row, back of 'Diamond Dan' O'Rourke's.

"'Tinpot' Taylor, which is my pard's professional name, was one of Lewis's best bets. He worked the onion trick. That guy could cry all day—used to knot a raw onion into the handkerchief he wiped his eyes with and sob his heart out. Most of the gang that operated then are dead. There was 'Pegleg' Blondin, 'Curley' Wells, 'Scarface' Porter and 'Jimmy the Fireman'—whose real name was Hinds. He used to be a fireman. Both arms were amputated after he was smashed up in a crash between a ladder truck and hose-cart in Twenty-third Street.

"Professionals in New York to-day are mere collectors. They don't get the divvy Lewis used to allow, but then they gather a lot more coin. The trouble with this organized and efficiency experted game is that it destroys initiative. If a man pulls anything new he gets called down or else they let him go ahead with it and assess him for increased revenue. It's the same way in big business wherever you go. Any boob that invents something and thinks he's going to be a millionaire finds out his mistake. Somebody takes him into partnership."

Synon referred to "floating panhandlers" as unworthy of public support. He made no objection to their operations, he added, because nine out of ten knew nothing and "couldn't



THE UNPRODUCTIVE DOLLAR

A NATIONAL association of wholesale merchants, planning to extend credit assistance to worthy retailers in need of financial aid, investigated the causes of success or failure in thousands of retail stores.

In almost every case where a retailer was unsuccessful, investigation showed among the contributing causes:—

First, that the unsuccessful retailer carried so many competitive lines of merchandise that he could not afford to carry a complete line of any one:

Second, that the bulk of his stock consisted of merchandise which possessed no known and recognized value among the trade and the public.

Since 1914, statisticians have covered reams of paper figuring the fluctuation of the dollar from month to month. But the most important fact about the fluctuation of the dollar is one that eludes the statistician and cannot be encompassed by his figures.

For, in the last analysis, the value of a dollar depends upon the wisdom with which it is invested.

Experience has proved that a thousand dollars' worth of known and recognized merchandise *represents more money* than a thousand dollars' worth of merchandise of which the public has never heard.

The dollar invested in advertised merchandise is a working dollar in good times and bad. It does not wait for buyers. It makes them.

The dollar invested in merchandise which creates no demand for itself is an idle dollar. It does not make buyers. It waits for them.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

Jim Henry's Column

I have been studying how to write advertisements

I have been making an earnest effort recently to master the technique of regular professional advertising writers and the following paragraphs are an expression of my progress.

The Man who knows is the man who grows (ain't that snappy?)

You—discriminating in judgment—demanding the world's best—you are the man for whom Mennen Shaving Cream is made.

This marvelous achievement of science marks the zenith of soap making. It is inconceivable that better soap could be made. It works with lightning speed, softens the most stubborn beard instantly and afterwards your face enjoys the sensation of relaxed content ordinarily experienced only after the hot towel massage of a skilled barber.

There's happiness in every shave. Dull razors seem sharp—tough beards seem tenderest down.

Demand Mennen's—accept no substitute.

That's about as far as my advertising vocabulary will go as yet—somehow I never have been able to accumulate more words than I need to carry on an ordinary conversation.

But there's something wrong with that new style. I can't quite put my finger on the trouble, but it doesn't sound true. Perhaps it's because it isn't true. A superlative statement rarely is true.

Mennen's isn't a marvelous achievement of science—it's just almighty good shaving cream. It doesn't work instantly—no shaving soap or cream does. The longer you take to work up the lather, the better will be the shave. That last statement about the hot towel massage sort of skirts the outer edges of the truth, for your face does feel great after a Mennen Shave.

After all, I guess I'll stick to my own style.

Now don't forget—three things you have been meaning to do are to send for and try Mennen Talcum for Men—Kora-Konia and my demonstrator tube of Mennen Shaving Cream. To get it off your mind, I'll send all three for 10 cents.

Jim Henry
(*Mennen Salesman*)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

MENNEN
MENNEN
SHAVING
CREAM

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

> collect day wages in Grand Central Terminal." He attributed a recent slump in receipts of professional mendicants in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and other large Eastern cities to bad management of "the men up-stairs."
>
> "They had the best thing in the world here in New York," Synon growled. "What happened? They thought there was no limit and began crowding their luck. For five months we have had at least 1,000 more men working than ought to have been employed. They got too greedy. There's beggars in the subway stations and every other place that men and women pass through except railway stations, where they are not permitted.
>
> "The big drive was bound to bring reaction. Influential men have been complaining about conditions. The police sent word several months ago to cut down. Well, politicians had their way. Now we're up against a roar that will knock the game dead for a year. I figure on going to my farm in Connecticut."

The "roar" began a few evenings ago when detectives arrested beggars by the dozen and inaugurated a scene thus described by the *Tribune:*

> Some in rags and some in tags, but almost all accompanied by wives in the next thing to velvet gowns, the beggars of New York were rounded up last night by detectives of Chief Inspector Lahey's squad. About 11.30 the first contingent of prisoners began hobbling into Night Court on crutches, or tap-tapping their way in, guided only by their canes. There was a squeaking of wheels and a clatter of sticks on the floor, and then they were all lined up before Magistrate Hatting.
>
> There was a negro woman there who had been caught stealing pennies from a blind man who seemed to be doing a better trade than she was, despite the fact that both her legs were crippled. There was a man who thought he ought to get off easy because he only worked Saturday nights, tho he admitted that he made about $40 in a few hours when he did put on his old clothes and start rolling his legless body around on a skate. There was another legless man so ferocious that one of the detectives who arrested him had to have his hand cauterized to prevent infection from a bite.
>
> There was a man seventy-four years old, and there were boys in their twenties. There was a man who thought his arrest an outrage because he couldn't help it if people would put money in his hat without buying his laces. There were two men who supported a wife and three children apiece, and had their better halves brought into court to prove that they were conscientious family men.
>
> And there was a man who thought enough harm had been done to the trade by the story that one of the fraternity rolled around in a limousine behind a chauffeur when he got out of his begging clothes. He said his business had fallen off from $40 a day to $10, and did not see why under those circumstances he should be haled into court.
>
> All these problems very evidently perplexed Magistrate Hatting, but the final blow came when the problem of finger-printing a couple of the armless kind came up. He conferred at length with the Bertillion man and then ordered that their toes should be used for the purpose. The expert said the marks might look funny at first, but that if a lot came in he could get accustomed to the idea.

That New York's beggars are principally humbugs has long been known, it seems, for a paragrapher in the New York *Times* remarks,

> Some of us remember fondly the complex cripple who stood in front of City Hall Park for years. One night a frenzy seized him. He threw his appealing crutches across Broadway. He danced madly on perfect legs. It was hard to blame an "imposition on the public" so spiritedly played, tossed away, resumed. There was the blind pencil merchant whose day station was by Trinity Churchyard. At night, bright-eyed and well-drest, he dined in good restaurants and hailed with an engaging impudence any downtown customers who happened to recognize him. There was a tramp who collected pennies and nickels in cafés. Prosperous, clean-shaven, in clothes well-cut, he passed his evenings in "bucking the tiger" in Ann Street.
>
> These men and their co-mates kept up the long jovial tradition of their trade, much relished in literature. Why do we give money to a beggar of whose need or sincerity we know nothing? To gratify our vanity, show our superiority? It might be maintained plausibly that the exchange of pretenses between the beggar man and his patrons is just about equal. Why shouldn't we rejoice in the prosperity of beggars? Remember Lamb's story of the bank clerk who got his five-hundred-pound legacy from "some blind Bartimeus" in whose hat he had dropt half a penny for twenty years. Bread upon the waters!

Even legless beggars can prosper, it seems. Indeed, the suddenly revealed opulence of a legless pencil-peddler was what led the police to declare war on beggars, as it struck them that a pencil-peddler with an automobile and his own chauffeur overdid matters quite outrageously. A reporter from the *Times* called upon him after the storm had burst, and writes:

> Propt up in his bed in his suite of two rooms and bath at the Hotel Marlborough, Broadway and Thirty-sixth Street, Horton Malone bewailed the publicity which threatens to ruin his thriving business. He and his wife spend their winters in the South and they have just returned from a two months' stay at Lake Mohasic. Through a misadventure which befel the cripple's chauffeur it developed that the legless Malone was an enterprising and successful pencil peddler.
>
> The chauffeur, David Morrison, was arrested in Malone's car about two weeks ago with a man and woman who aroused the suspicions of the police. Morrison employed two lawyers to defend him. When he was freed after several days he paid only one. The other attached Malone's car for $116.
>
> The attachment was a shock to Malone. He declared that he had no money and would have to forfeit the car.
>
> "That's not the worst of it," he added, "the papers are getting this and will play me up as a 'rich beggar.' If I am, I'm a mighty poor rich beggar. They talk about

DU PONT

For 120 years du Pont Chemical Engineers have contributed to the country's safety in times of war!

SINCE the nation's founding, War, terrible but inexorable, has *five* times visited the land—and *five* times has the du Pont Company proved a dependable source of strength in the country's time of danger—ready with sufficient explosives to meet the needs of the nation's defenders.

* * *

THE story of du Pont's service to the country is an inspiring one. For since its earliest days, the country's means of defense has been among the most important of this Company's service.

And rightly so, for since 1802, when at Thomas Jefferson's invitation, E. I. du Pont de Nemours set up on the Brandywine River the first powder mill in America, du Ponts have been powder-makers to the United States Government.

The history of the du Pont Company is a story that is inseparably interwoven with the nation's history—a story that ranges through the century from Perry's jubilant "We have met the enemy and they are ours," to Pershing's reverent "Lafayette, we are here"—a story in which "Old Zach" Taylor across the Rio Grande, Grant before Vicksburg and Dewey at Manila Bay are heroic figures—a story of work and research always with the thought in mind that when America was forced to fight, she might have at her hand the best explosives and munitions science knew, and in the ever-increasing quantities that she needed.

There is, indeed, no finer illustration of du Pont's service and efficiency than in the records of the last war. Starting in 1914 with a capacity of only 12,000,000 pounds of smokeless powder a year, it increased its volume until it was producing 440,000,000 pounds a year, supplying 40% of the Allies' explosives, and at the same time *voluntarily* reduced its price in the course of three years from $1 a pound to less than 50c!

* * *

YET, great as the du Pont Company's services to the country have been in times of war, those are only the occasional services, for, happily, war comes but rarely. And it is the unsung services of the du Pont organization in times of peace that are truly remarkable.

The du Pont Company has been one of the leaders in the application of chemistry to the country's industries—one of the leaders in developing the most remarkable figure of the twentieth century—the Chemical Engineer.

Since its earliest beginnings, the du Pont Company has been building upon the foundations of chemistry. Not only was E. I. du Pont de Nemours himself a chemist, who had studied with the celebrated Lavoisier in Paris, but the manufacture of explosives was then and is now one of the industries that most require the services of the chemist.

As explosives increased in complexity and called for increasing chemical knowledge, the du Pont Company, little by little gathered to itself many of the keenest minds in the science and built up one of the finest chemical staffs in America, a staff not only of research chemists, but of men who knew manufacturing as well as the science of chemistry—men who were Chemical Engineers.

Now, the Chemical Engineer is a rare mingling of abilities. He is a chemist who can take the discoveries made on the experimental scale of the laboratories and put them into production on the larger scale of commerce. He is the man who has brought to the doors of industry new substances, new uses for long-used substances, uses for products that once were waste, and processes that cut the cost of manufacturing and made possible the century's wonderful strides in commerce.

And the du Pont Company's assistance in developing the Chemical Engineer and introducing him into his rightful place in American industry is not the least of the du Pont Company's services to the country.

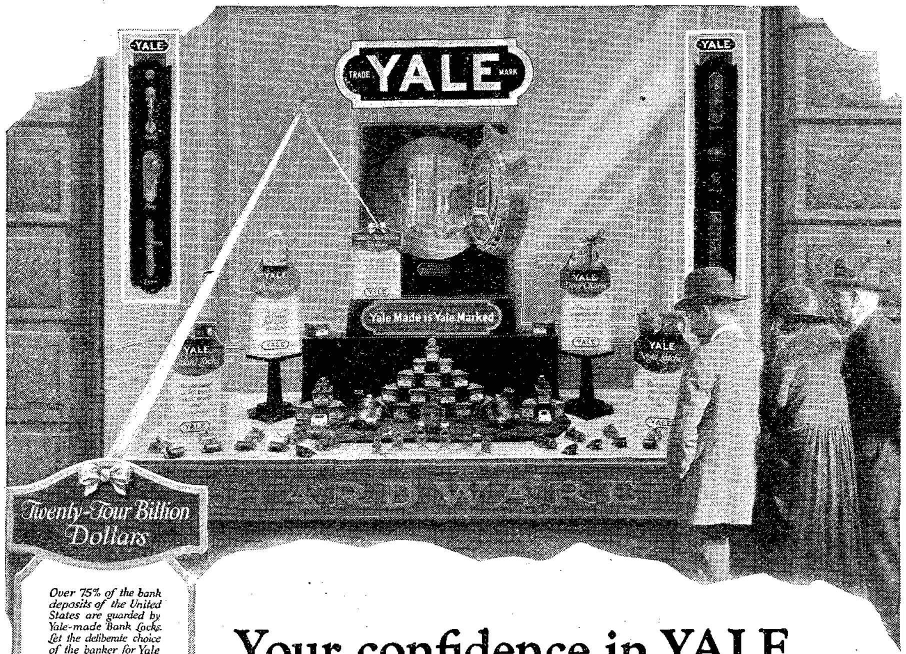
* * *

BUT yet another service has come through the Chemical Engineer—the family of du Pont products that carry the du Pont Oval. There is Fabrikoid for upholstery, luggage and bindings of books, not to mention half a hundred other uses—there is Pyralin from which toiletware for your wife's dressing table is made and many other articles—there are paints, varnishes, enamels, lacquers—there are dyes—there are many chemicals that America's industries must have—seemingly non-related, yet all of them the legitimate children of a manufacturer of explosives, for the basic materials or processes that go to the making of each of them are similar to those that du Pont Chemical Engineers use in the making of explosives—and it is only through the manufacture of such products as Fabrikoid and Pyralin and dyestuffs in times of peace that the du Pont Company can be sure of being prepared for its larger service—that of insuring means for the nation's defense in times of war.

This is one of a series of advertisements published that the public may have a clearer understanding of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and its products.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, Inc., *Wilmington, Del.*

TRADE DU PONT MARK



Twenty-Four Billion Dollars

Over 75% of the bank deposits of the United States are guarded by Yale-made Bank Locks. Let the deliberate choice of the banker for Yale quality guide you in equipping your home.

YALE

Your confidence in YALE is securely founded

MORE than 75% of all the banks in the United States are Yale equipped. From the intricate and massive time-locks of the great bank vaults to the compact lever-tumbler locks on the safe deposit boxes in which you keep your valuables—the name YALE stands out as the mark of security.

That name has the banker's confidence. He knows that the name YALE on a lock signifies the highest attainable security—yet YALE means no more on a bank lock or safe-deposit lock than on the night latches, guard locks, dead locks and builders' locks made by Yale for home protection.

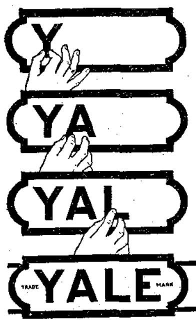
Just as your bank and your money are Yale protected so should be your home. It is no less important.

A Yale lock on your entrance door, or any other door, commands the respect alike of those who hold the right Yale key and of those who would attempt to force an entry. The burglar turns aside for a more vulnerable lock. He knows he cannot pass.

The Yale locks of today are the Yale locks of 50 years ago, *plus 50 years of leadership in the building of better locks for every purpose.*

Our dealers are now displaying a notable window exhibit of Yale products. Where you see that window display you'll find a dealer worthy of your confidence.

Yale products are sold only by reliable dealers everywhere.



The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.

Stamford, Conn., U. S. A. Canadian works at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE MADE IS YALE MARKED

Padlocks, Night Latches, Dead Locks, Builders' Locks and Trim, Cabinet Locks, Trunk Locks, Automobile Locks, Bank Locks, Prison Locks, Door Closers, Electric Industrial Trucks, Chain Blocks, Electric Hoists, Trolleys

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

my suite at the Marlborough. It's an inexpensive two rooms. I'd have only one if my mother-in-law weren't visiting me for a few weeks, and next week my wife and I are moving into a small flat uptown.

"They talk of my winters in the South. I work sixteen hours a day every day in the South. I'm a concessionaire at fairs, and I have a doll stand, while my wife manages a sandwich and coffee stand. We make enough that way to carry us through the summers with my pencil-vending in New York."

In the corner of the room stood an intricately made pair of artificial legs which the pencil-vender uses in the evening when, silk-shirted and carefully clad, he goes out with his wife.

Not all professional beggars thrive, however, for sometimes the money taken in goes mostly to their managers—a state of things brought to light when John Sladhta testified in the night court after a second round-up of mendicants. Says the *Times:*

Armless and eyeless, John Sladhta, of 420 First Avenue, was a pitiful sight as he stood before the Court. Throughout the hearing his hat remained on his head, something attendants said they did not remember ever having happened in Night Court before.

Sladhta's stand, according to Detective Meyer, was at the subway station at Thirty-third Street and Park Avenue, where he admitted he collected from $10 to $25 a day. His statement to the detective was that of this amount he retained only $3 a day, the remainder going to a man who each day took him to the stand from his home and returned for him late in the afternoon. Detectives remained around the subway station until late in the afternoon in the hope that the man would show up to take Sladhta home, but he failed to appear.

Looking on from afar, the Baltimore *Sun* jeers New Yorkers for the babelike innocence with which they have let beggars impose on them. Observes the *Sun*, in an editorial headed "E. Z. Marks":

The New York gazettes have been printing much about the legless beggar on the sidewalk whose begging was so profitable that he could afford to live with his family at an expensive hotel and keep an automobile. The esteemed *Tribune* of that town takes this as a text for arguing that "little old N'York" is not the "hard-boiled" and hard-hearted place which it is called, but on the contrary is overflowing with charity, fraternity and brotherly love.

There will be cynics, however, who will account for the beggar's affluence not so much on account of New York's tenderheartedness as its gullibility. The typical Gothamite looks upon all outsiders as being "hicks" and easy marks for the "wise guys" of Broadway. And yet New York is the most easily buncoed town on the map. A Connecticut mill-hand drest himself up, called himself a prince, and New York and its "wise" reporters fell for the fake. A Western girl passing herself off as an Alaskan heiress was a sensation for a week. A tan-colored Hindoo princess with an enormous ruby, a gold mine discoverer from Death Valley, a "Coal Oil Johnny" or counterfeit one, may any day alight on Broadway with a show of wealth, as such have in the past—and every New York newspaper and most of the "wise" citizens fall for the fake.

Was not Barnum in New York when he made his famous remark? At any rate, those "born every minute" are collected there in greatest numbers.

If this points a moral, to the effect that giving money to beggars is foolish or worse, the Baltimore *American* makes the case even clearer:

> It is a worthy reaction when a poor street beggar moves you to help distress, but it is not a good business proposition. For all you know, the fellow may own a chicken farm and a flivver and pay an income tax. In a city like Baltimore, with its charity machinery, there is not the slightest excuse for street begging, and the sentimentality that gives without thinking merely encourages mendicancy.

The Brooklyn *Citizen*, meanwhile, tells us that—

> The hard-headed citizen who withholds his dime in the presence of the sad eye, the extended hat or the offer of pencils from a good-looking legless man on a wheel platform is not leaving a helpless cripple to starve, but doing his little bit to bring to an end an ingenious imposition upon the kind hearts of the people of the city, which is known to the craft as "the easiest" town in the whole world.

In Philadelphia, the *Inquirer* warns its readers that, altho sometimes "real destitution may prompt the plea for money," it is "safe to say that the passer-by is usually justified in the refusal to give." In Boston, the *Herald* remarks:

> In all our cities there are agencies, ably managed by sympathetic and generous people, that will alleviate distress and help unfortunate men to care for themselves, thus retaining their self-respect. The presence on our streets of an increasing number of parasites makes the task of these workers harder than usual and presents the average well-meaning citizen with a puzzle as to his personal duty.

And so it goes, newspapers everywhere joining in the "roar" Mark Synon predicted, while the *Jersey Journal* states a general view by advising us to confine our almsgiving to authorized channels. We are told:

> There appears to have been a lack of proper investigation of the conditions of life surrounding New York's street beggars, and it is likely that a similiar situation exists elsewhere.
>
> Perhaps the case of "Stumpy" Malone will result in supervision that will accord the public the protection to which it is entitled. In fact, it raises the question whether all public begging should not be stopt by law. It certainly lends support to the claim that organized charity is much better for both the public and the needy than promiscuous almsgiving, for on the one hand it prevents imposition on the public and on the other it bars the undeserving from receiving alms that should go to those in need of them.

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THE THEATER'S DOUBTING THOMAS

WHAT SHALL WE SAY of a fine, big, handsome, intelligent fellow like Augustus Thomas who is absolute czar of the theatrical world and doesn't know it? Every one else knows, especially the papers. Editorials describe him as the new "arbiter of morals." In the headlines, he is an "overlord." Text accompanying his picture in the "roto" section makes him out a "dictator," while a "news pictorial" in the shop windows puts Thomas's portrait between those of Judge Landis and Mr. Will H. Hays, and the caption below runs thus:

> CZARS OF AMUSEMENT
> Three Monarchs in a Republic are the Grand Rulers of Baseball, the Movies, and the Stage. Augustus Thomas, Famous Playwright, has Just Completed the Trio. The Producing Managers' Association have Appointed him Executive Chairman, which Makes him Supreme in his Field as Landis and Hays in Theirs.

Yet when Rollin Lynde Hartt called upon him the other day at the office of the Producing Managers Association in New York, he found a doubting Thomas—indeed, a Thomas who denied practically the whole story. As he tells us in *The Outlook*, Mr. Thomas said,

> "I am not a 'czar.' I am not a 'monarch.' I am not a 'grand ruler.' I am not 'supreme.' Judge Landis can take a man off the ballfield; I can't take a man out of a theater. A newspaper headline calls me an 'arbiter of morals.' I am not. My function is merely to preside at meetings of our Executive Committee."

A "CZAR" WHO ISN'T.

Augustus Thomas, Spokesman for the Theater, but not its "overlord" or "dictator."

Comments the interviewer:

> Well, well! We can't believe everything we see in the shop windows, it seems—or everything we hear in theatrical circles, either. Only last night a very brilliant writer and director of plays warned me: "Careful! Don't be too optimistic. This reputed get-good-quick scheme of the managers is in reality sheer camouflage. They pick out Thomas, with his unsullied reputation, give him $25,000 a year, pass him off as an 'overlord,' and say, virtuously, 'Behold the sublimated angel of light we've hired! Now all will be for the best—will it not?—in the best of all possible Broadways.' Meanwhile they intend to go on, just as before, producing their nasty plays." In other words, the "enthronement" of "Cæsar Augustus" has "been arranged" purely in the hope of "heading off censorship."
>
> I quoted this to Mr. Thomas. A good deal amused, tho perhaps not altogether surprized, he replied, amiably, by reminding me that the plea for "censorship by citizens' jury" bore the signature, not only of the Authors' League, the Actors' Equity Association, the American Dramatists, the Better Public Shows Movement, and the New York Drama League, but of the Producing Managers' Association as well. They are opposed to political censorship. So is he. But he welcomes this other arrangement—the panel of three hundred good citizens to "protect the drama from fanatical interpretation of Blue Laws" and at the same time "eliminate contemptible, salacious plays, written from the catch-penny motive of appealing to the taste of a Peeping Tom."
>
> The new Executive Chairman takes issue sharply with those who tell us that "such plays, never very profitable, die speedily a natural death if let alone," but he takes issue as sharply with the cynics who talk of "giving the public what it wants." "It is absurd to call their patrons 'the public,'" he said. "They attract only a small section of the public—a section made up partly of travelers (the now-I'm-in-Paris kind) and partly of repeaters. Morbid people, sensationalists, are not content with seeing a scandalous play once. They come back. And again. And still again. That, and not a general depravity of human nature, is what makes scandalous plays profitable. They remain profitable until they have tired out the repeaters. Unfortunately, repeaters show great endurance."
>
> For details regarding "censorship by citizens' jury," Mr. Thomas referred me to the last issue of the Authors' League Bulletin. By happy chance, it contains also an article reprinted from a theatrical magazine, the *Billboard*, in which Mr. Patterson James declares, "The vast proportion of theatrical managers will produce anything so long as there is money in it," adding: "There is a stable that needs a Hercules. But who wants the job? I don't! Does Thomas?"
>
> Officially, he has not got that job, or anything at all closely resembling it, yet he seems aware that his position is nevertheless one of real influence. Not a syllable to such effect do I recall, for new men taking new jobs are naturally a bit reticent. But, perhaps, because he has been an actor, he managed somehow to convey the idea. Or did it reach me inferentially? This he did say: "Fifty-three producing managers, or ninety-six per cent. of all the producing managers in America, belong to our Association," and it requires no extraordinary exercise of logic to perceive that, as Executive Chairman, Mr. Thomas may affect profoundly the future of the American stage. He believes in clean plays. Throughout his career he has demontrated that they pay. And he possesses rare tact, rare persuasiveness. A test: During our talk we rambled off into the realm of psychic phenomena apropos of his play, "The Witching Hour." Almost at once we found ourselves holding opposite views. Yet, thanks to the man's unusual charm and magnetism, and to the coaxing way he has of ending a sentence with "Isn't it?" or "Don't you think so?" I became for once—oh, not acquiescent, quite, but at least concessive. What will happen, I wonder, when such a man as Thomas, with such a record, such impressiveness, and such facile diplomacy, gets to reasoning with the producers of "The Demi-Virgin," "Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath," and "Getting Gertie's Garter?" Something notable, perhaps.

Regarding Mr. Thomas's official duties, and his qualifications for them, Mr. Hartt explains:

> Ostensibly—I use the word in no opprobrious sense—ostensibly, it is for his diplomatic qualities that the Producing Managers have made Mr. Thomas their Executive Chairman. They have a blanket contract with the actors' organization; under that contract individual contracts are made; when disputes arise, the Executive Committee deals with them in conference; and Mr. Thomas, with his endearing tact and amiability and with the further advantage of having no financial interest

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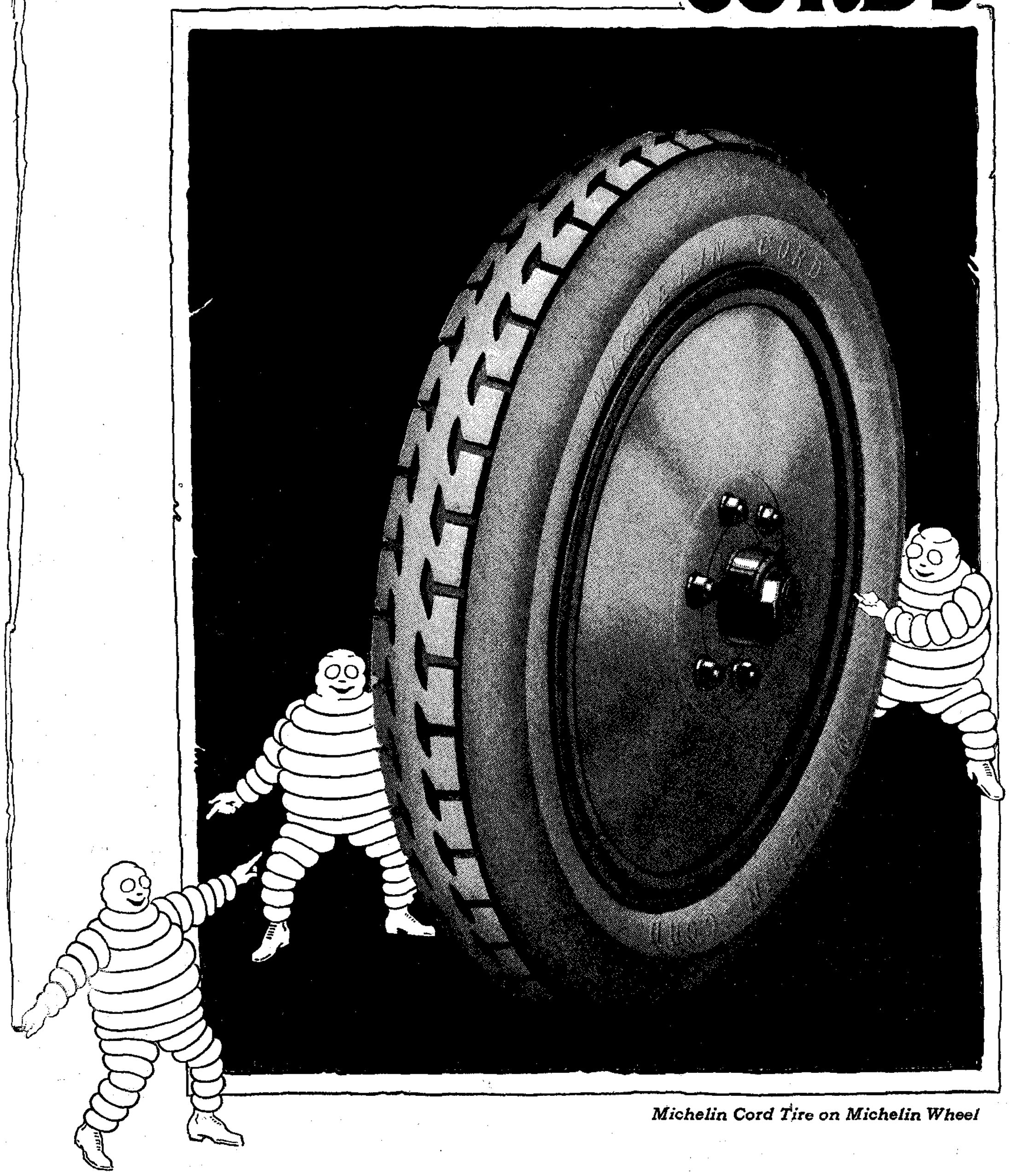

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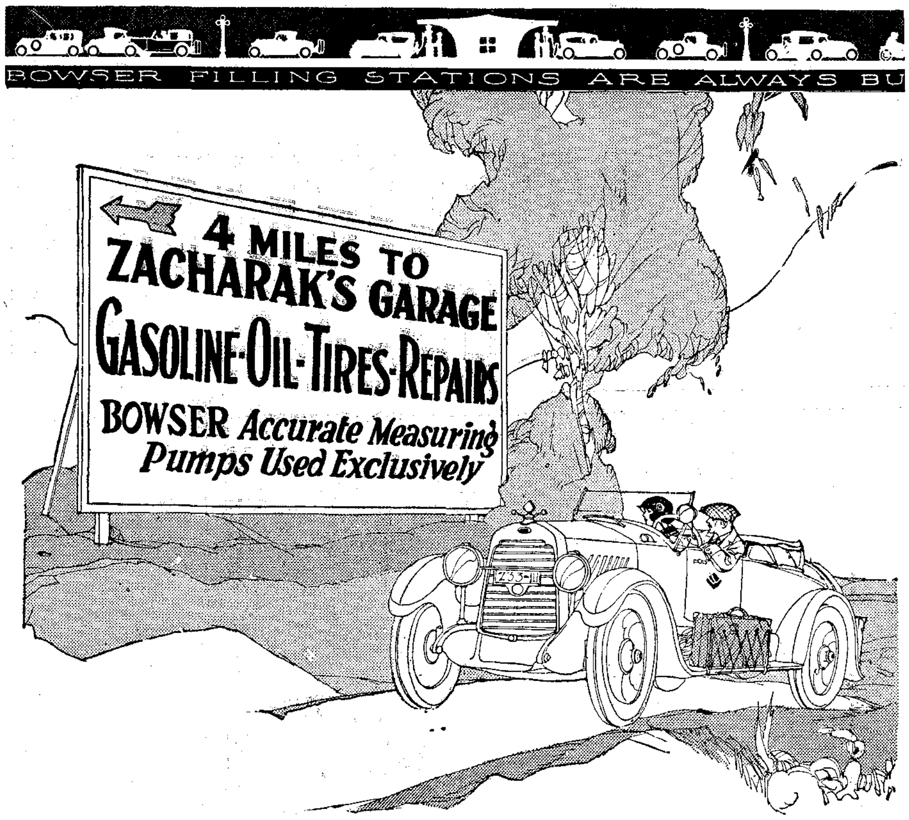
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Less carbon means more power on hills, more speed on the straightaway, quicker pick-up in traffic—and less expense for engine overhauling.

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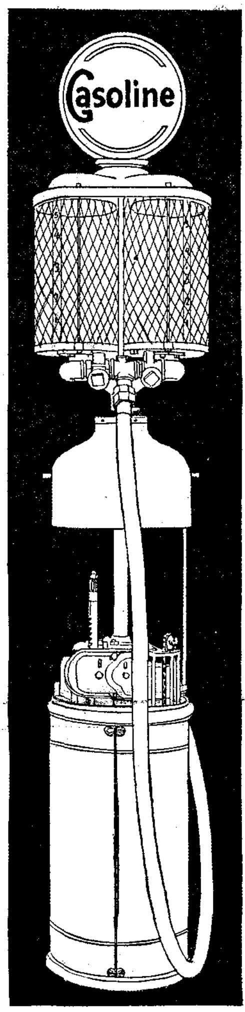

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

in any theater, is henceforth to preside. "There," he says, "is the anatomy of the thing."

But trouble is coming. Two years hence, when the existing contract has expired, the Producing Managers' Association will meet the challenge of the American Federation of Labor, with which the Equity is now affiliated. "You know what the American Federation of Labor has done to the Yiddish theaters," I said. He nodded. It was a compendious nod, meaning, as I thought, "I know other things besides"—things which doubtless accounted for the emphatic finality with which he said, *ex cathedra* as well as from private conviction, "I am against the closed shop."

Still, there was no rattling of the saber. Far from it. "Everything is settled in conference," he said. "Why not hope that these differences between the Producing Managers' Association and the A. F. L. can be settled in that way?" Why, indeed? He is there for the purpose. And yet——

It is always an affair of "and yet" when one reckons with a crisis two years away. Turning to another topic, quite, I recalled that not long ago Miss Edith Ellis was asked, "What shall one do to become a successful dramatist?" and replied, "Be a foreigner." Himself at once an American and a successful dramatist, and now commanding influence of a high order with producers of plays, Augustus Thomas is in a position to promote native genius. "Why all these plays from abroad?" I inquired.

"Why all these paintings from abroad?" he rejoined. "Why all these jewels and gowns and *bibelots* from abroad? The fascination of things foreign is perfectly natural, perfectly legitimate, and—perfectly unpreventable. Also harmless. Our American dramatists increase and multiply. When I first came to New York, who were they? Steele MacKaye and three or four others. Now we have a hundred American dramatists in one organization."

Miss Ellis had spoken, too, of what she termed the National uprising against Broadway—the development everywhere of "little theaters," of community drama, and of church theatricals "even among the Methodists." "It all helps the stage," said Thomas. And the movies help. When a fifteen-year-old girl has seen a proposal on the screen, she is more eager than ever to hear the living voice of a character in a play say, 'I love you.' We think in words. We enjoy thinking. And the movies are a song without thoughts because they are a song without words."

But "thought comes dear at the theater," and the papers have been clamoring for a reduction in the price of theater tickets. When Mr. Hartt brought up the question, Mr. Thomas said,

"Give us credit at least for fighting the speculators. This Association fathered a bill to restrain them from charging more than a fifty-cent advance over the face value of a ticket. The Governor has signed the bill. We are hoping that it will not be found unconstitutional."

It seems that the interviewer (being

a newspaper man himself, as he confesses) felt a trifle disgusted with the newspapers for "playing up" Thomas in terms not only exaggerated but misleading. By way of conclusion, he remarks,

> So this, then, was the "monarch" and "grand ruler," the "czar as supreme in his field as Landis and Hays in theirs." No doubt the papers will go on blithely assuming that all the theaters in the world now belong to one concern, of which Augustus Thomas is "dictator." That is their story; we may count on them to stick to it. But I fancy that Augustus Thomas gives thanks that no such alarming fate has befallen him. Who can predict how our rapidly growing class of "overlords" will look a few years hence? Perhaps funny. And Mr. Augustus Thomas is a humorist—wrote "The Earl of Pawtucket," if you recall. Like other humorists, he reverences a joke, but—"would rather see than be one."

In another interview, reported by Diana Rice for the New York *Times*, Mr. Thomas recently stated his position as regards censorship somewhat more fully:

> "You can not have individual censorship with any degree of success. It is like any specialized protection. The individual censor can not 'stay put.' He advances toward fanaticism.
>
> "It seems to be the unanimous position of the men engaged with the theater movement in Europe that censorship there has been ill-advised. Hardly any department of the British Government has been so ridiculously managed in that country, according to the testimony of Englishmen who write about it. The attempt at State censorship has not pleased the people of England. It is, in fact, likely to stop some very fine plays and promote some reprehensible ones. You can not judge a play in manuscript. The most offensive things may creep into a performance even when the manuscript passes a scrupulous censorship."

However, Mr. Thomas appears to be more concerned about the industrial than the moral status of the theater. If actors are to work effectively, they must be kept cheerful:

> "Of first importance is to have a proper understanding in the theater. Nobody is so sensitive as an actor, not even a musician. Any other artist is infinitely independent, compared to an actor. Actors must be protected from any disquieting influences—they must be happy. You can not expect to get good workmanship—you will never get it, in fact—with a lot of grouches. It is not my belief that there would have been a strike in 1919, among the people of the stage, had there been proper conferences beforehand. It would seem that now is the time to adjust all misunderstanding. It should be done successfully. I believe it will be.
>
> "Tho it is hard to be optimistic in the face of Europe's distress, our coal shortage and the rail strike, I think it is going to be a good winter for the people in the theater. Not on account of prosperity, perhaps (it is too early to prophesy the success of any play), but on account of the adjustment of what many of them feel to be grievances, and because of the elimination of suspicion and unhappiness."

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With AIRID — 100% filled with Steam
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Last winter this room was freezing—
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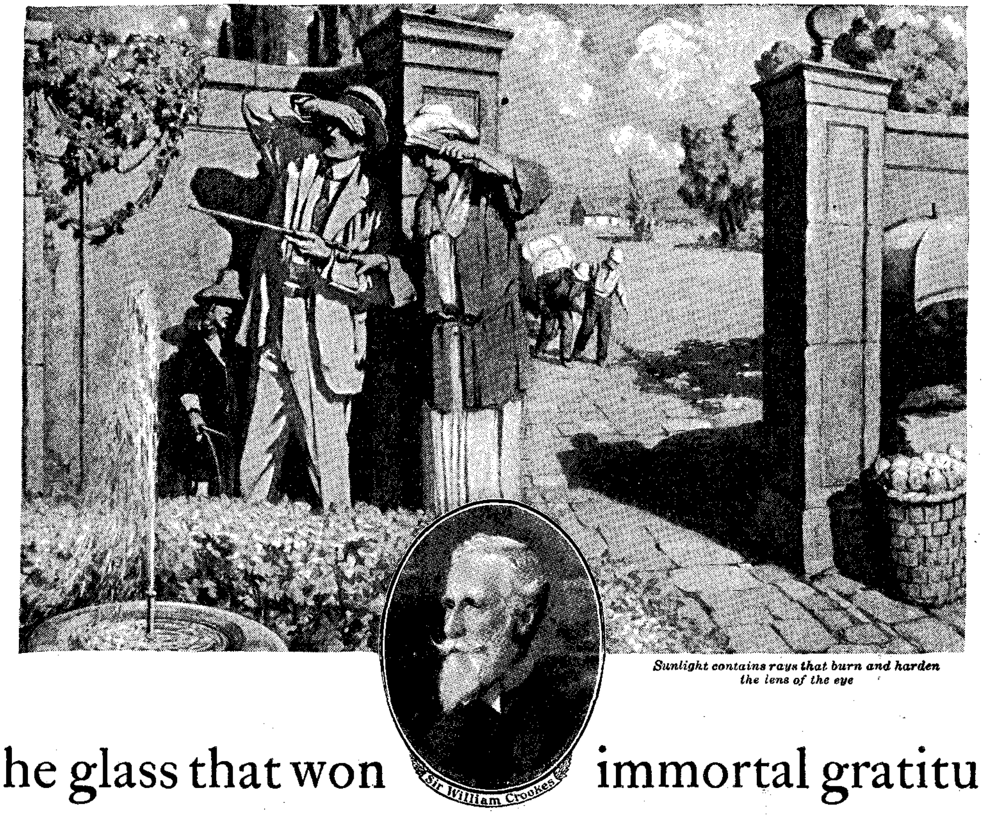

Sunlight contains rays that burn and harden the lens of the eye

The glass that won immortal gratitude

TEN years ago if a painter grew dizzy and fell off his scaffold, no one, not even a physician, would have suspected that he was struck down by certain peculiar rays in the light from the sun.

Sunlight contains kindly rays and others that burn and harden the lens of the eye. The Royal Society of London, knowing that these harmful rays are a cause of cataract, turned for help to a man 77 years old.

The aged scientist, Sir William Crookes, understood fully the "poison in light." A third of a century before his radiant vacuum tubes, glowing with unearthly fires, had opened the door to the very secret of matter—the electric nature of the atom. Answering the appeal of the Royal Society, Crookes invented a glass which absorbs ultra violet rays. It was his last great service to the world.

The new glass was immediately brought to the Wellsworth Scientific Staff and experiments were begun for the benefit of Americans. In a special laboratory other kinds of absorptive glass were tested and compared. The decision reached was to put Crookes lenses on the market with unreserved endorsement and to publish brochures and articles freely as to its helpful and healthful properties.

Wellsworth scientists have studied the effect of radiant energy on the eye. They have made extensive tests of various kinds of glass on eyes sensitive to actinic rays. They have gathered the history of cases of men, women and children whose health and happiness have been increased by the new glass. The evidence points certainly to this conclusion: the gratitude of man to Sir William Crookes for this glass will be immortal. His discovery gives mankind "a new power to control the conditions of our lives."

The earlier work of Sir William Crookes inspired George W. Wells. He founded laboratories and left behind him scientists organized and working together as the Wellsworth Research Staff—searching for means to better vision.

Those who specialize in eyesight will tell you that defects of sight make people unhappy, that they retard the energy and clearness of the mind. Since this is so, then every invention that aids eyesight, even a little improvement in the thread of a screw which keeps an eyeglass frame rigid, is worth the effort and expense to produce it.

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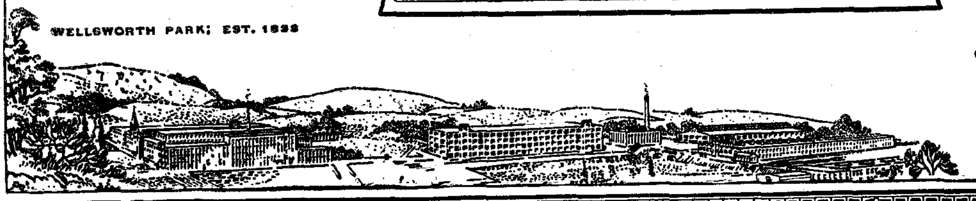


All that Science can give; all that Artistry can add

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

"THIS FREEDOM"

IS it possible for a woman to be a success in business and at the same time a good wife and mother? This is a real question which modern conditions are bringing more and more forcibly before us, and in "This Freedom" (Little, Brown & Co., $2.00) Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson offers us an answer.

Rosalie Aubyn is the youngest of the six children of the Rev. Harold Aubyn, and from her childhood she has been imprest with the difference between men and women and their positions in the world. Men are the rulers, and the natural attitude of women toward them is one of service and obedience. Everything in the life of the home bends to their will, and women are of no account. If men are in good humor, all goes well; if not, they take no pains to dissemble the fact and some one is made to smart for it. At first this seems as inevitable to Rosalie as any of the processes of nature, but later, as fuller knowledge of life dawns on her, she becomes profoundly resentful and her attitude toward men becomes one of mingled indignation and contempt.

The Aubyns are much straitened in circumstances, so Mrs. Aubyn's sister, Mrs. Pyke Pounce, comes to the rescue and offers to send Rosalie to school. Aunt Belle, odious in herself, is an admirably drawn character and a delight to read about. Fairly well-to-do is Aunt Belle and her conversation is tinged with amiable patronage. Lamps are brought in as dusk comes on in the humble Aubyn home, and Aunt Belle begins: "*How* nice! And Hilda keeps the lamps clean, does she? What a dear helpful girl and how very, very bright and nice they are! Now what do you think? In my house, everywhere, even in the kitchen, we've got this new electric light!" And so on.

So Rosalie goes to school where she does well, and by-and-by begins to plan for her future, for she is expected to earn her living. Teaching is, of course, the obvious, one may say the only, career for a bright young woman, but that does not suit Rosalie; she has decided to go into business. Mathematics has been her favorite study and the romance of business has a strong appeal for her. That she can perceive that romance shows her aptitude for affairs, and soon after leaving school she gets a position as private secretary to an odd, but kindly old gentleman who, in default of any useful occupation, has made for himself a futile and artificial one.

But Rosalie has not been long in his employ when she sees an opportunity for starting a real business, one which grows rapidly, and her feet are soon set on the path of prosperity, her interest and pleasure in life increasing from day to day. And with this absorbing interest comes a slight hardening of character. Her home ties begin to loosen; her mother is her only correspondent there and her letters are not read as soon as received, as was once the case; they are carried around awaiting a leisure moment and answering them begins to be something of a task. And then the unexpected happens. Rosalie meets a most unexceptionable young barrister, they fall violently in love and marry. They are in perfect accord on all subjects and when Rosalie says he must not ask her to give up her business and insists that she share the expenses of the home, he acquiesces.

The years go by. Harry and Rosalie are both successful in their respective callings. They have three children; they are as devoted as ever. Rosalie has competent servants, an excellent nurse, an up-to-date governess, and yet Harry is not altogether content. He wants a home, insists that he and the children have a right to one, nor can he be brought to consider that the place where one lives is necessarily a home. Everything that is considered necessary for modern children to have is provided for, and when they were not with their nurse they passed into the care of a resident governess, Miss Prescott, who was a children's governess, not for the old and fatuous reason that she "loved children," but for the new and intelligent reason that she was attracted by the child-mind as a study and was certificated and diplomaed in the study of children as an exact science—Child Welfare as she called it. Everything unpleasant in the management of the children is left to Miss Prescott—the children are to associate nothing but pleasure with their parents. All this sounds well, but it begins to dawn, first upon Harry and then upon Rosalie, that there is something not quite right with the children—they take everything that is done for them as a matter of course and are singularly self-contained and unresponsive.

And then Rosalie gets a shock. Huggo, the oldest boy, has come home for his first holidays from school and is being questioned about his studies by his father. Something is said about Scripture lessons, and the boy declares that they are all rot and not true. Somewhat frightened by his mother's vehement remonstrance he adds: "Well, mother, you've never taught me any different." This incident is fraught with so much meaning to Rosalie that she gives up her business, determined to devote herself to her children. Miss Prescott is dismissed and Rosalie takes charge, but it is too late, the children have been so long without her and seem strange. The books that Rosalie enjoyed in her childhood are not liked. Dickens and Scott are voted dull and Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" never had a chance. The children are not fond of home, and whenever it is possible Huggo and Doda spend their holidays with young friends. Huggo gets into trouble in school and is expelled and is sent to a private tutor's. By this time Rosalie has returned to her business, for with the children's going to school her time has hung heavy on her hands.

And then the war breaks out, bringing excitement and increased freedom to the young people. Doda is discovered to be corresponding with officers at the front, being then fourteen, and is indignant with her mother for putting a stop to it. The war ends. Huggo has been in the service after a bad record at his tutor's, and now is by no means inclined to settle down and go to work. Things go from bad to worse; he gets into serious trouble and is sentenced to jail for six months, Doda dies under sad and bad circumstances, and Benji, the youngest son, commits suicide. A tragedy, surely, and yet the book ends on a note of hope.

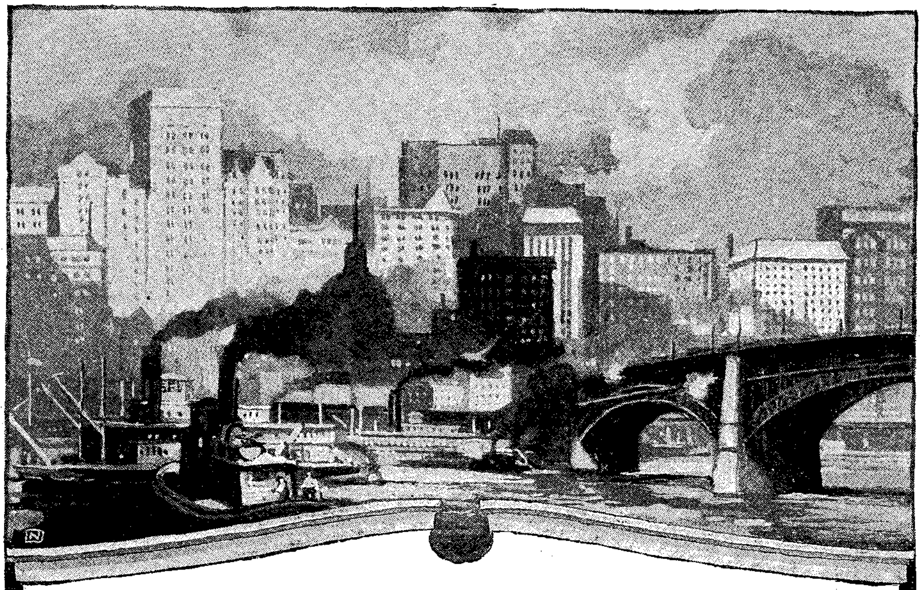
Of course this is a novel with a purpose and, as is often the case, the author has bent circumstances to his plan, but no thoughtful reader can deny the truth that underlies this story, altho those who "hate to be preached at" will prefer the efforts of Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Keable wherein any course of action is justified by desire. Two things Mr. Hutchinson wishes to affirm. First, that the making of a home lies upon the woman's shoulders and no amount of shirking can free her of the responsibility; and second, that life is sacrifice, a truth that must be faced and might as well be accepted first as last. But in spite of its pronounced ethics the book is extremely interesting, the story moves quickly and the lesson is carried by the incidents and not by undue moralizing.

CAN SOCIAL PARASITES REFORM?

MODERN fiction has accustomed us to many matrimonial eccentricities, but Susy and Nick Lansing have bidden defiance to conventionality and entered upon their married life with the understanding that if either "gets a chance to do better" and wishes for freedom, it shall only be necessary to state the fact and the other will cooperate in any endeavor to obtain it. To be sure, such a contingency seems remote enough, for the two are deeply in love, but their observations in the society which they frequent shows them what may happen, and it is well to be prepared.

For Susy and Nick are members of that extravagant and luxurious portion of society which, small as it is, spells New York to many in this country and rich America to a larger number in Europe. A woman in such a position undergoes more humiliation than a man who, so long as he appears well, may live where and how he pleases when off duty, but Susy's life of dancing attendance on her rich friends in order to be provided with dinners, motors, summers at Newport and winters abroad has resulted in a blunting of moral perception, in spite of which, however, she has retained a certain standard of thought and action.

These are the young people whom we encounter in the first pages of Mrs. Wharton's new book "Glimpses of the Moon" (D. Appleton. $2.00), spending their honeymoon in a villa at Como lent them by a kindly tho cynical friend, Strefford by name. Susy has "managed" so well that most of their wedding presents have taken the form of checks, many of them large, and they can see their way clear for about a year. From Como they are going to Venice, where their friends the Vanderlyns are lending them a palace, and Nick's first misgiving as to Susy's standards comes when he finds she has packed up the remaining boxes of cigars which the kindly "Streff" has left for Nick, seeing no need of leaving them for their successors at the villa, who are due in a day or two. Nick insists that in any case the cigars do not belong to them and must not be taken away, and he can not help wondering if Susy's views on expediency may not sometimes clash with his own standards, which, tho few, are strong,



Where Folks Work Together

WHEN 197,000 persons sat on a hillside in Forest Park back in 1914 and viewed the Pageant and Masque of St. Louis, enacted by 5,000 of their fellow townsmen, the people of St. Louis learned to do things with unity. Out of this notable spectacle a new vision of the future was unfolded. The new spirit of St. Louis asserted itself.

Nationally, the same unity of action put over the Liberty Loan campaigns and other war activities. St. Louis has put this concerted effort and collective enthusiasm to work for the community's progress.

The St. Louis Municipal Open-Air Theater was among the first of these great civic projects. Then followed the annual season of municipal opera; the St. Louis Fashion Show; the greater St. Louis Zoo; and now a $76,000,000 bond issue campaign for general civic improvements.

The New Spirit

This new spirit directed toward the city's commercial aspects brought forth municipal docks to facilitate water traffic to the ports of the world; a package-car system of fast freight delivery service from St. Louis; and a rearrangement now under way of St. Louis' 26 railroads and terminal facilities, increasing the already distinctive advantages of this big market.

These are some of the ways in which St. Louis is helping its industries and commercial houses to get and hold business. St. Louisans are working together.

St. Louis is a good city to live in, work in and play in.

Send for our free illustrated booklet "St. Louis — The Home City." It will interest you.

ST. LOUIS CHAMBER of COMMERCE
St. Louis, U.S.A.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

but he is much in love and has always lived in the present, so his doubts are easily forgotten.

The next stage in their career is in the Vanderlyn's palace in Venice. Nelson Vanderlyn is away and his wife has gone, ostensibly, to take a cure, leaving their little girl Clarissa with her nurse at the palace. Ellie has left a package for Susy, who, on opening it, discovers four letters addrest to Vanderlyn and a line from Ellie herself begging her to post these letters at a week's interval each, at the same time urging her to stay all summer in Venice and promising to be back in a month's time to fetch Clarissa, the letter ending with an allusion to benefits conferred and an appeal to say nothing of this to any one, not even Nick.

Susy's indignation at first is great. She knows that the only right course of action is to leave the house at once, but that involves so much—telling Nick, giving up their cherished privacy in the Vanderlyn's beautiful rooms, which means so much now that Nick has decided to begin writing again, and above all Susy remembers the appeal at the end of the letter: "If you've ever owed me anything in the way of kindness, you won't, on your sacred honor, say a word to Nick."

And so Susy capitulates with her conscience. Nick is not told, the letters are posted, Clarissa is looked after and before long old friends turn up. Chief among these is "Streff," an impecunious, ugly and delightful Englishman who combines outspoken selfishness with great good humor, and the Mortimer Hickses, enormously rich people whom Nick had once accompanied to India on their yacht. In describing this family the author has achieved a triumph. The newly-enriched snob, with his desire for social advancement, is easily depicted, but people like the Hickses, a product of this country alone, are not so often encountered in fiction. "They were always taking up the wrong people, giving the wrong kind of party, and spending millions on things that nobody who mattered cared about. They all believed passionately in 'movements' and 'causes' and 'ideals,' and were always attended by the exponents of their latest beliefs, always asking you to hear lectures by haggard women in peplums, and having their portraits painted by wild people who never turned out to be the fashion."

And then the storm bursts. At the end of the month Ellie returns and in spite of Susy's precautions Nick discovers what he is supposed to have been countenancing, the price he is judged to have paid for his stay in Venice. It is too much for him and when he finds that Susy has all along been aware of the state of things and that she excuses her attitude by saying that this sort of give-and-take is the price of their being together, his pride and his sense of honor revolt and in a stormy scene he says that perhaps they had better part. In any case he says he must be alone and leaves the palace for a tramp, the result of which is that he decides to go away for a few days and leaves a note for Susy, telling her that he is going to Milan and promising to write soon. From Milan he goes to Genoa where three things happen. He reads in the paper that, owing to a yachting accident in the Solent, Streff is now Lord Altringham, with large estates as well as a title; he remembers the absurd compact he and Susy made on their marriage and he writes to urge her to take advantage of it and annex Streff, and, meeting Miss Coral Hicks in the street, he consents to join her and her family in a prolonged yachting trip.

From this point the story is mainly concerned with Susy's fortunes. Nick has offered her her freedom and, hurt and wounded, she resolves to take him at his word. Lord Altringham stands ready and willing to come forward; as soon as the rumor spreads that she is going to divorce Nick and marry Streff, her social stock rises enormously in value; she goes so far as to take the first steps toward a divorce and then a comparatively slight incident shows her she can not bring herself to marry Altringham; she makes her decision known to him, and the book ends satisfactorily.

Mrs. Wharton is not given to moralizing, and "Glimpses of the Moon" is no exception to her rule, but no tract on the vanity of riches could be more forcible than the picture she has given of the rich idlers who are a blight on their country. For them the world apparently holds little but opportunities to spend money, and their extravagance is seldom accompanied by enjoyment. To the women of that set Paris is merely a place to buy clothes and London a city in which to display them. The author has done nothing better than this since "The House of Mirth," to which it makes a fitting pendant, written with all her customary distinction and instinct with life and interest.

HOW THE DOG EXPELLED THE CLUB MEMBER

Do you like dogs? Because if you don't there is no earthly use in calling your attention to "Further Adventures of Lad," by Albert Payson Terhune (Doran, $2.00), but if you are of those to whom the friendship of one of these animals has been given, you will hardly lay down the book before finishing it.

Lad was a collie belonging to the author and who attained the great age of sixteen, the equivalent of ninety-five years of human life. The book relates various incidents in Lad's career in which Mr. Terhune has been obliged to draw somewhat upon his imagination as to detail, but which are none the less true. One of the best of these stories relates the sad death of Lad's mate, Lady, who was run over by a speeding motorist on a country road as she was running near her master's car. Lad's grief was intense as he stood beside the body. Then he moved to where the youthful Juggernaut had alighted for a moment and smelt his footsteps, getting the scent by heart as it were. For days he grieved, his nights were spent on Lady's grave and then came the cure. Lad accompanied his master to the local country club and while sitting peacefully with him on the veranda a flashy youth appeared, boasting of his speed on the road—a mile in seventy-five seconds. As he reached the top of the steps Lad's sense of scent informed him that he had before him the killer of his mate, and with a roar he launched himself full at the man's throat. Fortunately he missed it, but he knocked the man down the steps and tore his arm before he could be called off. By this time the dog's mistress had recognized the man, told his story to the assembled club members, and those who had loudly called for a gun at first were now silent, one even going so far as to say: "Good old Laddie!"

That night the local Justice of the Peace

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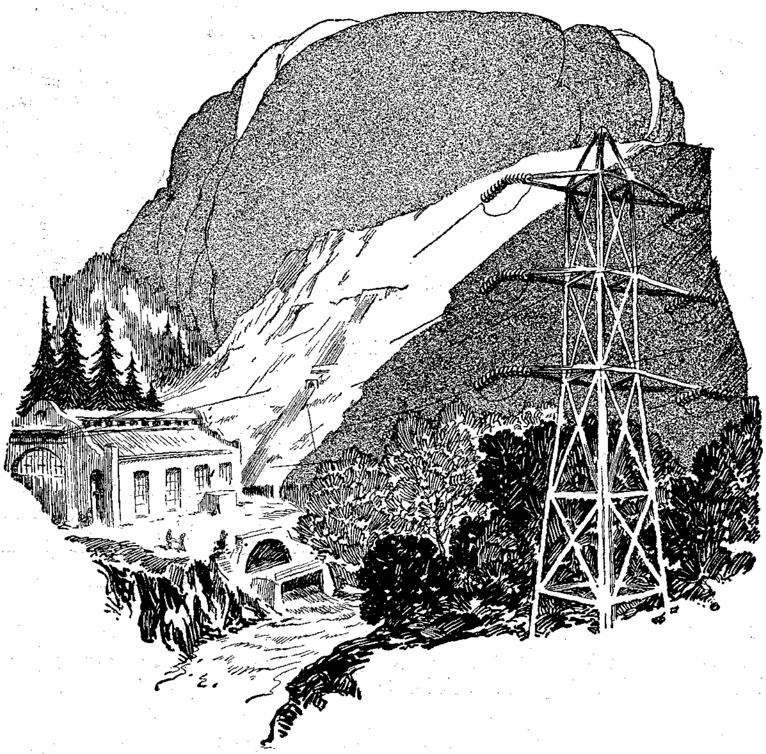

Customer-Ownership

It is the goal of nearly every electric light and power company to have its ownership in the hands of its own customers.

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NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

called, not to serve a notice on them, but to relate the conclusion of the affair. Indignant members of the club had fallen on the man's runabout, dismantled it and thrown many of the parts in the lake, leaving their cards pinned on the cushions in case the owner cared to go further into the matter. In the meantime the governors of the club had hastily called a meeting and expelled the offender. That night Lad ate a big supper and went peacefully to his own bed.

Another story tells how Lad not only baffled a burglar but restored the loot which had been taken. "No Trespassing" records the difficulty the master had in getting rid of a picnic party that had elected to camp on his grounds, the help given by Lad in driving them away, and their subsequent plan of revenge which miscarried. "The Intruders" tells the story of a would-be motor thief and how, in the moment of success, he was routed by a large sow, waking from temporary unconsciousness to find himself in the hospital ward of the nearest jail.

The book is the work of an ardent dog-lover and no one can read these delightful sketches without feeling what a privilege it is to be admitted to the friendship and to obtain the devotion of an animal like Lad.

WINESBURG TO THE DISCARD

THERE still exist certain simple-minded readers of fiction who like a pleasant story and are not ashamed to say so. They turn from Gopher Prairie and Winesburg, Ohio, as willingly as from the melancholy doings on the banks of the Neva and demand an ardent love-story with a happy ending. These are the primitive souls who will plunge into Elinor Glyn's last novel "Man and Maid" (Lippincott. $2.00), lured by the title and the picture on the jacket of a good-looking youth looking at an equally good-looking tho simpering young woman.

They get a change at any rate. Here is no atmosphere of dull respectability such as drove Carol Kennicott to desperation; no hard-working doctor as hero and no half-baked exponent of culturine as heroine. Instead of the dismal mid-Western town the scene is laid in Paris and the hero is a soul-weary, blasé man of the world who is sick of himself, his surroundings and life generally, and who obligingly records his sentiments in a diary.

Sir Nicholas Thormonde is a very rich man who has been in the war where he lost an eye, and one leg from below the knee, but where he gained the Victoria Cross. This glorious achievement is nothing to him when he reflects that, owing to his mutilation, no woman can henceforth regard him with emotion. For Sir Nicholas has always been a great hand with the ladies, and even now there are one or two old flames, ladies of fashion and title, who regard him with tranquil affection, as well as sundry more reprehensible young persons who come to see him from time to time and whom, in writing about, he lumps under the generic title of "fluffies."

Sir Nicholas is bored to death. His occupation as philanderer is gone, he has finished furnishing his flat with late eighteenth century furniture and is casting about for something with which to occupy his time, when the thought comes to him that he will write a book, a novel, or perhaps a study of altruism or some philosophical subject. He is having tea with a duchess when this idea occurs to him and he consults her. She heads him off from the philosophic themes and suggests a topic concerning which he really knows something—William and Mary furniture. The idea appeals to him and he decides to carry it out, and the next step is to get a stenographer, a task resulting in his engaging a plain young person in horn spectacles named Miss Sharp, whom a friend has obligingly dug up for him.

Miss Sharp is a businesslike young woman of staid demeanor who keeps Sir Nicholas up to the mark in his work and is unmoved by sundry tentative efforts on his part of a flirtatious nature. This is a line of action unfamiliar to this professional heart-breaker and it has the effect usual in fiction—before you can say "Jack Robinson" he is in love with this calm young woman, alluding to her in the pages of his diary as "my little love" and denouncing himself from time to time in the same volume as "a rotter," from which the intelligent reader may infer that Sir Nicholas has a wide acquaintance with the primrose path.

Before long a curious sequence of events reveals Miss Sharp's real name and circumstances to her employer. She is the daughter of a well-born English scamp who was obliged to leave England many years before on account of having cheated at cards, and who, altho having at one time almost redeemed himself by a fine war record, has lapsed again, and unless twenty-five thousand francs be forthcoming, a fresh scandal will overwhelm his family. A proposal of marriage from the rich Englishman at this moment proves too great an opportunity for Miss Sharp to forego, and the story concludes on lines familiar to all novel-readers. Sir Nicholas is determined, not to say fierce, in his post-marital love-making. His glass eye and artificial leg restore his good looks and we have the duchess's word for his always being quite the gentleman. So he continues to batter at the heart of his wife, whose defenses suddenly give way and the book ends, suitably enough, on Armistice Day, with the capitulation of the enemy.

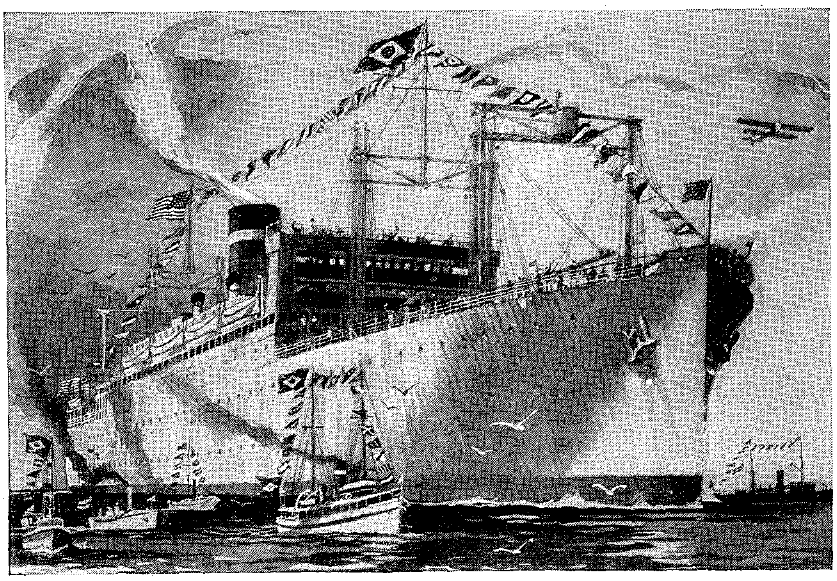
"I want to show you that you have a husband who, in spite of a wooden leg and a glass eye, is a powerful brute!"

"'I love you—strong like that' she cooed, her eyes soft with passion again. 'I am not good really—or austere—or cold.'"

This makes Winesburg look like thirty cents.

WHEN QUALITY WRITES A NOVEL

"'WHY is it dreadful, Cynthia Rannock?' he said. 'I am a man; you are a woman. You are a good woman, and I see the good in you. I am a straight, clean-living fellow. Can't you see the good in me? Are you so poor-spirited that you can never see anything but the footman or the duke, when all the time it is a man who worships you?' He came closer and took her by the wrist. 'If there are insults going, it is from you to me for not trusting me to do the right thing. Josh would have paid me back that money, and you would never have known it. Since you do know it, just gather up those notes and apologize to me, or when you go out of this room you will leave me the poorest devil on the face of this earth, without even an ideal; so down and out that if it wasn't for that fellow in there and the memory of my



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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

Continued

mother, I'd put a bullet through my brain. That's what a woman like you has it in her power to do to a man like me. . . . 'I love you, I love you,' he repeated. 'I shall always love you, and it will be just hell if you aren't worth loving.' Then he threw himself into a chair and his great shoulders heaved with sobs as he covered his face with his hands."

Of course, all that needs some elucidating. Who is this strong fine man, taunted by a woman? Who is Josh, and what was that money paid for? Why these tears and reproaches?

It began by the discovery that the second footman in the house of Lord Rannock, George Randolph Berwick, is nothing less than a duke in his own right, the Duke of St. Bevis, and his tale is told in "His Grace Gives Notice." By Lady Troubridge. (Duffield & Co., $1.75).

Cynthia had been very disagreeable to him while he was the second footman, a Canadian he, with no fit ideas of how to behave himself as an underling. But he had always loved her.

Cynthia despises him, and then she is in love with Ted Burlington, a rank outsider, to be sure, and her father is furious about it, but Ted has a winning way with him, tho you feel from the very beginning that he is a scoundrel. As for Josh, he is a jolly good friend of Cynthia, and when she is in trouble over a fifty-pound debt she naturally turns to him. But he is ill and the note comes into George's hands, and he sends the money, pretending it comes from Langley. So there is part of the mystery.

The whole book is in step with what we have quoted. The dashing, scapegrace Cynthia must go through perils and suffering to make her comprehend at last just what a treasure is the love of a good man like George. She comes near to smashing up under the lure of Ted. George saves her in the nick of time. For it appears that Ted is already married to a girl, a simple governess, but "just lovely in every way." And now he was running away to Paris with Cynthia to be married to her.

The only possible way to circumvent the villain was for the Duke of St. Bevis to take on again the status of a servant. Ted needs a valet. He has never laid eyes on George, and so George becomes the valet.

"'It is a big adventure,' said St. Bevis, "and she is worth it.'"

On the way to Paris and after getting there Cynthia doubts. And she soon discovers that the plans for marriage are gone awry. They are together in a hotel, and who shall save her.

Who but George?

"'You cur,' he said, 'clear out yourself.'"

But Ted's answer was a blow. "If it had reached its mark, it would have felled his adversary; but George had not been the champion middleweight of his regiment for nothing. Like all boxers who find themselves in a menacing position, he was already on the alert and prepared to defend or attack, if necessary. In the twinkling of an eye he had sidestept, and the blow aimed at his face spent itself in the air. At the same time, quick as lightning, his clenched fist crashed into Burlington's jaw with the masterly combination of cunning and force that had won him many a knockout in his pugilistic battles of the past. It did not fail him now. Burlington dropt like a stone and lay prostrate.

"George, who knew by a glance there was nothing more to be feared by him, stood over him a moment looking down, and spoke to Cynthia over his shoulder.

"'He will take the count all right,' he said. 'I guess that's put him to sleep,' and there was a look of savage exultation on his face.

"Cynthia stared at him, half fearfully, half fascinated, with the instinctive response of her nature to the elemental passion in his face, the fascination which the female feels for the aggressive and protective male."

It is not perhaps impossible to guess this end of a romance in high society. When St. Bevis says to her, a little later, "Honey, stay right here," you feel that the good man has won his woman, and she is after all a pretty good woman, even if she came near to being betrayed by a villain. Knowing George as you do know him after 245 pages you are sure that everything will be done properly. She may stay right there, but only metaphorically. There will be a wedding in the little church where she has been known since childhood, on the great estates of her father somewhere, and the village chimes will ring. And they will leave on a honeymoon, and some day he will show her Canada, where he made his humble beginning. It is that sort of a story.

THE STORY OF A REBEL

EVERY art, every science, has its outsiders. Men of genius or fakers, who shall say, sometimes the one and again the other, and the world, whipt into orthodoxies these many centuries, can not tell the difference between the two. Often it leaves the genius to starve, or burns him, to pour its treasures at the feet of the faker. But often, too, the ignorant and the simple, caring nothing for the fine furies of the orthodox respectables, follow the genius quite simply, and so force success upon him. And once success arrives, then the orthodox fall into line with the procession, bringing their own explanations and excuses, dazzled, striving to capture him for themselves.

J. Mills Whitham is a new name to us here in America, and "The Heretic" (Macmillan Co.) is the story of a rebel, a heretic. He is a bone-setter, a natural healer, and against him all the forces of orthodox medicine are up in arms. That is the theme.

The telling of it is masterly. Sympathy is engaged from the first meeting with the young lad, only fourteen, in the lonely house on the moor where he has lived alone with his father since babyhood—a father who is a recluse, sensitive, a dreamer, full of strange reactions against the ironies of life, a man who has removed himself from emotional experience into the cool region of the intellect, but who loves his son, and means that that son shall learn the verities, the sincerities of the human soul before ever the world can clutch him.

Hillary, the lad's uncle, only brother of Denby Verne, comes to the moor house after years abroad. He has the same temperament as the older man, a revulsion against the cut-and-dried convictions and the flat voice of authority, but he has a more robust and humorous attitude. Tired of the futilities of every-day existence, he has come to the moor to settle down, to stay as long as it appeals to him, and to grow to know his young nephew.

The boy is a fascinating youngster, full of enthusiasms and deep and clear as an untroubled mountain pool. He lives with books, with the natives of the moor, with the moor itself, he is keenly sensitive to

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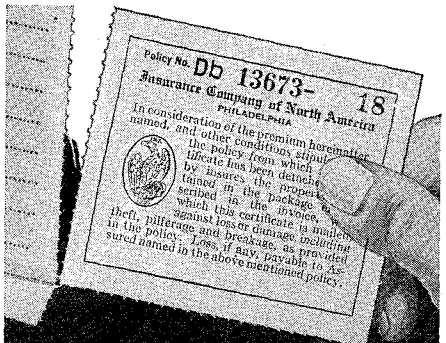
Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone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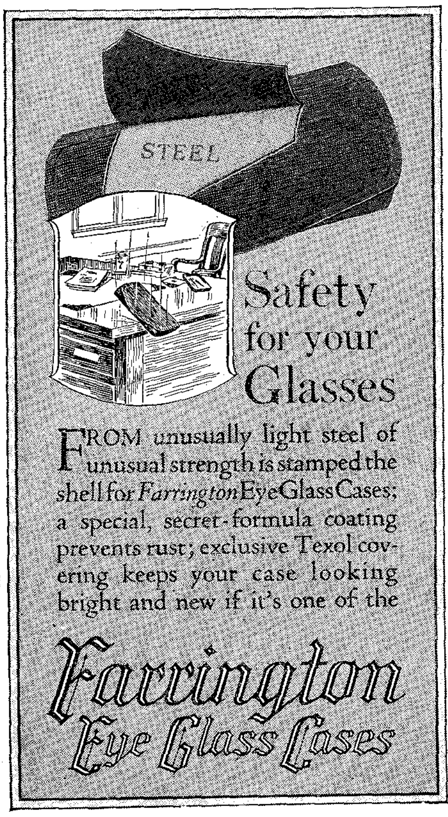

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Farrington Eye Glass Cases

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

Continued

suffering, imaginative, quick to understand the feeling in other people, free from all forms of snobbery or deception. He has a faculty for setting bones, for finding a sprain or twist and putting matters right. He "boils dead rabbits and rats," studies the skeletons, and keeps the model of a human skeleton to work on. Hillary is a trifle startled at first, but soon he senses the boy's quality, and the two become fast friends.

The two brothers have a sister, living a fashionable life in London as the wife of a famous surgeon, a talkative, impetuous, forthright woman, seeing only her own side of every argument, ruling her husband, domineering over life. She can not bear the thought of her nephew being brought up by the man she thinks of as her mad brother, losing his chance in the world, ruined before he gets a start. And she comes down to Prayway to take her nephew home with her, train him for medicine, pay for his launching out of her own ample means. But she fails to win him; the inducements she offers have no appeal for the eager boy, grave and wise beyond his years, yet fresh and simple, too. And neither father nor uncle will consent that he shall be forced against his inclination.

After the death of his father, when Raymon is seventeen, he goes to work under Arnold Pratt, who is also a bone-setter, and who has brought the wrath of the powers down upon him. There is a remarkable picture of this period in the young man's life, and of the master whose guidance he follows. Pratt has been broken by opposition and persecution to a certain extent. He continues to practise his amazing powers, and to heal and to save, but he has become a drinker, almost a maniac on the subject of persecution, suspecting everybody, violent, intolerant, moody. "My father was my first enemy," he would say, "and I'm the last, and thank God I haven't even a fifth cousin alive to torment me." And of his work he says, speaking to the attentive Raymon, whom he loves: "I've got eyes in my fingers, and if you haven't, better go, for our work is inspiration, not science; it's like faith, and the secret can't be demonstrated . . . "

Pratt dies, a failure, a drunkard—a genius, with hundreds and thousands of cures to his credit, but unhonored and unsung. It is a bitter sorrow to Raymon, who nevertheless goes on with Pratt's work. And then the turn comes.

His aunt brings him a friend of hers who has not walked for some time, whom the doctors can not cure. For the aunt, tho furious at her nephew's refusal to take the comfortable and easy road, at his persistence in being a charlatan, yet loves him; and deep within believes in him. Lady Tonge is cured. And London, under her tutelage, begins to ring with Raymon's praises.

He comes to fortune in good time, but he is never accepted by the profession to whose rulings he has refused to submit. He falls in love with, and is loved by, the daughter of one of the great men in medicine. Naturally there is fierce objection to the match. It is a curious, passionate story, and it ends in tragedy. But young Verne is not crusht. He has his work, he asks little for himself, a spirit is in him that is unconquerable. To his office in Mayfair come throngs to be cured and most are cured.

We follow Verne through the cycle of his life and back again to the wide gray moor and the serenity and the reserve of the early days of his existence. He is through with London after twenty years of fighting, not only for himself, but for the ending of persecution. To some he, too, may seem a failure. To others not. He follows his own wisdom, holds the faith, and at forty lives with the quiet country folk whom he can help without confusion, and stands ready to train any students who wish to come to him. The moor life is the life for him, and knowing this and feeling it, he has no hesitations. Worn with the struggle, his health is breaking, and London would soon kill him. The moor will heal him, and he will find work there in a peace he has not yet known.

The book is one to stir thought as well as an intensely interesting novel, the portrayal of a man whom nothing could swerve from his ideal in a world that has little use for ideals.

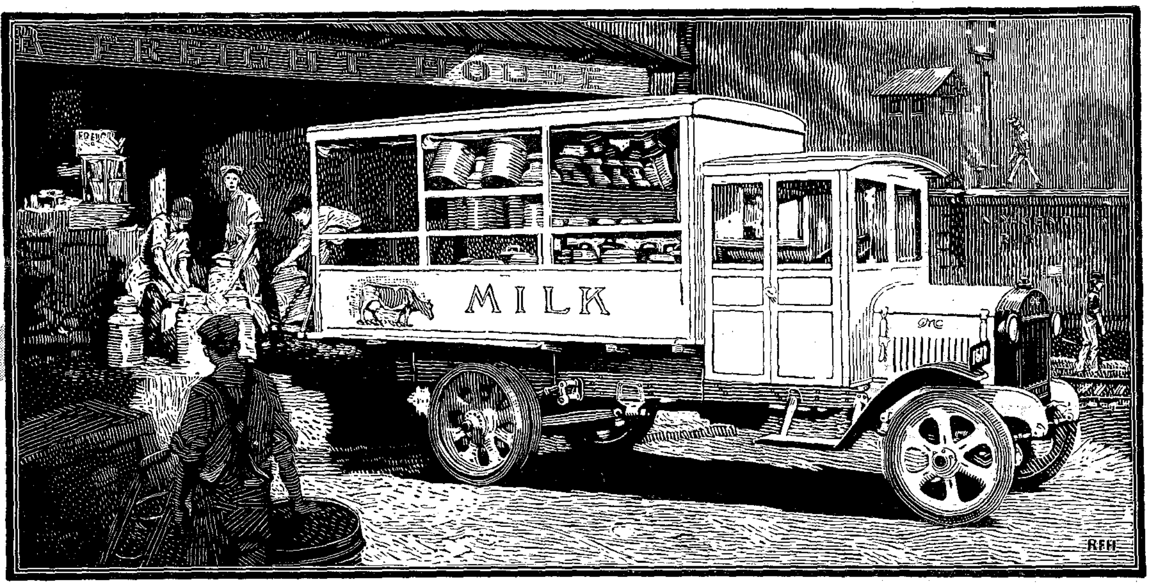
A STORY ABOUT US

THERE is May Brewer with her four daughters and her only son. There is her old maid sister, Fanny, and the father of the two girls, one of the pioneers of '49, founder of the Crabtree fortune. There are his two sons, Robert and Harry, with their wives and Harry's two children, and Nelly, his stepchild, and Robert's little son, born late. There are the men who marry May's girls and Harry's girls and the women who marry their sons. A large number of people, but each one so individual, so alive, that you have the intimate knowledge of him or her, seeming to have grown up with them, as indeed you have. To read this new book by Kathleen Norris is to walk straight into the heart of a big family and to become one of it. For the book begins with a brief picture of the New England start of this San Franciscan family, its temporary halt at Crabtree Crossing, Illinois, named, of course, after the first settler, May's and Fanny's grandfather, a disagreeable failure of man, but later looked back upon as a person of importance; for are they not all persons of importance! Certainly so in their own eyes. It is only when May's children are coming to maturity that the story settles down to its stride, but by that time you know as much and perhaps more of its antecedents than those children ever know. Thus, "Certain People of Importance," by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday, Page & Co., $2.00).

May and her family live near San Rafael, across the bay from the city, in a large and splendid house built by old Crabtree for himself and his wife, but he is now living in the city with Fanny, who inherited independent means from an aunt, the only aunt, who, a widow with no children, had come to California in the same wagon that brought the rest of the Crabtree family. And May at present is busy scheming for the marriages of her girls, planning for the future, and taking on airs about the present.

Mrs. Norris has depicted these people exactly as they were, setting down naught in malice, and naught extenuating. The girls are all anxious to get married, look on each young man who comes within hail as a possible husband, are jealous and yet fond of each other. The older people are all deeply involved in getting the most for their own families, and in pretending to graces and virtues they do not possess. May, secretly delighted that she has managed to get the San Rafael house, alludes to it deprecatingly as just a "homey"

"GMC TRUCKS ARE SEVEN STEPS AHEAD"



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More improvements that make possible a greater number of actual hours of hauling are found in GMC trucks than can be had in any other motor truck.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

place, and to themselves as "country folks." Her brother, Robert, has just arrived from Boston with his wife, whom none of the family has met, an arrival that throws May into anxiety, for both she and Stephen, her husband, fear that Robert will demand membership in the Crabtree Company, where Stephen is gradually getting control, as old Reub Crabtree gets more and more aged. The old man—now seventy-four—has no notion of letting go, however, and Robert is his oldest son. The old fellow may side with Robert.

But on the outside there are only the most cordial relations.

Between Nelly, Harry's stepdaughter, and May's girls there is also a good deal of jealousy. The Brewer girls have money and position, Nelly is poor and is working in a kindergarten, but "Nelly possest an undeniable and irresistible charm. She was slender, beautifully made, with a white, dimpled hand and a heart-shaped face that was as wistful as an unturned flower. . . . She was a born flirt, as innocent as a butterfly, and as ignorant of life at twenty-two years as she had been at twenty-two minutes. . . . Her entire education . . . was that she must marry some day, and meanwhile might have as many beaux as she could . . . "

Poor little Nelly. We see her make a runaway marriage to a fascinating young man who has few faults to be sure, except those of weakness and selfishness. But they are enough. Nelly struggles along against his drinking, against constant child-bearing, against poverty. She grows to be a slattern, weary, crusht down by more than she has strength or character to carry. Her children are dirty, pretty, badly managed, in terror of their father, who beats them when in a bad temper, which is often. It is a telling picture of many such a life. But not more telling than the following-out of all these lives.

The family gradually goes down. The business is no longer what it was, and none of the second generation has the intelligence or force that made Reuben Crabtree succeed. At his death—and how wonderfully that death, the funeral, the reactions of the different members of the family, how marvelously all this is given to us. Never has Mrs. Norris done such work as she has accomplished in the present book, sincere and attractive as all her stories have been—at the old man's death the supposed fortune to be divided has fallen to hardly anything; enough for them all to go on with, with hard work and care to help. That is all. But by now the various children are all married, all struggling along with their own hard times. One or two have married money, most have failed to make any signal success. The rich marriages are failures; there is only one really happy marriage out of the whole number, that of May's second daughter, Victoria, the most vital and genuine of all the girls. One loves Victoria and one loves her fine Davy, too.

But tho life bears hard on all the members of this big group, it is really life. Each manages to secure a modicum of happiness, to find compensations. Dreams die and illusions disappear, and the reality is not what they had hoped, yet it is reality, it is their own and they accommodate themselves to it.

At the end May and Fanny sit together, and talk together. They go over the old days in a kind of wonder. Do you remember, do you remember? it is the burden of what they say. And May says that she had always thought it would make such a difference when Pa died—"But what with all of them in Napa and Buenos Aires and Sausalito, and dear knows where, and Alice and Nelly not coming, and Bertie not here—it doesn't seem to make much difference."

And Fanny, musing, answers: "I was thinking that. But I suppose it'll be like this to their children when—well, when you and I die, May."

This is a long book. It is a true transcription of the generation that has gone or is going from America. May's and Rob's and Harry's grandchildren are the present generation, differently reared, with different ideas about life. It is set in San Francisco and thereabouts, and the setting is as intimately told as is the story itself, but it belongs almost anywhere in this great country. These people are us, they are the people we know and with whom we have grown up in the towns and growing cities of East and West. They belong to the great majority, not too well educated, not too well situated, struggling, planning, rising or sinking, with false aims mixed with the better ones, with mean motives shadowing the finer ones. Meaning well, they make mistakes, and some of those mistakes are irretrievable. They interfere where they should step aside, and turn away when they are bitterly needed. But they gain your sympathy, your understanding, and you will not not willingly leave their story until you know all of it. Mrs. Norris has done something worth the doing in this book of hers.

MORE THAN HIS LIFE

DANNIE and Carson were dory mates from Gloucester, and good friends, too. At least Dannie was the friend of Carson, and being a big, open-hearted man, simple as a child, he thought that Carson loved him as one friend does love another. But there were many who cared very little for Carson, and thought him a poor sort of man. And one day this happened.

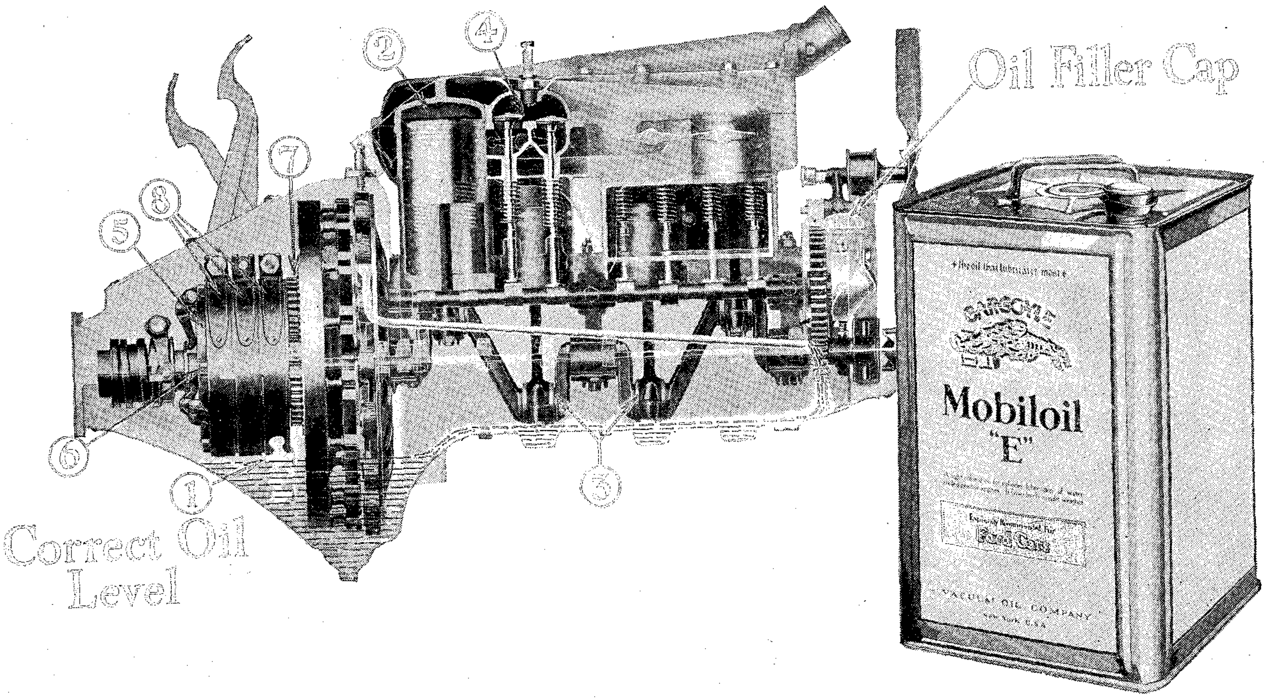
The dories were out in a rough sea, and Henry Carson and Dannie Bergin were working together. A dory can stand a vast deal of tossing, if the man at the oar be quick and fearless to act. But the captain of the schooner had his doubts about the fearlessness of Carson. He kept a sharp outlook on that particular dory, and to be sure, over it went.

Carson was seen on the overturned boat, clinging there, but of Dannie never a trace. Suddenly, however, he shot up from the depths where he had been dragged by the heavy halibut gear that had got tangled in his clothing. He had wrenched it free deep down by tearing the great halibut hook out of his thigh— "a harsh thing for a man to do to himself, but it had to be done." Fortunately a thwart from the boat floated just where he came up, and he managed to throw an arm over it, and to float there, weary but safe, while the rescuers hurried toward the two of them.

And just then Carson was swept from the dory, and close to where Dannie lay. And as this happened he called out, so loudly that they heard him in the schooner, "Dannie, Dannie, I can't swim."

"And as Carson so called we saw Dannie raise his weary head and look toward Carson; and we saw him then—with no further delay than so to raise his head—saw him throw the thwart to Carson. And we saw Carson draw it toward his own

Why not settle, once and for all, this question of Correct Lubrication for your Ford ?



LET us show you exactly why your Ford engine operates best on a light-bodied, clean-burning oil, such as Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

First, you pour in the oil.

Suppose you pour in an oil *heavier* than "E." It is easy to supply too much, unless the oil flows out freely when the upper pet-cock level is reached. Medium or heavy-bodied oils flow sluggishly. Consequently there is a danger of over-supply.

> *Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" runs out at once when the oil is up to the pet-cock level. The correct oil level is obtained with CERTAINTY.* (POINT 1)

There is no splash trough for the rear cylinder. It is lubricated by the fly-wheel splash. (The third cylinder also receives some of this splash.) The more oil there is in the reservoir, the more will be splashed to the third and fourth cylinders.

If heavier oil is used, don't be surprised to find extra-heavy carbon deposits in these rear cylinders.

> *The exceptionally clean-burning character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" minimizes carbon formation in the combustion chambers.* (POINT 2)

Next let us look at the connecting rods and splash troughs. Cylinders 1, 2 and 3 are lubricated by the dipping of the connecting rods into these troughs. The four connecting rods have neither oil holes, oil grooves nor dippers. To lubricate the friction surfaces the oil must work its way through the close clearances between the ends of the bearings and the crank cheeks, and then distribute itself over the bearing surfaces.

> *Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is sufficiently fluid to reach and lubricate these surfaces with ease. An incorrect or heavier oil very often does not.* (POINT 3)

The Ford pistons over-run the top of the cylinder bore. Consequently, any oil carried up by the piston rings is forced into the valve chambers. A heavy oil does not burn up readily, but remains to gum the valves.

> *Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," being a light-bodied, clean-burning oil, is readily consumed and expelled. It does not remain to foul the valves, seats and stems.* (POINT 4)

The Ford has a multiple disc clutch running "wet." All manufacturers of this type of clutch recommend light oil which will give positive quick engagement with no slipping, and an instantaneous release.

Heavier oils used in Ford engines cause a drag between the clutch plates. This causes "creeping." The car starts ahead when the engine starts, although the clutch is released.

> *Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" gives positive and immediate clutch engagement and disengagement. There is no "creeping."* (POINT 5)

In the Ford you have a Planetary transmission employing three *close-fitting* sleeves, mounted on an extension of the crank-shaft. A heavy-bodied oil is not well adapted to work into and thoroughly lubricate the sleeves and bearings.

> *The body and character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" enable it to distribute thoroughly and meet this lubrication need perfectly.* (POINT 6)

As to the transmission gears: There are three sets of triple gears mounted on close-fitting pivots. These gears are bronze bushed. The bearings fit so tightly that oil heavier than "E" is handicapped in working into and correctly lubricating the bushings and pins.

> *Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" freely creeps in between the close-fitting parts and thoroughly lubricates the gears and bearings.* (POINT 7)

Chattering! Chattering of Ford transmission bands is caused by incorrect adjustment or wear, also by diluted or thinned-out oil, which cannot properly lubricate the gripping surfaces.

The remedy is obvious: (1) Have the bands correctly adjusted, or (2) if worn, replace with new bands, (3) drain off the old crank-case oil at regular intervals.

> *The superior quality of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" gives the greatest freedom from chattering.* (POINT 8)

Put Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" in your Ford today.

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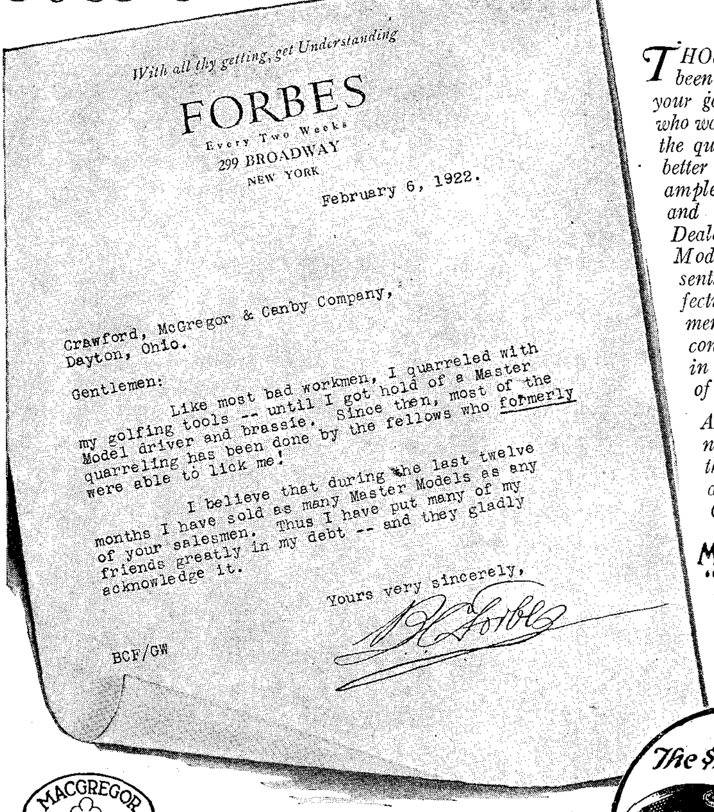

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Crawford, McGregor & Canby Company,
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I believe that during the last twelve months I have sold as many Master Models as any of your salesmen. Thus I have put many of my friends greatly in my debt -- and they gladly acknowledge it.

Yours very sincerely,
B C Forbes

BCF/GW

THOSE of you who have been "quarreling with your golfing tools"—and who want to put an end to the quarrel—could do no better than follow the example of B. C. Forbes and ask your Pro or Dealer for a Master Model Club. It represents the acme of perfection not only in the merits of its patented construction, but also in the careful selection of materials.

And ask us for our new booklet, "Golf, the Game of Games" and our General Catalog.

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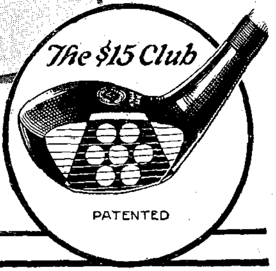

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Different Daisy models range in price from $1.00 to $5.00 and in size to suit the younger as well as the older boys. Ask any hardware or sporting goods dealer.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

DAISY
AIR RIFLES

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS
Continued

self and place it under his armpits and so lie safe while Dannie—well, Dannie could not swim a stroke at all, which left nothing for him but to sink under the sea."

But the captain saves Dannie by leaping overboard and helping to haul him on board.

And Carson never forgives Dannie.

Carson courts the same girl Dannie is courting. And he leaves the sea, for the men aboard the schooner do not care for his society since his life was saved by a man who he knew could not swim, and yet whose chance for life he took away to get clear himself. And when Dannie comes home from his next voyage Carson meets him and says without so much as a *How are you*, "Did you hear Bess was married?"

It was a terrible shock to Dannie, but he bore it as a stout vessel bears the heavy blow of the sea. If Bess loved another it was well—well for her, and that was what Dannie wanted. But the skipper, who loved Dannie, took him along with him to the little park that overlooked Gloucester harbor. And there they sat without speaking for some time. Then Dannie said:

"'My first fair wish, Captain John, was that I might some day be loved by the woman that I did love. But like a gull skirling into a bank o' fog that wish is now gone.'

"'The world is full of wishes for you yet, Dannie. . . . Look there . . . a fine vessel to go master of—what of that, Dannie? . . . And what of the billowy sea and the stars that you used to tell me in the night watches were too wonderful for thought?'

"And by and by, looking from the sea to the sky and back again, Dannie said: 'You are right, Captain John. It is a wonderful hope, a fine vessel; and the rolling, white-breasted sea is beautiful beyond words; and the swinging, shiny stars enough to take all a man's mind sometimes.'"

And the day comes when Dannie gets his vessel, a grateful and proud day for him. But he did not sail that same day, tho all was ready, for an easterly gale was blowing and it was no kindness to crew nor vessel to beat out to sea against that, nor much gain in time either.

But it would have been well for Dannie had he sailed out into the gale. For that night Bess's husband was found dead, strangled, and in the room with him was Dannie. Nor could any one make Dannie tell how he happened to be there, tho he asserted that he had not killed Meers. . . . "A queer way of showing my liking for a woman—to kill the man she preferred to me!"

"Then what brought you here?" asked Captain John.

But Dannie said that if he answered that question it would bring suspicion where suspicion should not rest, and he refused then and ever to answer it.

So that he was found guilty of murder in the second degree. For the jury were divided. Some thought he was trying to shield the wife. The clean record of the man helped, too. But the evidence could not be denied, and he was sentenced for life.

So Dannie disappeared from off the billowy sea, and saw no more of the stars, and for fourteen years lived the life of a prisoner inside the stones of a prison.

And then he was let out, for his friends, who knew well that he could never have killed a man like that, never rested until they got him pardoned.

He came straight to Gloucester, and almost his first words were: "Captain John, have you a chance in your vessel for me?"

And Captain John took him to the owner, Mr. Duncan, his other good friend. And this one said to him:

"Captain Bergin, with me you can begin where you left off fourteen years ago. A vessel of mine was waiting for you then. A vessel of mine you can have now."

But fourteen years is a long time. And the black story of the murder hung over him. Old shipmates had scattered, new men would not ship under him. The light faded from his eyes, the new color from his cheeks, his step grew slow. And he came to his two old friends on the day he found that he could not take out his vessel, and said:

"Three fair wishes I once made, but fair wishes are no more for me than high shining stars for prison cells. My first fair wish flew from me long ago—as you, Captain John, well know. My second dropt from me this day like a deep-sea lead in shoal water. For my third fair wish—well—I am going from here to some place where no stranger will know from whence I came, and no friend quick to find me, and there I will live out my poor life, and there will I die and be buried."

But before he left his friends they begged him to tell them the truth concerning that night. And when they had passed their word that no harm should come to the poor woman "who suffered beyond all others for that night's work," he told them and departed.

But the matter does not end there. For Bess has seen Dannie, tho he has not seen her. And she goes to Captain John and Mr. Duncan, and makes them tell her the story he told them. On that dreadful night some one had thrown a stone through Dannie's window as he was making ready to turn in. As he raised the shade an envelop wrapt about a piece of iron flew in, and it contained a letter, a letter signed Bess, which read: "My life is threatened. Come to my house at once. The back-door will be left open. Hurry, hurry!"

So it was because he thought her guilty that he had gone silent to prison.

And Bess leaves the two of them and fares out to do what she must do. It takes long—a year, two years. But then she came back. She had been following Carson, and when she found him she had worked on him. She wished him to reveal his evil soul to her, and she wished that revelation not to be wasted. And at last she succeeded.

It was Carson who had thrown the suspicion on Dannie, the man who had saved his life. Carson who had committed the murder. And at last it is Carson who pays.

But they bring Dannie back, in his own ship, to the woman that loved him, and loves him. He dies in her arms, content. He has his three fair wishes, for the woman he loves loves him, he is master of a fair vessel, and he did not die at sea.

"'My watch is all but over, and my strength is going from me. Hold me, Bess.'

"'I will hold you, Dannie, till God Himself comes to take you away from me.'

"And she held him, crooning as over a child, till God did come to take him away."

This is an outline only of a story in which every word is essential, a story, one of nine in "Tide Rips" by James B.

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FOR people who are particular about the welfare of their children during the habit-forming period. Safety is an important element in the habit of cleaning the teeth.

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

Continued

Connolly (Charles Scribner's Sons, $1.75), that reads like a great chant and makes the heart swell within you. If it sends you to the book, mere outline that it is, it will do you a service.

HUNDRED PER CENT. VILLAINY

RUPERT DUNSMORE has long had his suspicions concerning the death of his uncle, but he can not get the police to share them. Later the singular disappearance of his friend Charley Wright does not seem to arouse them to action, so Dunsmore resolves to take matters into his own hands, retires from view long enough to grow a heavy beard and, thus disguised, proceeds first to Bittermeads, the house where Charley Wright had last been seen. There is a pretty girl living there with her mother and her stepfather, Deede Dawson, to whom Charley had been devoted, and Dunsmore hopes to learn something of his friend from her. But it behooves him to proceed cautiously, so he reconnoiters at night and surprizes a burglar at work on one of the windows. He stuns him, takes advantage of the open window and enters the house where, after sundry adventures, he makes his way to the attic where he finds a packing-case with the cover not yet nailed down. Mechanically he opens it and his electric torch shows him the face of his friend with a bullet hole in his forehead; his search is ended. He is preparing to go to the police to denounce Dawson when a voice behind him says: "Put up your hands or you're a dead man." It is Dawson, and for a moment Dunsmore thinks his last hour has come, but the immediate danger passes and he contrives to pass himself off on Dawson as a real burglar. The fact that Dawson is a cold-blooded scoundrel accounts for his offering to give Dunsmore a job as gardener and chauffeur; he evidently needs some one in his employ who is not too particular, and Dunsmore is glad to accept a position which, tho full of danger, offers him an opportunity for quiet investigation.

From the first Ella Cayley interests him greatly, and more than once the question arises in his mind as to how much she knows of her stepfather's doings. As soon as the deal with Dawson was concluded on the fateful night he had taken Dunsmore up to the attic, had him nail up the packing-case (without opening it) and carry it downstairs where it was loaded upon a big motor driven by Ella who disappeared with it into the darkness. Since then Dunsmore had tried to find out if she knew what the box contained, but had been unable to decide the question.

The next event is the killing of a young man named Clive, an admirer of Ella's and a distant connection of Dunsmore's. The murder is laid to poachers, but again Dunsmore's suspicions are aroused, for he had seen Ella in the wood just after the shooting and had picked up a handkerchief marked with her initials near the spot where Clive's body had been found. This uncertainty is doubly painful to Dunsmore, for by this time he realizes that he is in love with Ella.

Another set of people now come on the scene. They are Lord Cobham, who lives not far away at Wreste Abbey, his brother, and heir, General Dunsmore, Rupert's father, and his secretary and relative, Walter Dunsmore, who had been brought up with Rupert. Dawson now drops his mask and tells Rupert of his plan to rob the Abbey. Dunsmore is to motor Ella and a man over who would go as tourists to see the place, get an idea of the lay of the land, the difficulties to be surmounted and the best mode of procedure.

And then Dawson, who has been suspicious of Dunsmore for some time, lays a trap for him into which he almost falls. He is told to go to a certain spot some miles distant where he is to meet his father, and is on his way thither when Ella contrives to intercept him with a note, and it is only by the most strenuous exertion that he manages to reach his destination an hour before his time and is able to save his father from assassination. This was to have been followed by his own murder, and the killing of his father to have been fastened upon him. Lord Cobham was probably to have been disposed of in the proposed burglary and then Walter Dunsmore would have come into the long-coveted estate and title.

For it is he who has been at the bottom of those murders, and it is only Ella's watchfulness that has prevented his final success.

When Dunsmore realizes this, it becomes clear to him that Ella is in the greatest danger, so he hastens back to Bittermeads just in time to save her and wreak a dramatic vengeance on Dawson. Such is the story of "The Bittermeads Mystery," by E. A. Punshon (Knopf, $2.00), a thrilling tale into whose pages more villainy is compress than is often to be met with, and which will hold the reader breathless to the end.

Grammar Made Easy.—MISS JENKINS—"Nobody ever heard of a sentence without a predicate."

KNECHT—"I have, Miss Jenkins."

MISS JENKINS—"What is it?"

KNECHT—"Thirty days."—*Albright Bulletin.*

Offer Declined.—CADDIE—"I got that ball we lost this morning, sir—got it from a small kid."

GOLFER—"Good! I'll hand you what you gave him for it."

CADDIE—"No, thanks; I gave him a punch in the eye."—*Boston Transcript.*

Better Late Than Never.—The host was nervous and inexperienced and he rose hurriedly at the conclusion of a song with which one of the guests had been obliging.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "Before Mrs. Smith started to sing she—ah—told me her ah—voice was not in the best condition and—ah—asked me to apologize for it, but I neglected to do so and—ah—I apologize now."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

A Quarter for a "S-cent."—A well-drest woman stopt in front of the perfume counter.

"I would like some good perfume," she told the clerk.

Pointing to a bottle filled with perfume costing $8 an ounce, she asked to sample it.

Because the woman looked as if she might make a purchase, the clerk permitted the woman to take a whiff of it.

"Now, that's pretty good," the customer replied, "I think I'll take a quarter's worth."

"Why, madam," the astonished clerk managed to answer, "you've already had a quarter's worth."—*The White Star.*

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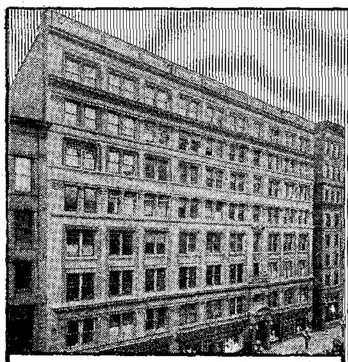
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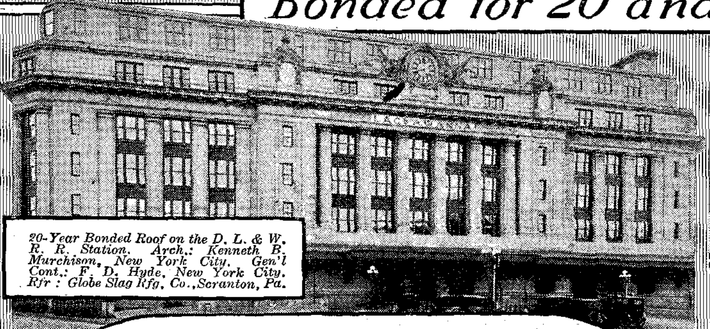
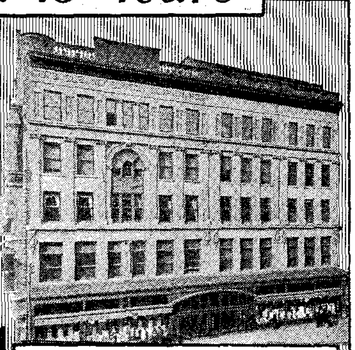

20-Year Bonded Roof on the D. L. & W. R. R. Station. Arch.: Kenneth B. Murchison, New York City. Gen'l Cont.: F. D. Hyde, New York City. Rfr: Globe Slag Rfg. Co., Scranton, Pa.


Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Cleland-Simpson Co., Scranton, Pa. Arch.: Edward Langley. Scranton, Pa. Gen'l Cont.. E. S. Williams, Scranton, Pa. Rfr.: Globe Slag Roofing Co., Scranton, Pa.

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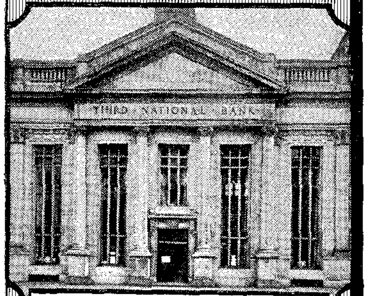
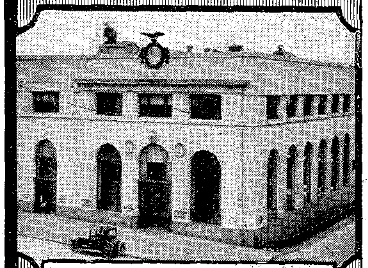
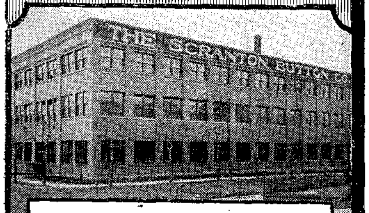
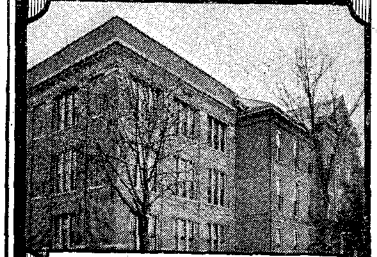
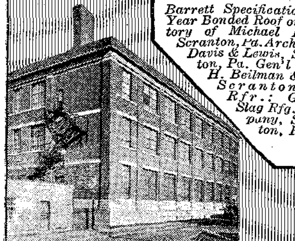
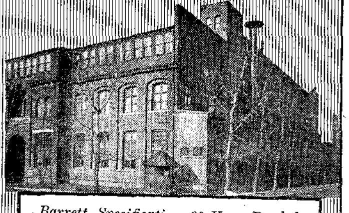

Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Third National Bank, Scranton, Pa. Arch.: Edward Langley, Scranton, Pa. Gen'l Cont.: E. S. Williams, Scranton, Pa. Rfr.: Globe Slag Rfg. Company, Scranton, Pa.


Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on First National Bank, Scranton, Pa. Arch.: Robert Snyder, Scranton, Pa. Gen'l Cont.: S. Sykes & Sons, Scranton, Pa. Rfr.: Globe Slag Rfg. Co., Scranton, Pa.


Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on The Scranton Button Company, Scranton, Pa. Engs. & Conts.: Westinghouse, Church, Kerr Co., New York City. Rfr.: Globe Slag Roofing Co., Scranton, Pa.


Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Hillside Home, Scranton, Pa. Arch.: Edward Langley, Scranton, Pa. Gen'l Cont.: Breig Brothers, Scranton, Pa. Rfr.: Globe Slag Rfg. Co. Scranton, Pa.


Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Factory of Michael Bosak, Scranton, Pa. Architects: Davis & Lewis, Scranton, Pa. Gen'l Cont.: H. Beilman & Son, Scranton, Pa. Rfr.: Globe Slag Rfg. Company, Scranton, Pa.


Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof on Scranton Lace Curtain Co., Scranton, Pa. Gen'l Cont.: S. Sykes & Sons, Scranton, Pa. Rfr.: Globe Slag Rfg. Co., Scranton, Pa.

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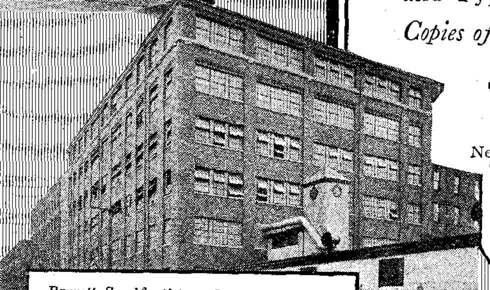
Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof in foreground—Scranton Button Co., Scranton, Pa. Background Lackawanna Mills, Scranton, Pa. Engs. & Conts.: Westinghouse, Church, Kerr Co., New York City. Rfr.: Globe Slag Rfg. Co., Scranton, Pa.

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AN ELECTRICAL PARTY

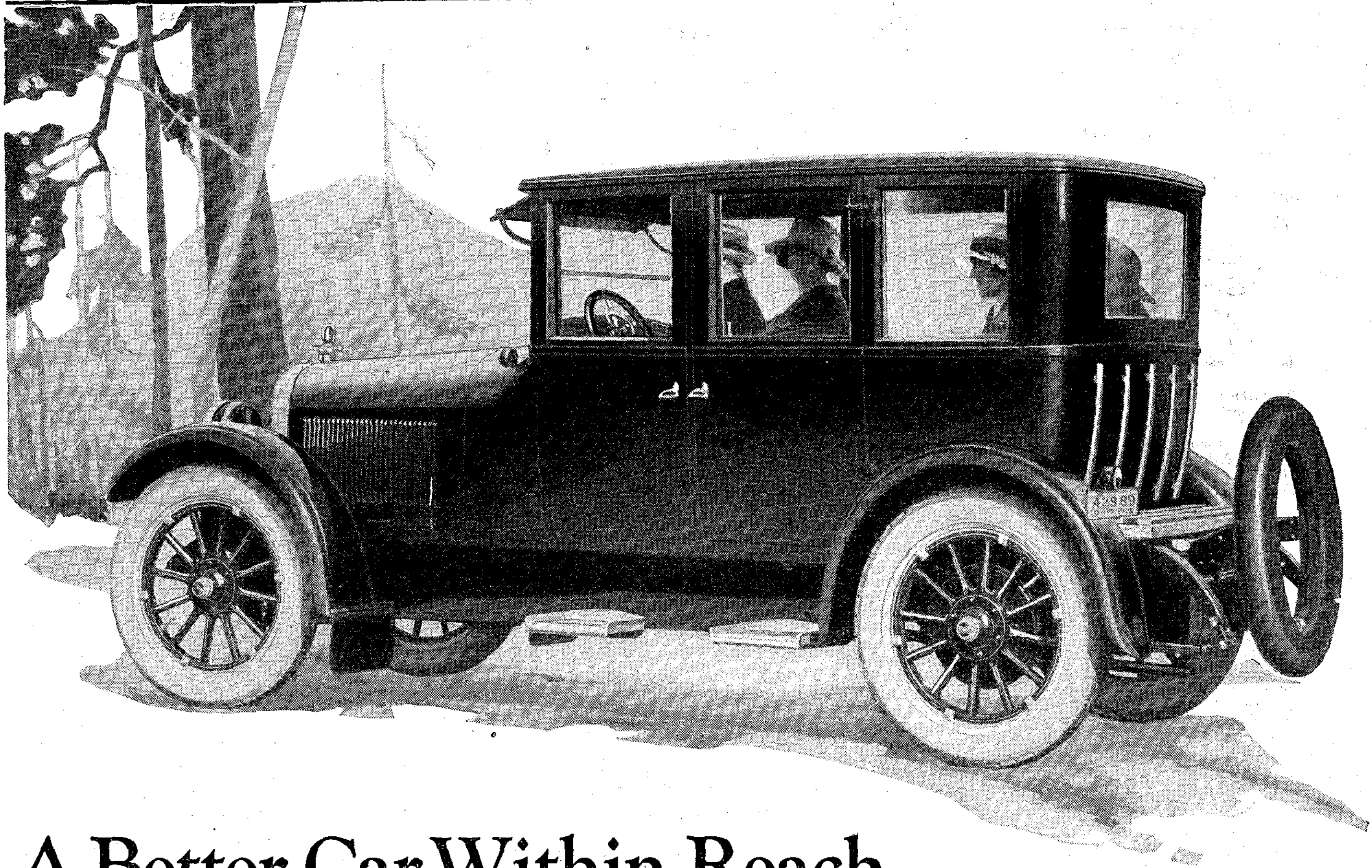
A SUGGESTION for the young persons who are always sighing for "something new" is made in the columns of *Electrical Merchandizing* (New York). Electrical light-effects and electrical games are the features. The writer opines that to his ears may occasionally have come some plaint from a wistful sixteen-year-old that "she was going to give a party, and hadn't an idea for something new for it"; and he goes on:

> Why not, then, the suggestion, "Hold an electrical party," with the promise to the young hostess of beautiful lighting novelties in the home that will thrill her guests, and a program of new and entirely original electrical games?
>
> The variety of unusual and fascinating lighting effects for a complete program of dances is probably the suggestion that will have most appeal to the hostess in quest of novelties to please her guests. Moods of various dances have very simply been suggested by such methods as follow:
>
> 1. *Daylight.* Extra large center light, and four corner lights, all white lights.
> 2. *Sunlight.* Extra large center light.
> 3. *Sunset.* One immense hidden red light.
> 4. *Twilight.* Red and blue stars overhead and wall lights below.
> 5. *Evening star.* One red star.
> 6. *Starlight.* Red and blue stars overhead.
> 7. *Camp-fire.* One hidden light near the floor.
> 8. *Burning forest.* Low small lights all around the room.
> 9. *Moonlight.* White moon and red and blue stars overhead.
> 10. *Midnight dance.* Blue stars overhead.
> 11. *Searchlight*—played over room from stairway or any height; also with rapid changes of colored light.
> 12. *Break-of-day.* Hidden red lights.
> 13. *Sun-up.* All hidden red lights and one large center white light.
>
> The house would be decorated for the party, anyway, so here, too, electricity will save the hostess time and trouble. For what decorations could be more beautiful than the ordinary Christmas-tree lighting sets, or ropes of luminous flowers, birds and novelty figures?
>
> Even the refreshments might be made electrically, if chafing dish, percolator and toaster are available—and if the party is small enough to do so.
>
> But the real fun of any party starts when the games are announced, and the hostess who can call to her aid a hair-drier, heating pad or fan can boast of offering something entirely new to her guests. Not only can her electrical appliances add a new excitement to many of the old and familiar games, but a fertile brain can invent a score of new and original games with electricity as the basis for the fun.

Most of the games here suggested, we are told, were originated by Miss Alice Carroll of the Society for Electrical Development, to whom, in fact, credit is due for the "electrical game" idea itself:

> ### "GOING TO JERUSALEM" IN THE DARK
>
> This game is infinitely more amusing if electric light is used to signal the players. Chairs are placed in a row down the middle of the room, the number of chairs being one less than the number of players. The players march around the chairs, one after another, while a victrola or piano plays. Suddenly the light is turned off, which is the cue for the scramble for the seats in the dark. The player "left" each time drops out and another chair is removed from the line.
>
> The game may be reversed by having the players march around the chairs in the dark and then, when the light is flashed on, seek for chairs.
>
> ### BEHOLD! A GREEN PIG!
>
> An amusing optical stunt rather than an electrical game. A number of pigs are cut out of bright red paper, about 4 inches long, and mounted on white paper, the eyes heavily outlined in black—one pig for each guest. A sheet is stretched on the wall in a dark part of the room. The players, standing with their backs to the light, must look their red pigs steadily in the eyes while they say "Poor Piggy" twenty times; then raise their eyes quickly and look steadily at the sheet on the wall, when they will behold one of the wonders of nature, for behold! a green pig!
>
> ### FLASHLIGHT TAG
>
> Each player is provided with a small flashlight, and the entire floor is given over to the game, doors are thrown open and lights extinguished. Better still if played outdoors on summer nights.
>
> One person is chosen to be "it." He calls the name of one of the other players, for example, "Mary Smith." Mary Smith flashes her light just once, and then runs to another part of the room to escape detection. The person who is "it" must find and touch her, while she flashes her light for a moment, at intervals, to help him in the chase. When touched, she becomes "it."
>
> ### AIRPLANE RIDE
>
> Each player is blindfolded, led into the room, and made to step on a table-leaf, which rests on a strong box about 6 inches high. He places his hands on the shoulders of a person standing in front of him, who is the "propeller." Then two assistants, one at each end of the board, lift it and rock it slightly, while the propeller slowly bends toward the floor. With the whir of an electric hair-drier or sewing-machine motor representing the whir of the engine, the blindfolded player actually has the "feel" of an airplane rising. In a few seconds the propeller calls, "Look out for the ceiling. Jump!" while some one behind the victim touches him on the head with a broom. The poor player, thinking he had hit the ceiling, makes a wide jump—for the six inches to the floor!
>
> ### ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES IN PANTOMIME
>
> Guessing electrical appliances in pantomime makes an amusing feature of an electrical party. The players have pencil and paper to record their guesses. One member stands in the middle and goes through the motions of using the various devices—toaster, curling-iron, vacuum-cleaner, clothes-washer, vibrator, immer-

New Prices Widen Appeal of Chandler Value



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A room is made pitch-dark, one player being admitted at a time to this "Chamber of Horrors." As he closes the door behind him, an electric hair-drier blows a blast of confetti in his face, or simply hot or cold air, if preferred. When his eyes become accustomed to the dark, he can discern pairs of ghostly eyes staring at him, and ghostly hands waving slowly. One of these hands grasps his and draws him up the aisle between the rows of eyes, to a sort of throne, whereon another ghostly figure is seated, also with the strangely gleaming eyes. This person grasps his hand and, whispering "Sit down," draws him down to a low chair, covered with a soft cushion. Still there is no sound, and in dead silence the victim sits and waits—until he becomes conscious that the cushion under him is becoming hotter and hotter. Just as he makes some exclamation and starts up, the lights are switched on—and behold, he is surrounded by sheeted figures, with radium eyes and radium stickers pasted on their fingers!—and he is shown the cushion under which a heating-pad was concealed.

CAN BIRDS SMELL?

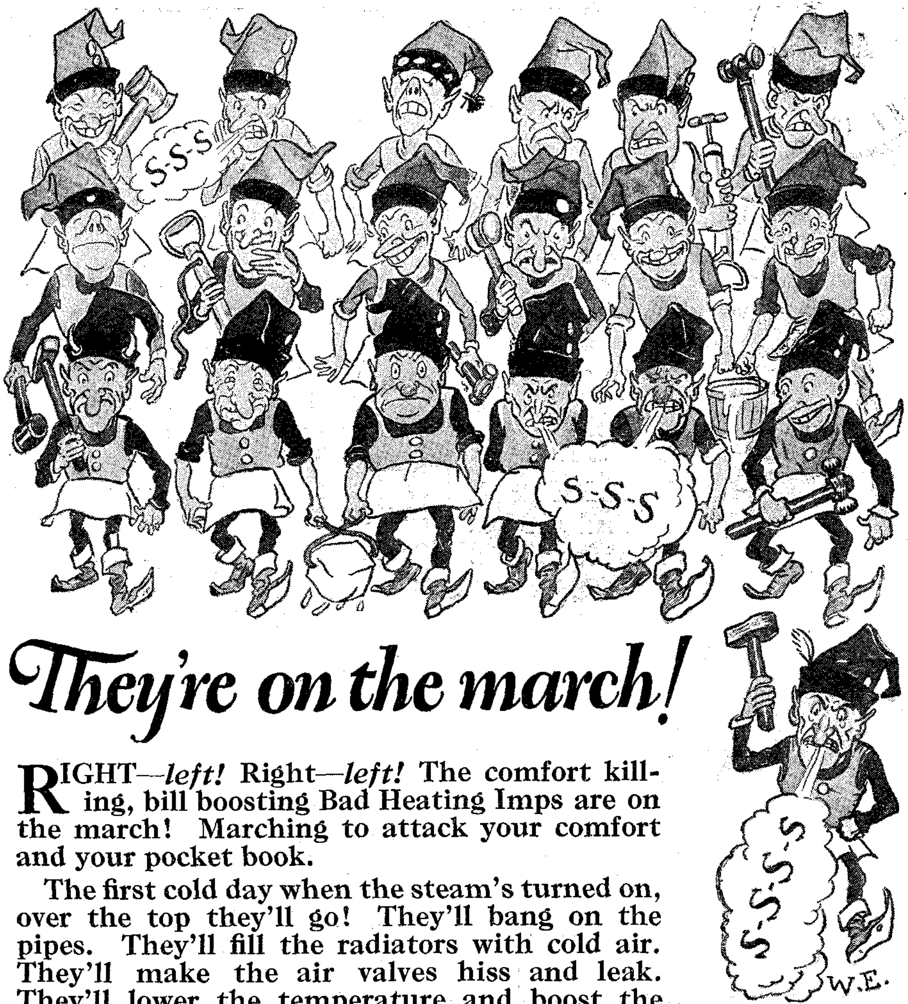
PERHAPS; but not much. This appears to be the conclusion of a contributor to *Nature* (London), who reviews the evidence on this controverted subject. Most birds have what appear to be organs of smell, sometimes very well developed, as in some of the vultures and the petrels, but observation and experiment both leave us in doubt as to whether they are used as ours are. So far, apparently, ornithologists must be content to render the Scotch verdict of "not proven." Animals, the writer notes, have manifold uses for a sense of smell. Says the writer in *Nature:*

> The practical demonstration of a sense of smell is beset with difficulties, and the existing evidence is conflicting and largely inconclusive. It seems difficult, of course, to believe that the apparatus serves no purpose, especially where highly developed or specialized, but it must be borne in mind that the organs may have some other function than a sense of smell of the kind with which we are subjectively familiar.
>
> The sense of smell is notoriously acute in the majority of mammals. In birds the case is obviously very different, for with them vision must certainly be given pride of place. Hearing, too, is very well developed in birds, and there is also often a delicate sense of touch, and possibly some power of discriminating food by taste. Smell would be less useful to birds than to mammals: the great distances from which some birds detect their prey seem practically prohibitive for any sense but vision, and the spaces of the upper air must form a less favorable medium for scent than the ground winds on which mammals so greatly rely.
>
> This question attracted the attention of Charles Darwin, and in "A Naturalist's Voyage Round the World" we read of the experiment which he made in a garden in Chile where twenty or thirty captured

condors were tethered in a long row at the bottom of a wall. "Having folded up a piece of meat in white paper," he says, "I walked backwards and forwards, carrying it in my hand at a distance of about three yards from them, but no notice whatever was taken. I then threw it on the ground, within one yard of an old male bird; he looked at it for a moment with attention, but then regarded it no more. With a stick I pushed it closer and closer, until at last he touched it with his beak; the paper was instantly torn off with fury; at the same moment every bird in the long row began struggling and flapping its wings."

Both before and since Darwin's day the question has been much discust. Mr. J. H. Gurney now makes a welcome and interesting contribution in a recent paper "On the Sense of Smell Possessed by Birds." The rook and some woodpeckers are cited on account of the accuracy with which they seem able to locate hidden grubs, below the ground in one case and beneath the tree-bark in the other. Various petrels are also mentioned, some of these being credited by good observers with the power, for instance, of detecting offal thrown overboard by fishing-boats, even in thick mist. Geese and ducks, too, have very frequently been thought to possess powers of smell, and in the Norfolk duck decoys the watching decoyman customarily burns peat or the like to prevent the birds scenting him down-wind. Other birds, notably the great bustard, commonly forsake their nests if their eggs have been handled. The most striking case, however, is that of the vultures in many parts of the world. It is indeed difficult to explain on any other theory than that of scent how these birds of ill-omen should know when a death has occurred in a house, congregating on the roof as if in the hope of gaining access to the corpse which they can not possibly have seen. Against all this, however, there is a mass of testimony from naturalists and sportsmen that birds show little or no power of detecting the presence of an enemy, even if approaching down-wind, until either sight or hearing comes into play. Dr. Alexander Hill offered domestic turkeys alternative dishes of the same food, one untainted and the other containing asafetida, essence of anise, or oil of lavender. The birds appeared to be indifferent not only to the smell but also the taste of the noxious substances. In America, Dr. R. M. Strong has tried the effect of placing hidden food close to doves confined in boxes which could be regulated to admit or to exclude odors. Here again the results were negative, no notice being taken of the food by any of the birds. To these may perhaps be added the experiment carried out by Professor Watson and Dr. Lashley on the noddy and sooty terns of the Tortugas Islands off the coast of Florida. These investigators were studying the homing faculties of breeding terns, and in some cases they tried the effect of sealing up the bird's nasal chambers with wax: here again no difference in behavior was observable.

There is, then, a well-developed olfactory apparatus in birds which one is reluctant to consider altogether ineffective, and there are instances of behavior which are difficult to explain except on the supposition that an acute sense of smell exists in the species concerned. On the other hand, there is a greater mass of evidence of behavior suggesting that the sense is not developed to any important extent, and the results of experiments—so far as they can be considered satisfactory at all—point in the same direction.



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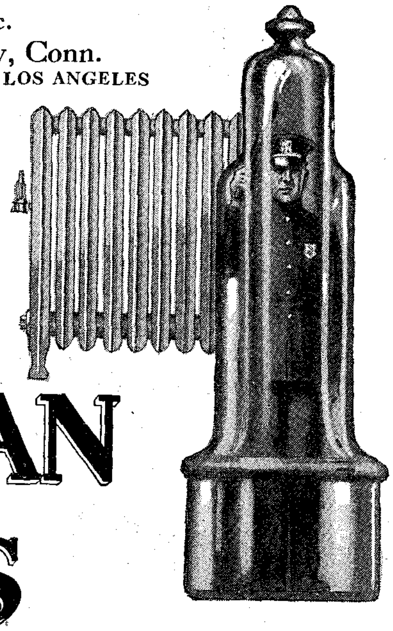

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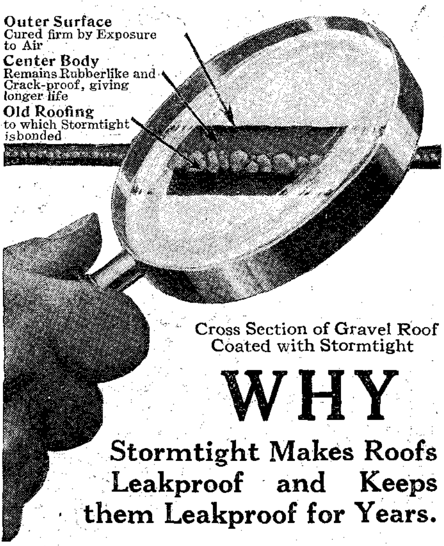
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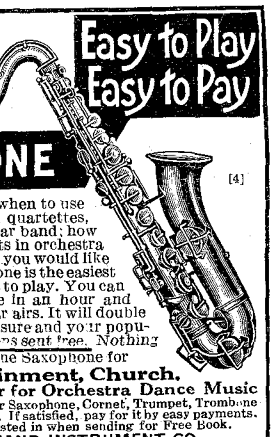

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

HOW WALL STREET FINANCED STRIKING COAL MINERS

"WHAT! Do you think that Wall Street or any of its banking crowd are going to help the striking miners?" That was the reply made early in the summer by President Lewis, of the United Mine Workers of America, when some one asked him if the big New York banks were going to lend money to his union. But now it comes out that one of the Wall Street "banking crowd" gave the strikers extremely valuable financial assistance. One report had it last week that the Harriman National Bank lent President Lewis, Secretary Green, and other union officers $200,000 on their personal notes without collateral, at a time when funds to buy food and shelter for striking miners were badly needed. In explaining fully how the strike was financed, Mr. Green said that the Harriman Bank and the Indiana National Bank of Indianapolis each loaned the union officers $100,000. Normally, Mr. Green says, as quoted in the New York papers, the income of the United Mine Workers of America is more than $2,500,000 a year. When the strike began there was $700,000 in bonds and cash in the treasury. More than $1,500,000 was tied up, being involved in lawsuits. In order to meet the expenses of the strike, which totaled more than $1,000,000, the union officials, according to Mr. Green, had to sell $550,000 worth of securities and borrow $50,000 from the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, besides borrowing the money from the two big banks mentioned. As quoted in the New York *Sun*, Mr. Green asserted that "the Harriman Bank did for us a greater service than extending the loan," in that "Mr. Harriman, its president, was an important figure in the events leading up to the termination of the strike," for it was he "who arranged some of the most important conferences." Loaning this money to the mine workers, comments Arthur Brisbane in the New York *American*, was "good business," for "the mine workers will pay their debts," and was also "very sensible and intelligent as a Bolshevik antidote, much sought after just now." One of the directors of the Harriman Bank is quoted in *The Sun* as saying of the mine union officials: "If they should come into this office again to-day in need of $5,000,000 they could have it within an hour. They are customers of the Harriman National Bank and we deem it our duty to help them." President Joseph W. Harriman issued the following statement to the press after the loan had become a matter of public discussion:

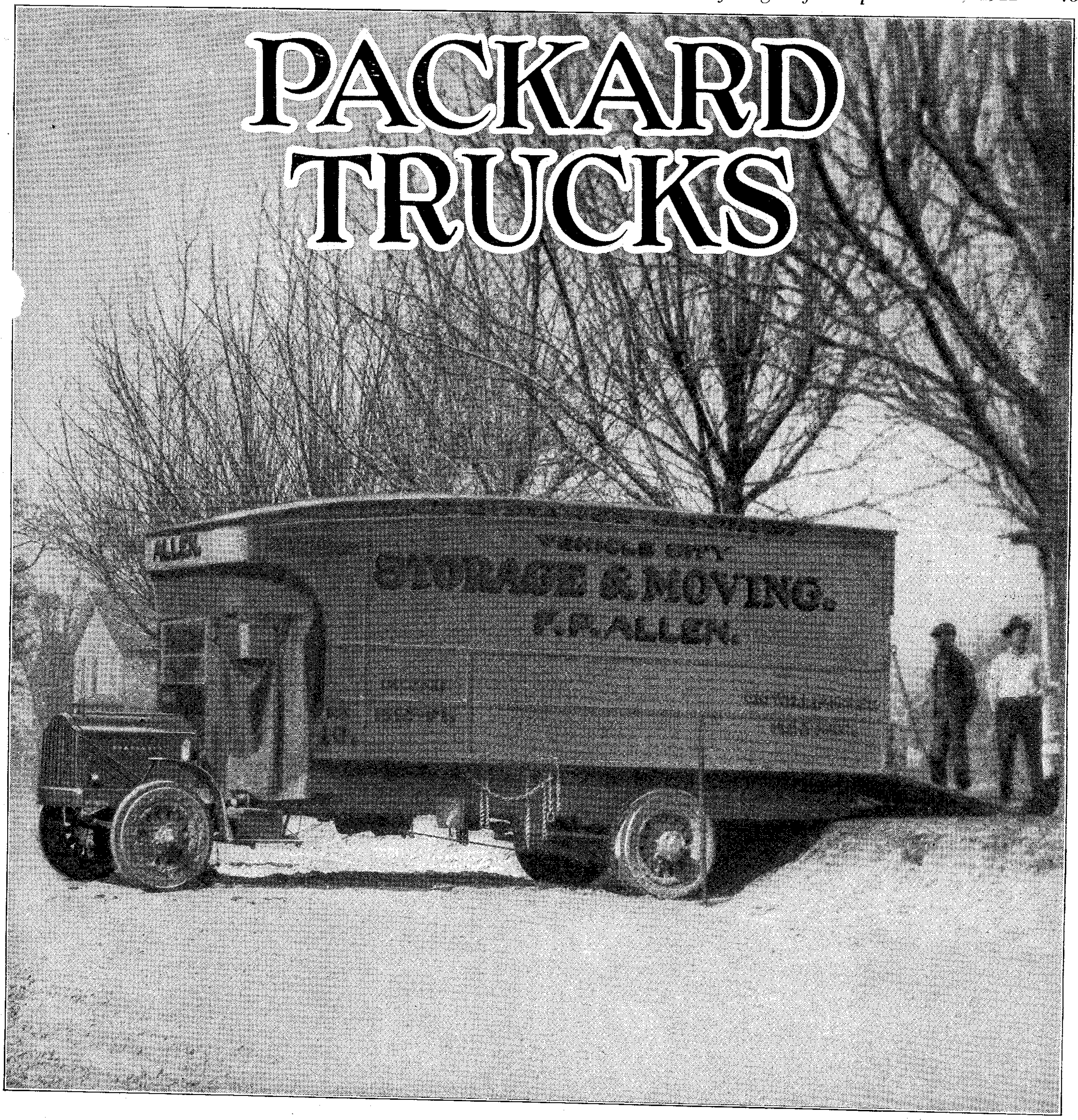
> The Harriman National Bank is a public institution and does business with corporations, individuals and all kinds of organizations, including labor organizations, railroads and coal corporations, also with Indians, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos and some Americans, red, yellow, brown and white; in other words, without regard to race, creed, or color.
>
> The United Mine Workers of America do banking business here, and have do so for some time. Their business with has always been conducted along business lines. The nature of their transactions I am at no more liberty to discuss publicly than the business of others who do business here. They have conducted their business with us in accordance with business principles. It is their business, and it would not be proper for this bank to discuss their affairs. We are financial doctors, and doctors do not discuss the private affairs of their patients.

FRENCH RAILROADS BEING ELECTRIFIED

AMERICAN investors in French railroad securities will note with peculiar interest the announcement from the French Minister of Public Works that it has been decided to electrify the whole French railway system. This, it is said, will have the effect of reducing costs of operation and will do away with the necessity of importing foreign coal for the railroads. The United States Consul at Bordeaux tells us in *Commerce Reports* that "following an exhaustive inquiry, confirmed by the visit of a technical commission to the United States, the direct current system of 1,500 volts has been adopted, and already various companies have begun work on the electrification of the more important sections." Further information is given briefly as follows:

> The three railway systems making greatest progress toward electrification are the Midi, the Paris-Orleans, and the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranee. It is hoped to make the change within a few years on the Paris-Vierzon-Brive line, and also on the branches between Limoges, Montluçon, Gannat, Brive, Tulle, and Cleremont-Ferrand. This region is situated in the vicinity of the Dordogne River and its tributaries, which have hydroelectric power estimated at 400,000 kilowatts capable of development. The lines of the Midi between Tarbes and Bagneres-de-Bigorre, Lourdes and Pierrefite, and Perpignan and Villefranche have already been electrified; within two years the lines between Toulouse and Dax and between Montrejeau and Luchon will be completed.
>
> The electrification of the Paris-Orleans and the Mediterranee railways will be rendered easy by the water-power of the Rhone, the Alps, and the central plateau. The company has planned the electrification of 1,430 miles of its lines, or about 23 per cent. Within four years the line from Culoz to Modane will be electrified, as an experiment; later on, the stretches from Nice to Coni, Lyon-Marseille-Ventimiglia, Lyon to Geneva, Lyon to Grenoble, and the suburban lines about Paris will be run by electricity.

It is interesting to note in this connection that for the first six months of 1922 there has been a marked improvement in French



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Second, Packard Trucks are *built* to give—as they actually do give—*lower cost haulage over a longer period of years.*

You will find it the conviction of Packard Truck users everywhere, that Packard Trucks save more, and pay more, as an investment.

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In 585 cities and towns throughout the United States, Packard Truck Service Stations give owners highly skilled service at a reasonable cost. Packard Truck costs, always low because the sound Packard construction minimizes the need of repair, are held still lower by this expert, broadcast service.

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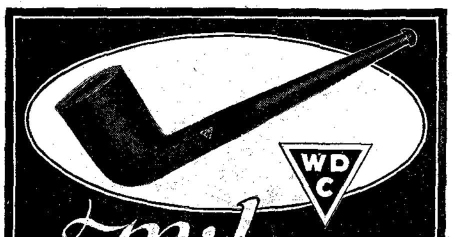

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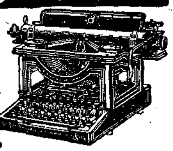

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

railway finances equipment and safety of operation over the corresponding period of 1921. Two improvements now being introduced in all lines are said by a member of our Consular service in Paris to be important controlling factors in operating safety:

> (1) The "crocodile," an electrical apparatus installed in the locomotive cab, which automatically registers visually and audibly the semaphore signals along the line, thereby reducing to a minimum any possible failure by the engineer to observe the signal; (2) electric lighting of all passenger cars.

THE WILL TO PROSPERITY

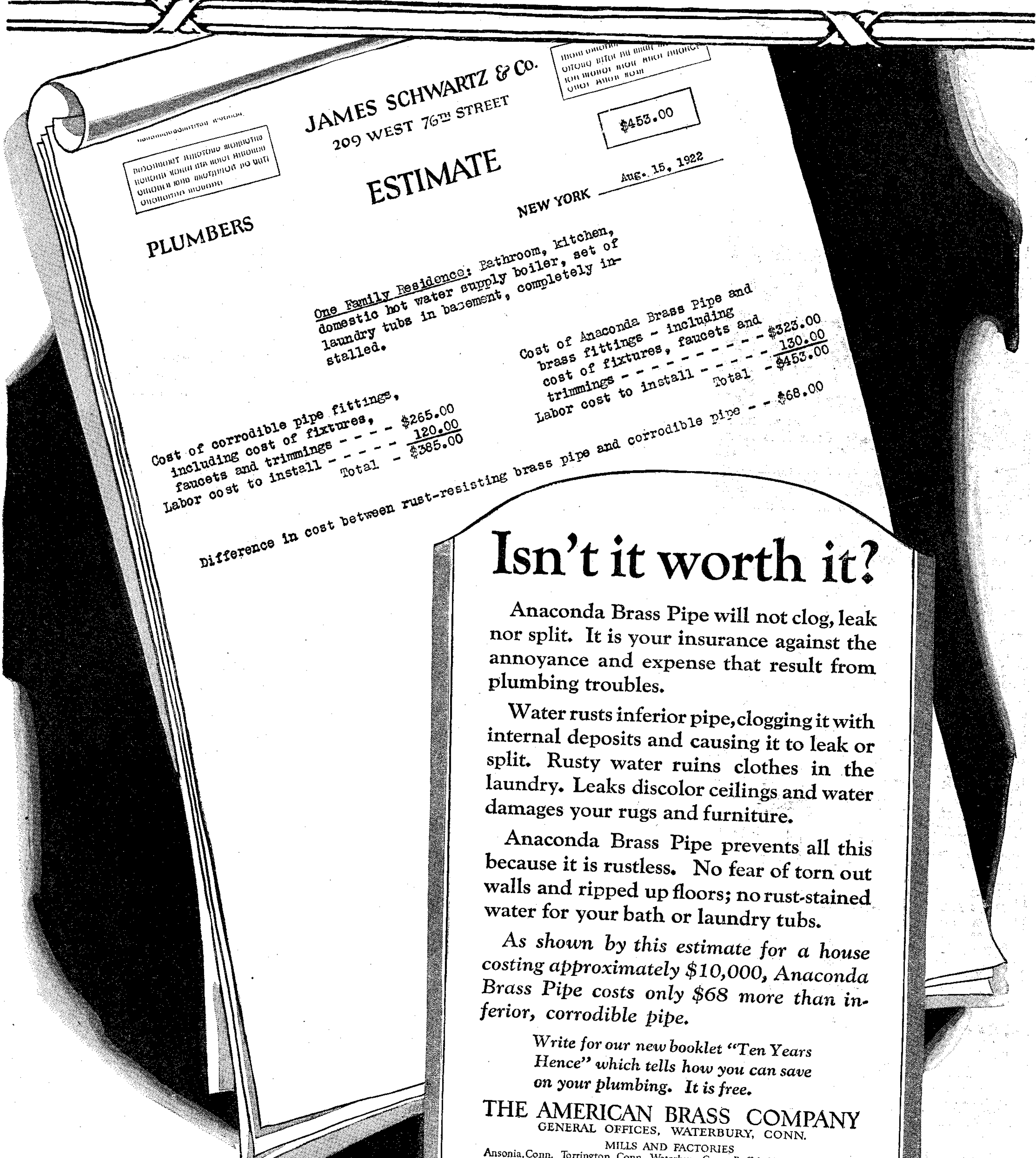
THERE is a great amusement enterprise, we are told, which selects a new motto each year, and chooses for 1922–1923, the words "Better Times." *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle* likes the spirit here shown. And, it asks, "who can say that there is not a very subtle psychology, a potential good we can not measure, in the endeavor?" There is much, thinks this writer, in the theory of the influence of the subconscious mind. "If we give assertion to the thought that 'better times' are coming, assert this unitedly, better times will come and come sooner than if we walk about in gloom and say to each other, 'business is bad, very bad.'" As the editorial continues:

> We overheard two business men talking. One said: "Business, tho, in all lines is bad." The other replied, "Yes—but we have had some mighty good days lately—made a thousand-dollar cash sale yesterday that came in mighty handy." What will Number One of this colloquy do when he gets back to the store? sulk and do nothing—or increase his exertions? The chances are, well, we don't know the ratio, but we will venture that the chances are ten to one that he will strive all the harder to get that portion of the good business going about that belongs to him. So that if we all sing in unison that good old song—"Better Times Are Coming," we will all work harder, and what brings Good Times but hard work? It is "the strong pull and the long pull and the pull all together," an old sea chanty, hoary with honor before the days of patented advertising, that "brought results."
>
> We need not try to deceive ourselves, only change ourselves—get a new outlook. That World War is over. There is still some sporadic fighting, and by far too many armies encamped, but what are these hundreds of millions doing? Are they not working in Germany, Belgium, France, England, as "never before," despite all the poor pay, the huge debts, the deprest exchanges and depreciated currencies, and that work bringing harvests in agriculture and manufacture? Russia? What a wonderful illustration of the adage "Where there's a will there's a way" is that Fair at Niji Novgorod, a renewal of actual barter between merchants, no other method being available. A reaction to simplicity in trade in the very face of all the magnificent contentions of a corrupt Communism. Man lives, here and everywhere, by the exercise of energy applied to necessary production. Travelers tell us that the after-the-war hilarity in foreign countries is diminishing. Economists tell us that the actualities of daily trade, the settling processes, are constantly at work. Financiers tell us that if the Governments concerned would only "settle up" (politics) there would soon be a loan. And as for all that is embraced in "international relations," disparaging no rightful influence we may exert, our own productive area is so vast and varied that "trading jackknives" will bring us a huge measure of "prosperity."
>
> What then? "Better Times" *are* coming, are on the way—and there is nothing can prevent, unless we all elect with sanctimonious piety to "cease from working," or conclude to reenact the chief cause of all the causes of our ills and undertake another war. Things have a way of righting themselves if let alone. We undoubtedly have taken on the habit of concerning ourselves unduly over things far away. Let us all, while we work, smile—and as we smile, think on the inevitability of "Better Times." And lo, they are here!

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF FOREIGN INVESTMENTS

THE human aspects of the large and growing American investment in foreign securities are commented on by John Oakwood in the current issue of *Forbes.* Foreign bonds are now being widely distributed to small holders, partly because of the high interest rate and partly because of the convenience of small denomination bonds which are used. "If the foreign investment structure thus being built proves sound, all will be well; but if wide distribution of foreign issues that prove unfortunate is accomplished, it is inevitable that the time will come when the suspicion against bankers and banking that always exists in certain quarters of the public mind, will be fanned into flame by the demagogues of social discontent." Then, there is another angle. The money-lender is never popular and for generations to come "the people of Europe will be digging down into their pockets to meet taxes to pay American financial tribute." Demagogs in Europe will not overlook this opportunity," which will be the greater because most of the private credits are government bonds. If they were being loaned to private interests "they would not be so conspicuous as a taxation burden upon the masses." And so, we are told,

> The fact can not be overlooked that the volume of Government debts now owned in the United States is creating new and unknown social forces whose future development will have fully as controlling a part in the soundness of these foreign debts as will the physical and fiscal assets supposedly constituting their actual security.
>
> Social revolutions, or even milder political transformations, are no respecters of foreign creditors—as has been demonstrated time and again.
>
> The mass psychology involved in the present course of investment in the United States is a factor that may well be studied, for in finance, as well as in poetry, the greatest study of mankind is man.
>
> It is just as essential for the investor to look ahead and figure what people are going to do as it is for the speculator to figure what the markets are going to do, or for the farmer to figure what crops are going to do.



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Cost of corrodible pipe fittings, including cost of fixtures, faucets and trimmings - - - - -	$265.00
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Total -	$385.00

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Isn't it worth it?

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Water rusts inferior pipe, clogging it with internal deposits and causing it to leak or split. Rusty water ruins clothes in the laundry. Leaks discolor ceilings and water damages your rugs and furniture.

Anaconda Brass Pipe prevents all this because it is rustless. No fear of torn out walls and ripped up floors; no rust-stained water for your bath or laundry tubs.

As shown by this estimate for a house costing approximately $10,000, Anaconda Brass Pipe costs only $68 more than inferior, corrodible pipe.

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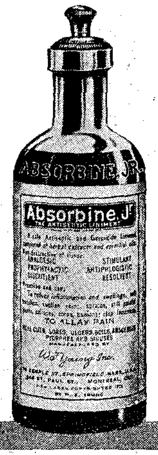

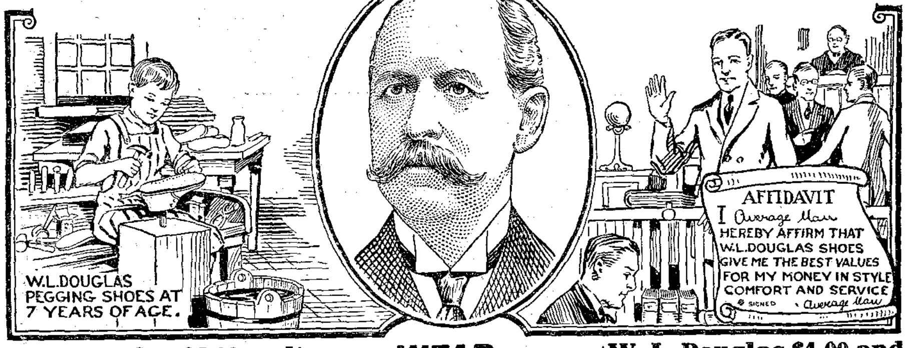
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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

September 6.—Europeans begin leaving Smyrna as the Turks' advance against the Greeks, and 150,000 refugees enter the city.

The Council of the League of Nations names a committee of five, composed of representatives of England, France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia and Austria, to work out a plan to aid Austria.

The American mission to the Brazilian Centennial, headed by Secretary of State Hughes, arrives in Rio de Janeiro.

September 7.—The Turkish Nationalists attack Smyrna from two sides, and reach the Ægean Sea, inflicting a loss of 50,000 men on the Greeks.

September 8.—Her Army of 200,000 routed and reduced to 50,000 effectives, Greece sues for an armistice with the Turkish Nationalists. Smyrna is evacuated.

Twenty-four nations represented at the League of Nations meeting refuse to reduce their armaments on the ground that they can not afford to do so until certain neighboring countries decide to cut down their forces.

The Earl of Balfour says that Lord Robert Cecil's plan to have the League of Nations take up reparations and war problems is impossible.

The Peruvian Government announces it will not participate any further in the work of the League of Nations, and will reconsider its decision only in case the United States decides to join the League. The Nicaraguan Government has already announced its decision to withdraw from the League.

September 9.—Smyrna is surrendered to the Turkish Nationalists, who also occupy the towns of Brusa and Ghemlek.

William T. Cosgrave, Minister of Local Government, is elected President of the Dail Eireann by the new Irish Parliament. General Richard Mulcahy is appointed Minister of Defense.

The Costa Rican National Assembly refuses to ratify the Central American treaty of peace and amity arranged recently on board the U. S. S. *Tacoma*.

September 10.—Greek soldiers evacuated from Smyrna force their officers to land them in Piræus, the port of Athens, where they shout insults to King Constantine and demand the return of former Premier Venizelos.

All the Irish Free State telegraph, postal and telephone wires are tied up by the postal employees' strike.

September 11.—While large Turkish forces march on the Dardanelles, Turks in Constantinople indulge in riotous demonstrations, which the Allied High Commissioners order stopt.

News that eighty or more of her crew and passengers were lost when the German steamship *Hammonia* foundered off the coast of Vigo, on September 9, is brought to Southampton by the British steamship *Kinsfauns Castle*, which rescued 285 of the *Hammonia's* passengers.

September 12.—Moslems at Simla, India, notify Premier Lloyd George that it is vitally necessary that Great Britain observe strict neutrality as between the Turks and Greeks, and that it is essential to an honorable peace that Turkey retain Asia Minor and Thrace.

The Belgian Government demands that Germany deliver by September 15 treasury notes for 100,000,000 gold marks and deposit 100,000,000 gold marks in the National Bank of Belgium to satisfy the August-September schedule of payments.

DOMESTIC

September 6.—One thousand mail-trains have been discontinued because of the railway shopmen's strike, according to a statement by John H. Bartlett, First Assistant Postmaster-General, before the convention of the United National Association of Post-office Clerks.

Senator Robert M. LaFollette, of Wisconsin, is renominated by the Republicans by a majority of more than 178,000 votes, said to be the largest majority ever polled at a primary in Wisconsin.

September 7.—The Senate passes the Cummins bill, which empowers the Interstate Commerce Commission to prevent persons or corporations profiteering in coal from engaging in interstate commerce.

Lieutenant Belvin W. Maynard, known as the "Flying Parson," and two companions are killed when their airplane crashes to earth at a Vermont fair.

The special grand jury investigating the Herrin massacre returns 38 more indictments, all for murder.

September 8.—Holding that title to church property is vested in God, Attorney-General Daugherty agrees to the restoration of property seized from the Reformed Church of Hungary in America.

Twenty-one more indictments for murder in connection with the Herrin massacre are returned by the grand jury investigating the tragedy.

The value of this year's important crops will aggregate approximately $6,600,000,000, or approximately $1,250,000,000 more than their value last year, calculating their value on September 1 farm prices, according to the Department of Agriculture.

The Senate passes the Administration bill providing for 25 additional Federal judges.

September 9.—The tri-district convention of the anthracite mine workers at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, ratifies the Pepper-Reed plan for terminating the anthracite strike.

Two railway shopmen at Asheville, North Carolina, are sentenced to seven years' imprisonment at hard labor on charges of abducting and beating another railroad shop employee.

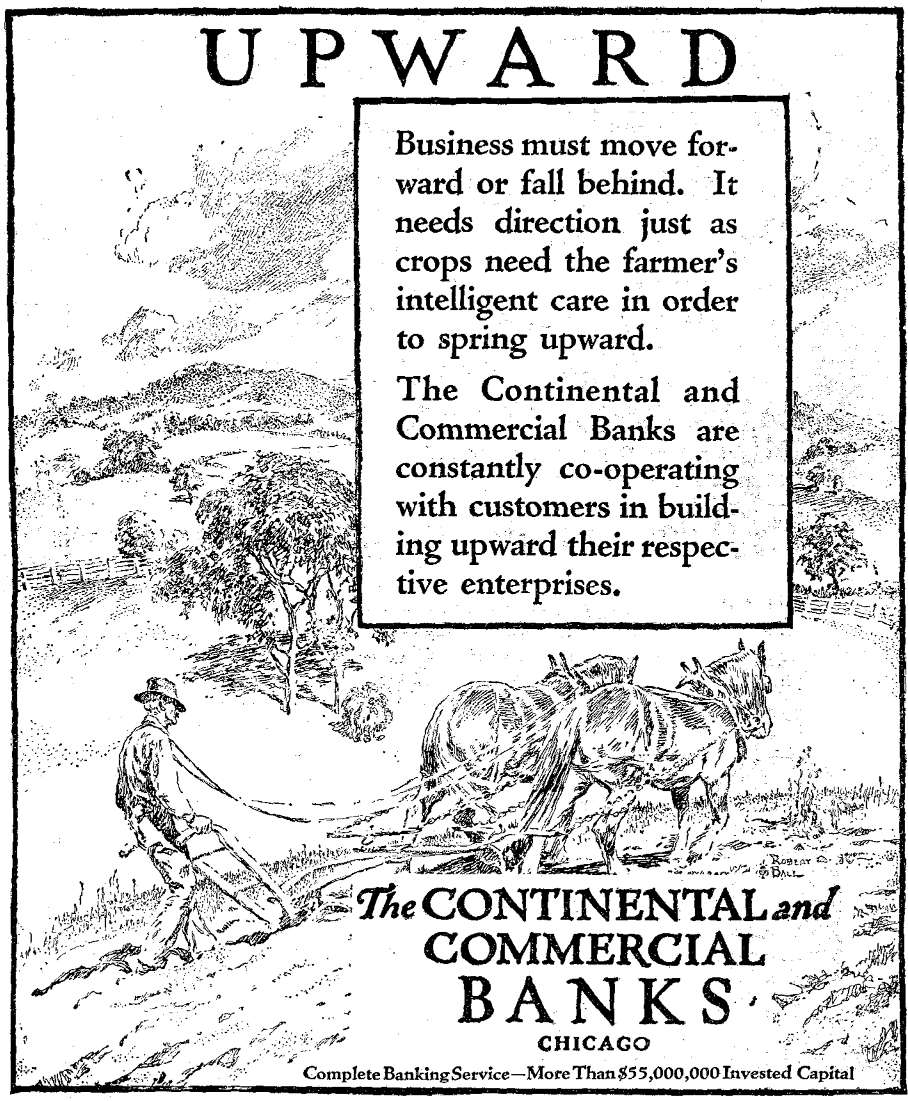
September 10.—The temporary Federal injunction against the striking railroad shopmen and their leaders is extended ten days, pending completion of the Government's arguments to make the order permanent.

Senator Frederick Hale, Republican, is reelected to the Senate from Maine, early returns showing a majority of 20,000 votes over his Democratic opponent, Oakley C. Curtis.

Anthracite mines, closed since April 1, are reopened, but because, it is said, of the shortage of skilled labor and the dangerous condition of the mines, production will not reach normal until the middle of October.

September 12.—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, is renominated by a large majority for the Republican Senatorship.

The Government's wooden fleet of 226 vessels, costing originally $300,000,000, is sold by the Shipping Board to George D. Perry, of San Francisco, for $750,000.


UPWARD

Business must move forward or fall behind. It needs direction just as crops need the farmer's intelligent care in order to spring upward.

The Continental and Commercial Banks are constantly co-operating with customers in building upward their respective enterprises.

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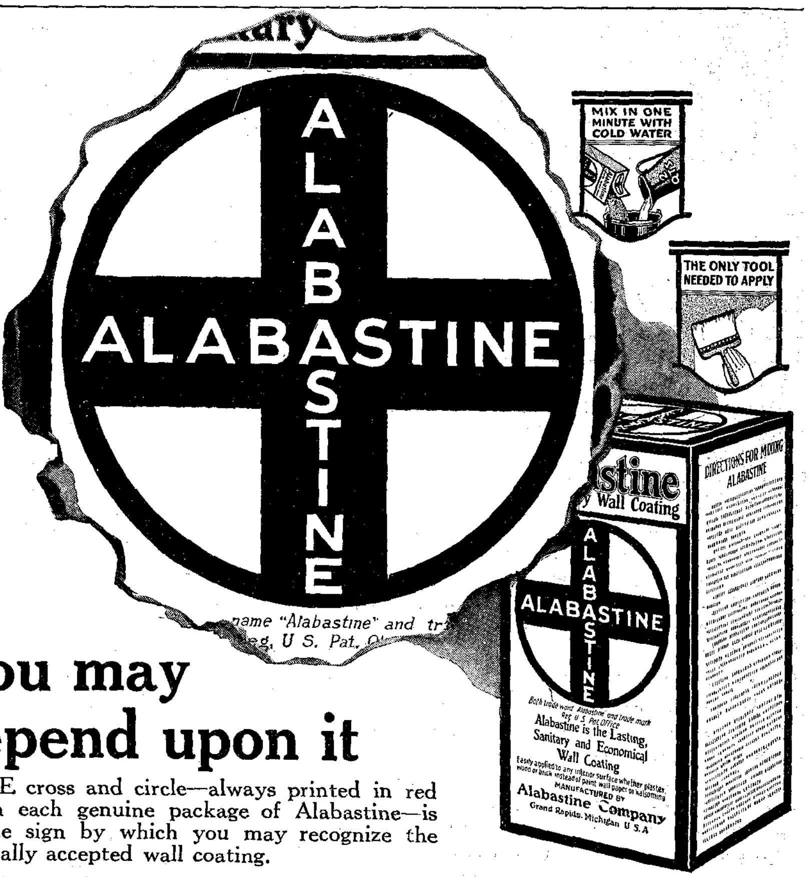
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THE ▾ SPICE ▾ OF ▾ LIFE

Creative Genius.—Lady—"What, in your opinion, is your finest piece of fiction?"

Author—"My last income tax return."—*London Opinion.*

More Apropos.—The notice in the rooms of hotels which reads, "Have you left anything?" should be changed to "Have you anything left?"—*Detroit Motorist.*

After.—First Gentleman—"Did you get home last night before the storm?"

Second Gentleman—"That was when it started."—*Western Christian Advocate* (*Cincinnati*).

Not Equal to Father.—The King of Siam whose father has 300 wives, has just married his first. It looks as tho he would never be the husband his father was.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

The Only Trouble.—Griggs—"Did that little deal of yours turn out a paying investment?"

Briggs—"Oh, yes, but I wasn't the payee."—*Boston Transcript.*

Where Marks Are Easy.—Departing New Yorker—"I'll be glad to get out of this topsy-turvy land. One of my chauffeurs has bought a German castle."—*Simplicissimus* (*Munich*).

Possible Explanations.—Hubby—"Of course, dear, it's only a rough idea of mine, but do you think it's possible that there's ever such a thing as a printer's error in that cookery manual of yours?"—*London Opinion.*

Passing the Buck.—"Why do we permit Paris to dictate our fashions?"

"We wouldn't dare make the kind of clothes we like to wear," answered Miss Cayenne. "So we pay Paris a little extra for taking the blame."—*Washington Evening Star.*

Better Walkers.—Yankee Visitor—"Yes, siree, in Amurrica our hotels have elevators to carry us straight up to our bedrooms."

Sandy—"But you'll no need these contraptions noo, wi' prohibeetion."—*The Passing Show* (*London*).

Crude Stuff.—Dear Mrs. McGowan across the hall was speaking of the trouble she's been having with her car.

"But everybody has trouble lately," she said; "and it's nothing in the world but them using these raw materials at the factories."—*Motor Life.*

An Honorable Degree.—Said the friend to the proud father of a college graduate who had just been awarded an A.M. degree.

"I suppose Robert will be looking for a Ph.D. next?"

"No, he will be looking for a J.O.B."—*The Christian-Evangelist* (*St. Louis*).

Art to Burn.—"You men of political influence do not give art sufficient consideration."

"That's where you are wrong," answered Senator Sorghum. "In a campaign out our way you don't dare spend money for anything except brass bands."—*Washington Evening Star.*

Common Words.—In conversation "what?" is heard oftenest, except "our car" in the first year of its ownership.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

What They Do.—"I hear you are going to America. What shall you do?"

"Save enough money to come home with."—*Sondags Nisse* (*Stockholm*).

Better Late than Never.—A bricklayer of Bristol, over seventy years of age, has just retired from his trade and started a market garden. Surely, this is rather late in life to start work.—*Passing Show.*

Advice to Office-Holders.—So live, O public servants, that you never are obliged to announce in a voice choked with emotion that you court the fullest investigation.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Safety First.—Pugilist—"I'd rather not take gas."

Dentist—"I daresay! But I won't risk attending you without."—*Western Christian Advocate* (*Cincinnati*).

Worse.—One traveling man to another in Thompson's restaurant:

"What's the matter, Bill? You are only eating crackers and milk. Are you on a diet?"

"No, on commission."—*The Harrisonion.*

Bright, but Frigid.—Scientist—"We are searching now for a way to produce light without heat; we want to discover cold light."

Deacon—"Come around and hear our preacher; he has just graduated from Harvard."—*The Christian-Evangelist* (*St. Louis*).

Consistent to the Last.—The great banker lay on his deathbed. Many friends gathered about his bed. The attending physician whispered, "I fear he is nearing the Great Divide."

"Tell them not to divide till I get there," whispered the dying man.—*Hours at Powers.*

Mortality Statistics.—Phineas Shark, the eminent statistician and mathematician, estimates that if all the safety zones in the United States were placed side by side, there would still be pedestrians to stand outside of them and automobile drivers who would drive through them.—*Detroit Motor News.*

Logical.—Isabel, aged nine, had just been told the story of Daniel in the lion's den. Then mother asked: "And what do you think Daniel did the very first thing after he was saved from the lions?"

Without much hesitation, Isabel replied: "Why, he must have telephoned home to his wife to tell her he was all right."—*The Northwestern Bell.*

And Echo Answers "Where?"—When "Bill" Travers went to a regatta off Newport one summer, and promptly observed that most of the yachts in the big squadron belonged to Wall Street brokers, he seemed to fall into a reverie, from which he emerged to put the disconcerting query, "I s-s-say, where are the c-c-customers' yachts?"—*Boston Globe.*

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"John Hyde," Washington, D. C.—"One of the 56 critics invited by the Digest to name the five leading American literary stars that have risen above the horizon in the past ten years writes (Digest, July 22, p. 44): 'I don't find it easy to say *who I think to be* the five most important people.' Had the critic said 'who I think *are*,' it would, I submit, have been correct, but surely his construction is just as faulty as if he had said 'I think *they* the most important people.' We should not dream of saying 'I think *he* a worthy man.' Will the Lexicographer sustain or overrule me?"

Sustain. The criticism is justified by most grammarians. "Think," in the meaning intended, is defined by the New Standard Dictionary as follows: "7. To hold as an opinion; . . . believe; consider; as, he *thinks himself* above me." "Think," being here a transitive verb, requires an object, which clearly should be "whom" in the sentence cited, the use of "who" being faulty, as are the nominative pronouns in the other two sentences condemned: "I think *they* the most important people," and "I think *he* a worthy man." The Lexicographer likewise agrees with you that if the critic had said, "I don't find it easy to say *who* I *think are* the five most important people," it would have been correct. This sentence may be defended by treating "I think" as parenthetical. This point is brought out clearly in Fernald's "Working Grammar of the English Language," page 305: "Rule 2.—When the relative is the subject of the predicate verb in its clause, use *who;* when it is the object of that verb, or of a preposition, use *whom.* . . . A special perplexity arises here when some parenthetical phrase or clause intervenes between the relative and its verb; as, 'I met two men *who* or *whom* I believe were policemen.' Which is right? That is easily settled by leaving out the parenthetical clause; then the sentence must read, 'I met two men *who*. . . were policemen.' It would be impossible to say '*whom* were policemen.'"

On the other hand, literature and sometimes grammarians differ in the use of "who" and "whom," as in the following, to quote only a few of many instances which could be cited:

"*Who* do you think me to be?"—Priestley's "Grammar," p. 108.

"My wife *whom* I thank heaven is an honest woman."—Shakespeare, "Measure for Measure," act 2, scene 1.

"No matter where the vanquished be nor *whom.*"—Dryden.

"*Whom* do they say it is?"—Fowler's "English Grammar," p. 493.

"He knew not *whom* they were."—Milne's "Greek Grammar," p. 234.

"N. E. M.," Minneapolis, Minn.—"Can you tell me the derivation of the name *Johnston* or *Johnstone?* Also, the probable ancestry of a person of that name."

The name *Johnstone* is a Scottish form of *Johnson.* MacBain in his work on "Inverness Names," page 33, says: "*Johnson* is irretrievably confused with the place-name of *Johnstone* in Scotland. We may rest assured that nine-tenths of the numerous clan of Johnstone are really *Johnsons.*"

The name indicates "belonging to Johnstone," a place-name in Renfrew, Annandale, etc. The Annandale Johnstone occurs in Scottish historical records of the 12th century as *Jonistune.* There is in Renfrew township a Johnstone Castle. In the 13th century Perth was known as *St. Johnstown.*

The name of *Johnson* is a combination of *Johns+son* that refers to the name of *John* in Biblical use, in which it is said to mean "Jehovah's gracious gift."

S. Baring Gould in his "Family Names and Their Story" says, page 195: "Patronymics, such as *Johnson, Thomson, Atkinson* came in very sporadically in the 14th century, and became permanent only in the 15th." He traces the following sire-names to *John—Johnson, Jonson, Jenkins, Evans, Heavens, Jennings, Hanson, Hancock, Bevan, Hawkinson, Ians, Jevons, Joynes*, but restricted space forbids our going into the details of the connection of these names with their root.